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HISTORICAL & LITERARY
MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES,

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Melchior

AND

DIDEROT

WITH

THE DUKE OF SAXE-GOTHA,
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1770 AND 1790.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

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HISTORICAL & LITERARY

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES.

January 1781.

M. RAMOND has just translated from the English the *Letters from Mr. William Coxe to Mr. W. Melmoth, upon the political, civil, and natural State of Switzerland*. One volume 8vo.

We do not believe that there is any work in existence more calculated to give the reader just notions concerning Switzerland, its different political constitutions, the character and private life of its inhabitants, their happiness, their industry, and the wild and majestic grandeur of the country ; of those aspects under which nature delights to present herself, in the happy regions she seems to have destined as the impenetrable asylum of good morals and liberty. In reading these letters we seem to travel with the author, to share every instant in his astonishment, and to see, if I may say so, with his eyes, what he has so well observed, and described with a simplicity so eloquent, often even so poetic.

There need be no hesitation in assuring you

that the translation above-mentioned is far superior to the original. What M. Ramond has added to the descriptions of the English traveller, forms more than a third part of the work, and certainly not the least interesting part. Mr. Coxe travelled as an Englishman, and the civil and political constitutions of the country more particularly attracted his attention ;—he travelled as a rich man, and it is among the great men of the country that he sought his information ;—but he was not acquainted with the language of the natives and could acquire a very superficial knowledge of the peasant of the Alps. “ I have travelled,” says his young translator, “ among the mountains, or to speak more
“ accurately, I wandered on foot among them without pursuing any fixed route, having with me
“ only a young companion born in the country we were wandering over. Like him I understood
“ the different dialects spoken in these parts, and
“ both of us were ready to sacrifice all personal convenience to the end we proposed in our travels. We sought hospitality in the most sequestered cottages, and we lived on a footing of
“ equality with the shepherds whom we visited, keeping out of their sight every thing which
“ might lead them to suspect that we were brought
“ thither by curiosity alone.”

It is well known that the Count du Tressan a long time ago made a most gross song upon the

Duke de Nivernois which began with the following words : *cheat, liar, and poltroon*, a specimen which will give a very fair idea of the strain in which the whole was written. When M. du Tressan, being a candidate for a seat in the academy, went to solicit the Duke de Nivernois' vote, the latter answered him with the utmost coolness : *I wish you joy, Sir, of your good health, of your past successes, of your new hopes, and above all of your MEMORY!*

At the second performance of Iphigenia at the Opéra, an event occurred too memorable not to find a place in the annals of the Royal Academy of Music. Mademoiselle Laguerre, who in her early youth distinguished herself *in triviis*, who some years after ruined the Prince de Bouillon in the space of four or five months, and who has just exhausted the purse of M. Haudry de Souci, one of our richest farmers-general ; — this Iphigenia, or Mademoiselle Laguerre, who has never been able to forsake the delightful habits to which she was accustomed in her first situation, was exceedingly drunk upon the stage, and reeled about to such a degree as to incommode the priestesses exceedingly who were eager to support her. It is scarcely to be conceived how she got through her first act. Fear of interrupting the performance, and still more compassion for the situation in which the unfortunate Piccini must inevitably be at such a moment,

softened the hearts of the pit, so that they shewed much more forbearance than could reasonably be expected ; only a few murmurs of disapprobation or rather of reprobation were heard ; they abstained from laughing and hissing. Every thing possible was done at the conclusion of the act, to disperse the vapours which still confused the poor Princess's head, and at length she was so far recovered that she went through the remainder of her part with somewhat more decency and decorum. This accident has not been attended with any very important consequences. The king having had the story related to him at his own desire, said to M. Amelot: *Well, you have sent her to prison ?*—This had not yet been done, but the same evening she received an order to present herself at *Fort l'Evêque*, to which she submitted with the utmost resignation. She was suffered to quit her confinement again in two days, and resume her station at the Opera. She repeated with great sensibility the two first lines of her character :

O fatal day !—day that I would in vain

Not count among the moments of my life !

The public now in its turn appeared drunk, and evinced its intoxication by applauses without number and without end. It is true that she sung better than ever. At the end of the first act it was announced to her in a manner which doubled the value of the favour, that she was restored to liberty. M. Piccini, and the Prince de Guémené, who in

terest themselves much for the honour of Italian music, had interceded in her favour:—What can one not pardon to a fine voice!—I knew an Italian lady, however, that was less indulgent. A celebrated virtuoso was praised in her presence: *Yes*, she said, *a fine voice, but a bad heart! My brother, the cardinal, made a soprano of him, and he never evinced the least gratitude.*

The greater part of the *Pieces interesting and little known*, which M. de Laplace has just published at Brussels, were found among the papers of M. Duclos; the editor has happily not added any thing of his own. It is well known that, at the death of the academician historiographer, the Duke de la Vrillière got possession of his papers; but no one can tell into whose hands they afterwards passed, or by what chance M. de Laplace obtained the right of disposing of them. The collection is not on that account the less curious; and although all the anecdotes are not equally well authenticated, or equally important, and many are already well known, they are still sufficiently interesting.

The correspondence between Jean Baptiste Rousseau and the Count de Bonneval, respecting the bickerings which forced the latter at length to take refuge in Turkey, though not containing any very important matter, serves to display the character of this illustrious adventurer much better than any of the memoirs of him with which we

have been hitherto presented. The most original of these letters is the answer which the Count de Bonneval, already a pacha, made to his brother the Marquis who had written to him from Paris by the Chevalier de Beaufremont. It contains a very lively picture of his manner of living at Constantinople, with the most simple and natural exposition possible of the motives which led to his strange conduct.

The extract from the memorial of M. Duclos contains more witty sayings than interesting facts, but it is at least of as much value as the greater part of the *ana* that graced the last century. There are many anecdotes of the latter end of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, of the Regency, of the Duke de Noailles, of Cardinal Dubois, and others, which are well worth preserving. Among them is a detailed confirmation of the suspicions which have always been entertained respecting the death of Queen Henrietta of England. The author assures us that Morel, *Comptroller of the mouth* to her Majesty, confessed all to Louis the Fourteenth. He said that she was poisoned, that the Chevalier de Lorraine sent the poison from Rome to the Marquis d'Effiat, and that it was mixed in a glass of chicory water which her Majesty drank. Soon after she began to feel horrible pains in her body; these were succeeded in a few hours by convulsions, in which she died. *Did my brother know it?* said the King. *Sire,* replied Morel, *we know him too well to have*

confided our secret to him. The King then seeming to breathe again said : *I am comforted!—retire.*

M. Duclos does not bring forward his authorities for what he states, he does not mention any one whatever ; but the details agree perfectly with the circumstances which M. de Voltaire thought he ought not to conceal, however scrupulous and circumspect he may be in general with respect to publishing anecdotes of such a kind. He plainly says that the Queen thought herself poisoned, and that the English ambassador, Montaigu, was persuaded of it ; that the Court had no doubt of this being the case, and that it was the report all over Europe ; an old servant in the house of *Monsieur*, he says, had even named to him the person who administered the poison.

I have been told by an officer who was on board the squadron of M. de Guichen, when that admiral joined Don Solano in the West Indies, that the Spanish commander had been denounced by his almoner to the familiars of the Inquisition who were on board the squadron, as having been convicted of an enormous impiety,—no less than reading the Abbé Raynal's *Philosophical History*. In order to obtain absolution for so heinous a crime, he was obliged to ask pardon on his knees of God and the Holy Inquisition, having first seen the book solemnly burnt in his presence. It is well known that one of the heaviest accusations brought

by the Inquisition against the unfortunate Olivadès was, that he had translated this terrible work into Spanish. The translation was never printed, but the crime was not in the smallest degree diminished, in their eyes, by the thing that gave offence having remained secret. Great Heaven! and we are separated only by the Pyrenees from such barbarous supporters of so mild a religion.

April, 1781.

The Italian Theatre has just experienced a great loss, in the death of M. Thomas d'Hèle, the author of many little pieces; one whose genius seems to have been more in unison with Gretry's, than that of any other modern writer: no one, perhaps, has furnished this charming composer with subjects and situations more analogous to the character of his music, to the refinement of his talents.

M. d'Hèle, as we are informed, was a native of the County of Gloucester in England, and entered very young into the English service. During the last war he was sent to Jamaica; he afterwards travelled over the greatest part of Europe, and made a long stay in Switzerland and in Italy. There is reason to think that he was not born without fortune; all his manners, at least, indicated an education very much above that of common life: he had lived, however, ten years at Paris, and till within the last few months never appeared in easy

circumstances. The loss of his patrimony, in whatever way it was dissipated, had reduced him to pass his life in the coffee-houses at Paris, or at Fort l'Evêque. Yet how deplorable soever his situation appeared, it never altered his natural loftiness of soul, nor the manners which that distinguishing feature in his character had given him; if ever so ill clothed, still his carriage, his demeanour shewed the man of high birth. He was totally free from pride and affectation, and the manner in which he avoided speaking of himself was as full of moderation and discretion towards others, as of respect, if I may be allowed to say so, for himself. Since the success of his pieces at the Comic Opera, he had become exceedingly attached to Madame Bianchi, who played the characters of waiting-women in the Italian pieces. He was entirely absorbed in this passion, and renounced for her sake all other society, and all his friends. Not having been able to detain her here when the Italian troop was dispersed, the chagrin of being separated from her is thought to have contributed very much towards shortening his days. It was about the end of the last year, some months after her departure, that he died of a pulmonary complaint. He was scarcely forty years of age.

The Abbé Coyer has just published *an Essay on Preaching, a complete Series for Lent in a single Sermon*. Some parts of it are really oratorical,

but in general it is a piece of empty declamation, full of vague and common-place ideas. A Lent sermon preached before his Majesty by the Abbé, would probably be a more curious piece to read than the *complete series* of the Abbé Coyer. At Versailles he was very much reproached with having introduced into his sermon too many things irrelevant to his subject, too many political discussions, too much about finance, and the administration; with having acted the king rather than preached before the King. "*Tis a pity,*" said his Majesty, as he went out of church, "*that the Abbé did not give us a little touch of religion, he would then have talked of every thing.*"

If the author of *False Infidelities*, M. Barthe, no longer troubles himself with writing comedies, he at least performs one himself every now and then, for the entertainment of his friends. However disagreeable may have been the last in which he exhibited himself, the scene was accompanied with circumstances so odd and humourous, and has become so public, that it must not be passed over in silence. Our poet was playing at trictrac, in I know not what coffee-house, with an officer who was not known to him, but whose notable feats had already procured him a lodging for some time in the Castle of Vincennes. The parties grew warm with play, they began to be very impatient, some harsh expressions were uttered on both sides; but

there the matter seemed to stop. When the party had broke up, M. Barthe had the imprudence to repeat, loud enough to be heard, "*He's a great blackguard, but I told him my mind pretty plainly!*" As proud of this little triumph as M. de Pourceaugnac, he was going away, but to his great surprize found his antagonist at the door, with his sword in his hand. The poet was desirous of drawing his in return, but near-sighted as he is, and agitated by the circumstance, a man may very well not be able to find his sword immediately. At length it was found, but here another misfortune came in the way, it held so fast in the scabbard that it was impossible to draw it out. His adversary had the meanness to take advantage of this circumstance, and had it not been for the assistance of some passers by, who pressed forward to terminate so unequal a combat, the shoulders of our poor poet would have been battered to pieces.

Escaped from this vehement attack, he went to dine out, not having yet confided his secret to any one: but his mind still dwelling upon sad recollections, he was so absent, that in quitting the house, instead of taking his own hat he took that of his neighbour, a fine dressed hat with a feather, and thus decorated went and took his seat in the amphitheatre at the Opera. He was soon perceived, and the disastrous story of the morning having got wind, a general buz of speculation ran from one to another, whether he had taken the cane upon his

shoulders as intended to dub him a knight-errant. Information of the affair was however laid before the tribunal of the marshals of France; the poet acknowledged having received the blows, and the officer having given them. At first the judges were much disposed to dismiss the cause unheard, saying as the Duke Regent said once in a similar case: "*Well, gentlemen, you are both agreed about the matter;*"—but after having received a more detailed account of the officer's conduct, he was sentenced to be imprisoned five years and a day, and M. Barthe was advised never to play in a public coffee-house with a man wholly unknown to him. Thus ended this sad and memorable adventure.

June, 1781.

On the twenty-first of May last, the Court of Parliament issued their long expected decree, condemning the *Philosophical History* of the Abbé Raynal. This decree was issued upon the requisition of the King's Advocate-General; but it is well known that M. Seguier has only charged himself with so unthankful an office at the request of the Attorney-General, who had received orders to this effect from the higher powers. The purport of the decree is, "That the said William Thomas Raynal, named in the frontispiece of the said book, shall be apprehended and carried to the prison of the Conciergerie, to be interrogated respecting the facts of the said book: and the

“ said William Thomas Raynal’s goods are to be
“ seized and noted, &c.”

So much does it cost our philosopher to obviate all possibility of his being reproached by posterity with not having put his name to the boldest things that himself and his friends could say or think respecting the different powers of heaven and earth ; upon priestsupon, ministers, upon all those, in short, who have the most right to take umbrage at such things. Will the gratitude of posterity indemnify him for what he has thus gratuitously sacrificed ? The opinion of the present age does not give any earnest that can lead to a reasonable hope of such an indemnification. They say that in retrenching from his book what has given offence, it would not have been in any respect less useful, nor would it have been less read ; they observe that in abstaining from putting his name and his portrait at the head of the book, as they had been dispensed with in the former editions, it would not have been the less his, or the less known to be his, and that without this unnecessary piece of imprudence the judges would not have been under the necessity of proceeding to extremities against him ; extremities which it will be difficult indeed in any degree to soften. But what cannot a violent love of celebrity carry us through ? what can it not make us forget ? what can it not enable us to suffer ?

The Abbé Raynal, intoxicated with a success which had far exceeded his expectations, could not

be satisfied without making still more noise; and what more could be done except endeavouring to merit a juridical summons,—some severe censure from the Sorbonne,—nay, that the work should be consigned to the flames by the hands of the executioner. The first edition, bold as it was, had obtained none of these honours, it became then necessary to do something still more daring at the publication of the second. His cooperators might represent to him that he was going too far; they might say who will dare to print, who will dare to own that? —“*I will*,” he replied, “*I, therefore go on. I see plainly you have no idea how far my courage can lead me.*” The only check to which he would submit was, that in handling the priests and the Christian religion somewhat roughly, great forbearance should be shown to theism, since the opposite principles scattered through the first edition had revolted many persons of respectability in England and Germany.

Thus our poor Abbé, from the passion for exciting a great sensation, has suffered himself to be carried beyond all bounds; and too much occupied with the deep interest created by this feeling, could no longer calculate any thing coolly; or, perhaps we should rather say, he has found himself mistaken in all his calculations. He thought that, wrapped up in his reputation and the respect his age must inspire, no attempt would be made to attack him directly, that they would even be de-

tered by the rigour with which he must necessarily be pursued, if pursued at all; he flattered himself with finding his security in the very excess of his boldness. The utmost he expected, even if the government should not think proper to treat the whole matter with contempt, was to pass some months in the Bastille; and who among our modern sages would not rejoice at so easy a cost to be regarded as the martyr to philosophy, as the injured defender of liberty and of the people!

It is evident that M. Seguier did not undertake the denunciation required of him without considerable regret. It is asserted that his first care was to advertise M. Raynal himself of what was going forward, that he might have time to provide for his safety. He did not hesitate even to lament in his requisition the reproaches which this indispensable function of his office would bring upon him from the philosophical party. "These apostles of toleration," he said, "will, without compunction, charge with envy and jealousy, those who are obliged to rise against the authority they arrogate to themselves; they will even go the length of giving the appellation of persecutors to all who, by their situations, are obliged to oppose their errors."

A seizure both of person and property, the necessity of quitting a country where he lived a happy and easy life, a life flattering to his talents,

—these things it must be owned are hard enough even to a philosopher. A much harder thing is that all these pains are incurred by the most gratuitous acts of imprudence, without being recompensed by that verdict of public opinion which is superior to all the tribunals in the world, which alone can console the mind under all disgraces, under all the injustice experienced either from our fellow creatures or from fortune. Although the last edition of the *Philosophical History* is in general far superior to the others, it has scarcely added any thing to the personal glory of the Abbé Raynal. Nay, farther, the glory which he had expected from it was never more disputed. It is certain that since he has put at the head of his book both his name and that silly portrait which gives him so savage a countenance, and resembles him so little, —it is certain, I say, that since this time people have been more busy than before in finding out that he had cooperators in the work, to whom some of those parts in which he prides himself the most are ascribed. There is one passage in which it is impossible not to recognise at every moment, even in those effusions of sensibility where the Abbé wishes to appear led away entirely by a sentiment peculiar to himself, a style and ideas well known to us;—I mean his regrets on the loss of his friend Eliza Draper. No one connected with the society in which Madame Necker moves, can fail of being

struck with the great resemblance that the affecting epitaph on this Eliza Draper * bears to one written by Diderot some years ago, in the presence of twelve or fifteen persons, for Madame Necker. How great soever may be the esteem entertained for M. Raynal, it is impossible not to find such imitations ridiculous, however equitable may be the terms on which he borrows.

July 1781.

The famous Esculapius, the Count de Cagliostro, at the solicitation of the Cardinal de Rohan, has consented to quit Strasbourg, hitherto the most brilliant theatre of his glory, for a short time, to come and see the Prince de Soubise, who is dangerously ill. He only saw him, however, in his convalescence. The mild genius, who watches over the destinies of the opera, has had no occasion to resort to the miracles wrought by Count Cagliostro, for the restoration of his highness's health.

All we have been able to learn respecting this extraordinary man during his stay at Paris, which was short, and where he was nearly *incog.* is, that some persons among the acquaintance of the Cardinal de Rohan, who took the opportunity of consulting him, were much benefitted by his prescrip-

* " You who visit the place where rest these sacred ashes, write upon the marble which covers them : such a year, such a month, such a day, such an hour, God withdrew his breath from her, and Eliza died ! "

tions, but they could never make him accept the smallest token of their gratitude. One person thought of giving him five and twenty louis, requesting that he would distribute them among the poor of Strasbourg. He did not refuse the gift, but the day before his departure visiting the donor, and making his acknowledgments for the confidence that had been placed in him, he begged that he would take the charge of fifty louis to distribute among the poor of his parish, as he had not himself had time to become acquainted with them. This is an undoubted fact.

M. de Cagliostro has long been suspected to be a valet-de-chambre of that famous M. de Saint Germain, who made so much noise under the reign of Madame de Pompadour; at present he is rather believed to be the son of a Director of the Mines at Lima; it is very certain that he appears to have the Spanish accent, and to be very rich. One day, at the house of the Countess de Brienne, he was much pressed to explain the origin of an existence so surprizing and so mysterious, when he answered smiling: "All I can say is that I was born
" in the midst of the Red Sea, and educated under
" the ruins of one of the pyramids of Egypt. It
" was there that, abandoned by my parents, I
" found a good old man who took care of me; to
" him I am indebted for every thing that I know."
—*Credat alter.*

If the Swiss have for a long time been spread over every part of the world without attracting the curiosity of other nations towards their country, at present they are much more honoured. Never was a greater rage than exists at this moment for making tours in Switzerland. Is this eagerness flattering to them or not? I cannot say, but I know well that their peaceful happiness had no occasion for this celebrity. Perhaps they will find too soon that it is with republics as with women, of whom Jean Jaques says: "*their dignity consists in being unknown, their glory is in their own esteem, and their pleasure in the happiness of their families.*" To seek another kind of dignity, other glory, or other pleasures, is to risque, at least, losing the most essential advantages of their existence.

Be this as it may, among the number of *Travels in Switzerland* which have appeared within the last few years, after having particularized those of Messieurs de Luc and Saussure, and still more that of Mr. Coxe, translated by M. Ramond with a commentary and additions, we know of none which includes the details of a greater number of curious and interesting objects than the *Description of the Penninian and Rhoetian Alps, dedicated to his Most Christian Majesty Louis the Sixteenth, King of France and Navarre, by M. I. Bourrit, one of the choir in the cathedral church at Geneva. Two vols. 8vo. with many engravings from designs sketched by the author.*

It is not by a brilliant eloquence, by the charm or elegance of his mode of narrating, it is not in short by his warbling, singer as he is, that this new traveller has a claim upon the public attention. It is much rather the exactness and fidelity of his observations, the almost incredible labour that he bestowed upon them, the continual dangers to which he was exposed in verifying his discoveries,—it is these things which entitle him to the gratitude of all those who really interest themselves in the study of natural history, particularly in the geology of mountains, so important a part in the general theory of the globe. Often minute, often affecting a ridiculous kind of emphasis, so much the more misplaced as it gives to descriptions the most exact, an air of extravagance and romance, it may yet be remarked with pleasure that M. Bourrit's style frequently rises as it were naturally into that elevated tone which his subject seems to call for,—which seems inspired by the grandeur and majesty of the objects he had before his eyes. The following short extract from his work affords, as it appears to me, more than one proof of this.

Our traveller sets out from the lake of Geneva, and this is the description which he gives of it. “To the right,” says he, “is seen the lake extending beyond our sight to Geneva, commanded on one side by lofty mountains, on the other a magnificent slope rising gently above it; in front the beautiful perspective of the Valais, and the moun-

“ tains which form its peristyle. Between Evian
“ and St. Gingo, the first village of the Lower Va-
“ lais, the mountains plunge into the lake as a
“ promontory ; workmen employed upon the rocks
“ to detach pieces from them, hang only upon
“ small ledges, at more than two hundred toises
“ above the surface of the lake ; some are merely
“ suspended by cords. This situation terrifies tra-
“ vellers ; their fears are even increased by the signs
“ made to them to keep at a distance from so dan-
“ gerous a spot.”

Our author afterwards describes the mountains of the Lower Valais, their magnificent aspect, the astonishing subterranean caverns of Bex, and the great cascade of Pissevache. From thence he conducts the reader to the valley of Bagnes, which makes a considerable part of the country of Entremont. This valley, bordered on all sides with mountains and glaciers, is defended by woods, and by those terrible *avalanches* which long ago buried the baths of Bagnes. After a painful course along a desert, the traveller comes to the foot of the immense glacier, the existence of which was known to him, and was the principal object of his tour. “ This glacier,” he says, “ the strata of which are
“ beautiful, descends from a mountain so covered
“ with snow that it is difficult to see any particles
“ of rock. These snows are of the most brilliant
“ white, they rise in horizontal strata, and seem
“ like a magnificent staircase ascending up to hea-

“ ven. The foot of the glacier is terminated by a
“ wall of a fine form, cut perpendicularly down,
“ from the top of which run little streams of water,
“ that supply a very pretty lake below.” It is not
without great pains and infinite danger that M.
Bourrit arrives at this glacier. Let any one figure
to himself an extent of eight leagues of solid ice,
surrounded on all sides with lofty mountains, at
such a height that it may one day itself become a
vast summit. In following the direction of this
valley from south to north, to the right is a chain of
mountains covered with snow and ice : to the left,
in an extent of six leagues, are summits clear from
snow but broken and craggy, mountains of granite,
and scattered spoils, every where the most profound
silence, the image of nature dead. “ At intervals,”
he tells us, “ are immense chasms wrought by na-
“ ture in a thousand different ways, imitating per-
“ fectly the remains of a palace or a temple ; the
“ richness and variety of the colours add extremely
“ to the beauty of the forms ; gold, silver, brilliant
“ gems sparkle on all sides. What appears still
“ more extraordinary are the arcades supporting
“ bridges of snow thrown across the chasms from
“ one side to the other.” On these singular and
dangerous bridges our author ventures himself, and
fortune seconds his courage ; he crosses the mighty
gulphs and coasts the borders of some that are more
than half a league over. At length he quits the
glaciers, and amidst a thousand perils arrives at the

foot of Mount Vélán, one of the highest mountains in Switzerland.

The idea which M. Bourrit gives of the road to Guemmi is not unworthy of notice. “ Figure
“ to yourself,” says he, “ the staircase of an old
“ tower, supported only by itself, and laid open by
“ the wall having fallen, in such a manner that
“ supposing thirty persons going up in procession,
“ they would have the appearance of being in bal-
“ conies one above the other. With the assistance
“ of glasses travellers may be seen going up and
“ down this staircase from the baths ; it is nearly
“ nine hundred feet high. Nothing can be more
“ magnificent than that immense glacier in which
“ is the source of the Rhone. We saw the vast
“ cavern whence the river rushes out with a prodi-
“ gious noise. The vaulted roof is of ice as trans-
“ parent as crystal. The immense blocks of ice
“ which have fallen from the top of the dome re-
“ present the ruins of a palace. In the vault is a
“ vast rent which gives free admission to the sun’s
“ rays, and these penetrating into the obscure
“ abyss render the convex and concave blocks
“ dazzling to the eyes. We saw towers of ice,
“ like houses, which seemed to hold to the general
“ mass only by threads ; the least noise, the rolling
“ of a stone, might have buried us under their
“ ruins.”—The hospital of Grimsel, the ice vallies
of the Aar, the passage of the Fork, Mount Saint
Gothard, the sources of the Rhine, offer a thou-

sand interesting details which my present limits will not allow me more than merely to mention.

M. Bourrit does not confine himself to giving us the exact height of Mont-Blanc, the highest part of the Alps, upon the summit of which it is impossible to remain many minutes on account of the extreme rarefaction of the air, but he compares it with the Cordilleras. According to the observations made upon these latter mountains by the gentlemen of the Academy of Sciences, and those which he has himself made on Mont-Blanc, he thinks this latter is much the highest. If Chimboraco is at nearly an equal height above the level of the sea, it is that its base is at a much greater elevation than the base of Mont-Blanc.

To give an idea of M. Bourrit's talents in sketching pictures of a more mild and serene nature, the following specimen alone shall be cited; probably our readers will find this one sufficient. He speaks of the delicious valley of Lauterbrunn, where, says he: " We saw beautiful plains intersected by canals, " the water of which was clear as crystal. 'Tis " there that the lover is sure of finding his beloved; 'tis there that he delights to transport her " from one bank to the other with the agility of " the fawn; 'tis there that he feels a soft emotion " when he sees her bound, with the light footsteps " of the hind, over the lovely cascades and torrents, " images of the passions of mankind. If they " would enlarge their empire by more extensive

“ views, they rove together over lovely hills whence
“ they are presented below with the most enchant-
“ ing aspects. Nature is thus to them ever beauti-
“ ful, ever varied; they find in the purity of hea-
“ ven an image of their own hearts, and in the
“ infant sports of their flocks the image of their
“ own innocence and candour.”

We have already had the honour to announce to you the *History of Russia* by M. Levesque, as the best history which has yet been given of that empire;—an empire over which the character of Peter the first, and the genius of Catherine the second, have shed a much greater lustre than it could ever receive from the extent of its dominions or the greatness of its power. No one before M. Levesque ever collected such a mass of important materials for the execution of so difficult a task.

The judgment passed by the author upon the *History of Peter the Great*, by Voltaire, appears to merit being given at full length. “ If the celebrated author,” says he, “ had been better served by those who furnished him with notes, I should not have dared to write the *History of Peter the first* after him. It appears as if he had been furnished with nothing more than a few extracts, ill-translated and mutilated, from the journal of Peter the Great. It is obvious that from the commencement of the war with Sweden he was even left in ignorance of many cir-

“ cumstances relating to the battle of Narva, which
“ lessened the glory of the conquerors and the
“ shame of the vanquished. A German, employed
“ in the cabinet, and charged with sending infor-
“ mation to Voltaire, served him ill, because he
“ conceived that he had once been affronted by
“ him, and he had besides the intention of writ-
“ ing the life of Peter himself. Voltaire’s work
“ has furnished us with a few facts which appear to
“ rest upon good authorities. This great man was
“ aware of the defects of his book. He sometimes
“ said, I will have engraved on my tomb—*Here*
“ *lies the man who pretended to write the History*
“ *of Peter the Great.*”

M. Levesque’s History of Russia is preceded by three very learned dissertations upon the antiquity of the Slavonians, upon their language and their religion. Without being able to produce proofs sufficient entirely to establish the conjectures formed by different authors upon the origin of the Slavonians, it seems clearly demonstrated that the name has been borne by these people for many centuries, and that they came from the east like all other nations. The Orientals themselves bear witness to their antiquity, and there can be no doubt that, from whatever country they issued originally, great numbers remained in Russia, confounded with other nations under the name of Scythians, or rather, unknown to the greatest portion of Europe, since at that time the boundaries of the inhabited

part of the globe were not considered as extending so far.

Our author's researches, with regard to the relation between the language of these people and that spoken by the ancient inhabitants of Latium, tend to prove that the resemblance is confined to the primitive expressions in the two languages; but this resemblance is so striking that it can scarcely be ascribed to chance. He concludes that the two people must necessarily have had the same origin.

The article respecting the religion of the Sclavonians is taken from a small Sclavonian Mythological Dictionary composed by M. Michael Popof, and printed in a collection of his works which bears the title of *Dosougui*, the *Leisures*. This part appears to me very curious.

The *Roussalki* were the nymphs of the Sclavonian forests and waters; they possessed all the graces of youth, heightened by all the charms of beauty. Sometimes they were seen on the shore combing their fine long hair of a beautiful sea-green, at other times they were observed balancing themselves upon the flexible branches of trees, sometimes with a rapid movement, sometimes in soft and voluptuous attitudes. Their light drapery sported to the winds, and in its different undulations by turns concealed and discovered all the treasures of their beauty. One is gratified by seeing that the imagination of the Sclavonians yielded in no respect to that of the Greeks. They drew a

frightful picture of their satyrs which they called *Léchiés*. When these *Léchiés* wandered among the grass they did not rise above it, the newly-springing blades were high enough to conceal them, but when they roved about the forests they attained the height of the tallest trees. They uttered, besides, dreadful cries which carried terror wherever they went. Woe to the rash man who dared to venture into the forests, the *Léchiés* seized upon him, carried him about hither and thither, till the end of the day, and transported him, when night was set in, to their caverns, where their delight was to tickle him to death.

The forests and rivers were objects of a particular religious veneration to the Slavonians, and among the God rivers it seems as if the Bog, known to the ancients by the name of the Hypanis, held the first rank. The most common manner of penetrating into futurity was by throwing into the air a number of little rings, or circles, called *Croujki*; they were white on one side, and black on the other; if, when they fell, the white side was uppermost the presage was happy, but the omen was bad if they were turned on the black side.

The Slavonians of Rugen had deities which belonged to them alone. The first was *Sviatovid*; or *Svetovid* the God of the Sun and War. A white horse was consecrated to this deity; none but the priest was permitted to cut his mane or to ride him. It was believed that *Sviatovid* often rode this horse

himself to fight his enemies, and the proof of it was very palpable, since often when the horse had been left in the stable quite clean at night, he was found the next morning all over sweat and mire. One way of drawing omens was by arranging their lances in a certain order piled up to a given height, and according to the manner in which the horse of the sun leaped over the piles of lances, the omen was favourable or unfavourable.

The connected *History of the Empire of Russia* goes no farther back than to the ninth century; but a tradition preserved among the ancient chronicles, places the foundation of Kief and of Novogorod in the fifth century. The plan of our historian embraces the whole succession of sovereigns of Russia, from Rourick in 826, to the glorious epoch of Catherine the Second in 1774. It will easily be comprehended that the ancient history of Russia cannot afford a great degree of interest; these early times present nothing but monuments of war, and savage manners. It is even painful to follow the connection between the small number of facts and events of which any traces are to be obtained. It is only under the reign of the first Vladimir, and under those of Jaroslof, his son, and Andrew, son of Ioury, or at the epoch of the invasion of the Tartars, that the author flatters himself with being able to fix the attention of his readers. The work becomes more interesting from the reign of Dmitri Donski; this prince is the first

who plucked down for ever the power of the petty princes. The most complete and most ample part of the history is the reign of Peter the Great. The following reigns are too much abridged; it was scarcely worth while to undertake them at all, if they were to be left so imperfect.

M. Levesque's style, without having the elegance of Voltaire, or the precision of Tacitus, is simple, clear, pure, and not deficient in energy. We cannot but consider ourselves as much obliged to him for the pains he has taken to clear up the origin of an empire, the civilization of which is of so very recent a date, that it may be called the work of the present day; although in its political importance and ascendancy it already equals, or surpasses, that of the most celebrated nations.

The History of Russia is followed by several very interesting dissertations upon the progress of the Russians in Siberia, their navigations in the Icy Sea, and the Eastern Ocean, upon their commerce, and their literature. Lastly we have a geographical description of the empire of Russia, which appears very exact, and which contains some very curious details.

Is it the more difficult task, at present, to write a good tragedy, or a good comedy? This is a question we find agitated perpetually, and whichever side we take, thus much is certain, that it is far easier to support it than to imagine a single new

scene, either comic or tragic. It is a fact, that we can cite three or four poets who may be placed nearly on a line with Sophocles and Euripides, while Moliere has left at a great distance all who entered upon the comic career before him, and all who have attempted to follow him. The field of tragedy appeared already very much exhausted in the time of Aristotle; the number of subjects really tragic before him is extremely limited, and the many requisites to render a subject suitable to our theatre is not calculated to extend those limits. What new harvest is to be expected after the riches gathered by Corneille, by Racine, and by Voltaire? Would not the field of comedy be more vast and more new?—One man alone seems hitherto to have possessed the art of giving it its full value. Is this art, then, the most difficult of all?—has he alone carried it to such perfection, as to drive all others to despair who would wish to follow him?

Without undertaking to examine these different questions, let us confine ourselves to proposing one which may very well dispense with any answer being given to the others. If tragedy has furnished, in the present times, a greater number of interesting subjects for the stage than comedy, is it not solely because the first has ventured forwards much more boldly, and the latter much less so than in former times. In transporting so happily some of the most striking beauties of the English stage upon

the French, has not M. de Voltaire given greater strength and compass to the action of his tragedies? What situations has he not brought forward into action, which Corneille and Racine would never have dared to produce but in recital? Has not his manner of painting characters, manners, opinions, in general, much more boldness, does he not give them much more movement? If none of those who have struck into this path since him have been able to attain the same height to which his genius soared, they have all at least followed at a respectful distance the route he chalked out. Without succeeding in the composition of good works, they have often brought forward such as have produced altogether a good effect; rough sketches, perhaps, in fact, but such as the magic of the scene could carry off well. Comedy, on the contrary, has become every day more and more timid; under the idea of becoming more pure, more decent, it is become cold and insipid. No longer daring to give characters strongly drawn, passions wrought up with warmth, comic traits too well known or too gross, she now confines herself within the narrow circle of maintaining the genuine spirit of society. She tries to supply the place of the true *vis comica* by romantic incidents, the original sallies of gay and lively satire by portraits, by maxims, and by declamation. In order not to wound by pictures which would be found too true,

she is forced to soften all the features of her models ; she can no longer seize any thing but a mellowed shading, a sort of half character ; all her forms are become factitious, her colours false and without effect. It is very true that Moliere seems to have engrossed all the richest and happiest subjects, but if he could rise again, how many more would he find that in his hands would become equally comic. Subjects for ridicule are things which will never be wanting to a poet. Though these subjects may sometimes have the art to conceal themselves more dexterously than at others, do they the less exist to his eyes?—Would not even the art with which they endeavour to conceal themselves furnish of itself new means, in the hands of true genius, for rendering them more comic and more odious. Once more I say, it is not subjects that are wanting to the poets, it is the talent, as we had better confess at once, the liberty of treating them with effect ! The taste of the public is not become better, but it is more squeamish. The self-love of mankind is always the same, but that of our age appears more susceptible, and the policy of our ediles, so easy, so indulgent in many respects, has for a long time aimed all its arrows at this point alone ; it has been more severe upon the drama, taken more exceptions against it, than were ever taken under the most absolute and the least philosophic of our kings.

New Travels in Spain, in the Years 1777 and 1778, treating of the Manners and Character of the People, of the Monuments, both ancient and modern, &c. &c. Two volumes, 8vo.

We have so few good works upon Spain, that this could not fail of being well received, although it is not in general well written, and still leaves many things to be desired. It is ascribed to a Spanish physician, M. Peyron; and we are assured that the Abbé Morellet undertook the revision of it with regard to the style. Such as it is, the work appears infinitely more instructive than that of Barretti, which is filled with minutiae; far superior to M. Silhouette's, which is extremely superficial; less diffuse and heavy than the work of M. Colmenar; more exact than the works of Labbat, and of the Monk Lombard. It also embraces more objects than the account of Spain by the Abbé Ponz; though that is a work of great importance, as far as the arts are concerned, this being a subject on which the Abbé had occupied himself very particularly.

One of the most curious subjects treated by the author of these *New Travels*, is the circumstantial and authentic account of the *auto-da-fé* celebrated during the reign of Charles the Second, in 1680. Another thing, scarcely less remarkable, is an extract from the consultation presented to the same Charles, by Don Joseph Ledesma, upon the numberless abuses of the tribunal of the Inquisition; perhaps

there is no work in existence which displays more forcibly the true spirit of that horrible jurisdiction. The account of what concerns the last victim of so monstrous a superstition, M. d'Olivadès, may be read with more composure, since we know that this illustrious object of its persecution leads at present a quiet and easy life in Paris; that he enjoys a considerable part of his fortune, pardoning, like a good christian, the Capuchins and the Inquisitors, endeavouring to forget the persecutions of the one and the catechism of the other, among our theatres, our philosophers, our Aspasia's, and now and then a Laïs. It requires no small share of every thing that can amuse and disengage the mind, to efface in any degree the recollection of sufferings such as he endured.

May, 1782.

Portrait of the Abbé Delille, by Madame Molé.

In wit a man, simplicity a child.

POPE, *Epitaph on Gay.*

I am going to sketch the portrait of a great man, and a man whom I love. The enterprize may appear rash, and my impartiality may be suspected; but the characters of genius are sufficiently prominent in him to supply the place of talent, and to secure the painter against the illusions of friendship.

I know nothing that can be compared with the graces of his mind, with his ardour, with his

gaiety, with his sallies, or with his eccentricities. His works have neither the character or the physiognomy of his conversation. In reading his writings we should suppose it impossible for any one to be more serious ; in seeing him he might be supposed never to have a serious thought ; in the one he is the master, in the other the scholar. He never concerns himself about the things with which society is principally occupied ; petty events have no ascendancy over him, he takes no heed of any thing, of any body, scarcely even of himself ; often without having seen or known any thing of the matter he says things extremely *à-propos* ; often does he come out with things remarkable for their simplicity, but he is always agreeable. His ideas flow with amazing rapidity, and he communicates them all ; there is no jargon in his conversation, neither is there any thing studied ; it is a happy mixture of beauties and negligences, a pleasing confusion, which always charms, and sometimes astonishes.

As to his face ?—A little girl once said that it was all in zigzag. The women never observe what it is, but what it expresses ; it is in fact ugly, but wonderfully intelligent, I will say interesting. He has a large mouth, but it utters very fine verses ; his eyes are grey, and somewhat sunk in his head, but he does whatever he pleases with them, and the flexibility of his features gives such an air of

sentiment to his physiognomy, a something so noble, so full of the *poetic phrenzy*, that it does not allow him time to appear ugly. He is much occupied with his own face, but in the same manner as he is with every thing odd, as a subject to raise a laugh, and his attention to his person is always in contrast with the occasion ; I have known him appear in the Duchess's drawing-room in a frock, and ride about the woods on horseback in a short cloak.

His heart is not above fifteen years old, and is therefore easy to be known. It is kind, it is inspired with twenty emotions at once, yet is not restless ; it never loses itself by wandering into futurity, still less does it concern itself much with the past. Full of sensibility, even to excess, and equally alive to it at every moment, he may be attacked in a thousand ways, but he never can be conquered ; his gaiety always comes in to his assistance, rendering him the happiest of human beings ; shall it be added that this gaiety is sometimes playful even to thoughtlessness ? He forgets that he is loved to such a degree, as to give reason to fear that he is wholly indifferent about the matter ; it seems as if he would be embarrassed with the unexpected question whether he loves or is loved.

His conduct is like his conversation, extremely thoughtless. The pleasures of the town are nothing to him, he does not concern himself about them. He resigns himself voluntarily to one sole object ; he is never troubled with ennui ; he has no

occasion for a great world, nor a great sphere of action, and seems to forget what posterity promises him ; he may be said most truly to *suffer himself to be happy*. Do not be surprized at the hours he devotes to you, undoubtedly he is happy in your society ; but he is happy every where, even with his housekeeper. He plays at *La Peur* when he is not making an *Andromache* or a *Zaïre*. Your conversation is pleasant to him indeed, but he can also pass two hours very well in caressing his horse, though at the same time he can upon occasion forget him too. He wanders in the woods, and meditates by moonlight, completely lost in his reveries.

But if he cannot be commended for the uniformity of his life, none of the defects of irregular habits can be imputed to him. If his conduct be not well combined, it is at least pure ; and if he have no grand features of character, the want of them is supplied by manners that interest, by a simplicity, a grace of mind, a gaiety so true, so youthful, and yet so ingenious, that he is always, like a pretty woman, surrounded by admirers. In short, there is an inexpressible charm about him, which inspires those emotions of curiosity and inclination seldom inspired but by an engaging child ; —that sort of unalterable attachment which seems to be reserved, generally speaking, for minds of an inferior cast ; he is the poet of Plato, a being sacred, light, and airy.

*New additions to the Letter upon the Blind, by
M. Diderot.**

I am going to throw together upon paper some phenomena which were not known to me when my *Letter upon the Blind* was written, and which will serve as proofs, or refutations, of many things asserted in that letter. Thirty-three or thirty-four years have elapsed since the letter was written, I have read it again, endeavouring to divest myself of all partiality, and am not dissatisfied with it. Although the first part appeared to me more interesting than the second, and I feel that the one might be somewhat extended and the other much abridged, I shall leave both as they are, for fear lest the pages of the young man should be injured by the touch of the old one. I should endeavour in vain, at present, to discriminate what there is supportable in the ideas and the expression, and I fear that I should be equally incapable of correcting any thing reprehensible. A celebrated painter of our days employs himself in his old age in spoiling the *chefs-d'œuvres* which he produced in the vigour of his earlier years. I know not whether the defects he discovers be real, but as to the talent which should correct them, either he never possessed it, or, if he did, it is lost, since every thing that belongs to man perishes with man. There is

* The letter alluded to is not printed in the collection of Diderot's works, in fifteen volumes.

a time when taste gives counsels, the justice of which must be acknowledged, but which, perhaps, we have no longer the power to follow. It is the pusillanimity which arises from the consciousness of weakness, or indolence, which is one of the consequences of weakness and pusillanimity, that disgusts me with a labour more likely, perhaps, to injure, than to contribute towards the improvement of my work.

*Solve senescentem maturé sanus equum, nè
Peccet ad extremum ridendus et ilia ducat.*

PHÆNOMENA.

1st. A watchmaker, who is perfectly well versed in the theory of his art, and who yields to no one in the practice of it, has often assured me that it is by the touch, and not by the sight, that he judges of the roundness of his *watch pinions*. He rolls them gently between his thumb and forefinger, and by pressure discovers trifling inequalities which escape his eye.

2d. I have heard of a blind person, who, I was assured, could tell the colour of stuffs by the touch.

3d. I know of one who shades nosegays, with as much delicacy as Jean Jacques prided himself on possessing, when he confided to his friends, either seriously or as a joke, a plan he had for opening a school to give lessons in this art to the flower girls at Paris.

4th. In the town of Anjiens there is a blind stone-cutter, who superintends a large number of workmen, with as much intelligence as if he enjoyed his sight.

5th. A man who could see had so little certainty in the use of his hands if using his eyes, that when he wanted to shave his head he put away the looking glass, and placed himself before a naked wall. A blind person who does not see the danger becomes always more intrepid, and I have no doubt that he would go with a much firmer step than a man who could see, over a narrow and elastic plank thrown as a bridge across a precipice. There are few people whose sight does not become confused at looking down from a great height.

6th. Who does not know, or at least has not often heard mention made of the celebrated Daviel?—I have often been present at his operations. He couched a smith, who had contracted cataracts in his eyes, from the continual heat of his furnace. This smith having been blind for five and twenty years, had so entirely accustomed himself to doing every thing by the touch, that without blows it was impossible to make him avail himself of the sense now restored to him. Daviel said, striking him, “*Will you not look, scoundrel?*” He walked, he worked, every thing we do with our eyes open, he did with his shut. From this it may be concluded, that the eye is not so useful to our

wants, so essential to our happiness, as we are tempted to believe. If the sight of nature had no longer any charms for Daviel's blind man, we may fairly ask, what is there in the world to the loss of which a long privation may not render us wholly indifferent, provided it be not accompanied with pain?—It may be said, perhaps, that we could never grow indifferent to the sight of a wife who is dear to us.—I cannot concur in that sentiment, though it may seem to be supported by a circumstance I am going to relate. It may be supposed, that deprived for a long time of sight, when restored to us we should never cease looking about; this is not so. The difference is very great between momentary and habitual blindness.

7th. Daviel's philanthropy brought him from all parts of the kingdom the indigent blind, who came to implore his assistance; and his reputation drew to his house numbers who were curious to witness his extraordinary talents. M. Marmontel and myself made a party there together; the blind man was seated, his cataract was removed, Daviel placed his hand upon the eyes which he had just restored to the light. An aged woman who stood by his side evinced the deepest interest in the operation, she trembled in all her limbs at every movement of the operator. The latter made a sign to her to come forward and place herself on her knees before the operatee; he removed his hands, the sick man opened his eyes and exclaimed: "*Ah!*"

it is my mother."—Never was a more pathetic exclamation uttered, I could fancy that I hear it even now. The old woman fainted, tears streamed from the eyes of all present, and alms in abundance flowed from their purses.

8th. Of all those who have been deprived of sight almost from their birth, the most surprising that ever existed, or will exist, was Mademoiselle Melanie de Salignac. She was a relation of M. de Lafargue, Lieutenant-General in his Majesty's service, an old man, who is just dead at the age of ninety one, covered with scars and loaded with honours, and daughter to Madame de Blacy, who is still alive; she never ceases to regret the loss of a child who constituted the charm of her life, and was the object of admiration to all who knew her. Madame de Blacy is a woman distinguished for the eminence of her moral qualities, and who will readily answer any questions relative to the truth of my narration. It is under her auspices that I have collected such particulars of the life of Mademoiselle de Salignac as escaped my own observation during an intimacy in the family which began in 1760, and continued without interruption to 1763, the year that closed the life of the lady in question.

She had an unusual fund of good sense, the utmost mildness and sweetness of disposition, an uncommon penetration in her ideas, and great simplicity of character. One of her aunts invited her mother to come and assist her in entertaining nine-

teen Ostrogoths whom she had invited to dinner. “ *I cannot conceive what my aunt means,*” said the niece, “ *why go and entertain nineteen Ostrogoths?—for my part I only wish to entertain those I love!*”

The sound of the voice produced the same effect on her as the physiognomy has upon persons that see. One of her relations, a receiver-general of the finances, behaved very ill to her family in a way extremely unexpected, on which she remarked, “ *who could have conceived this with so sweet a voice!*” When she heard any one sing, she distinguished between the voice of a fair and of a dark person. When any one spoke to her she judged of their height by the direction in which the sound came.

She had no wish to see, and one day when I asked her the reason of this, she answered me : “ I should then have nothing but my own eyes, “ and now I enjoy the eyes of every body. By “ this privation I am an object of constant interest “ and commiseration ; I am obliged in some way “ at every moment, and at every moment I am “ grateful. Alas ! if I were to see, people would “ soon think of me no more.”—The errors of sight very much diminished its value in her ideas. “ I “ am,” she said, “ at the entrance of a long “ avenue ; at the extremity of it is some object ; to “ one of you it appears in motion, to another it “ appears still ; one says that it is an animal, another that it is a man, and on approaching, it

“ appears to be the stump of a tree. No one knows
“ whether the tower they perceive afar off be round
“ or square. I brave the clouds of dust, while
“ those around me shut their eyes, and are misera-
“ ble, sometimes they even suffer a whole day for
“ not having shut them soon enough. An almost
“ imperceptible atom is sufficient to torment them
“ cruelly.”—At the approach of night she used to
say, “ *that our reign was at an end, and her’s was
just beginning.*” It will easily be conceived that
living in constant darkness with the habit of acting
and thinking in an eternal night, lying awake,
which is so tormenting to us, was scarcely felt by
her.

She could not pardon me for having said that
blind people being deprived of witnessing the ex-
terior signs of suffering must almost necessarily be
cruel.—“ Do you think,” said she, “ that you hear
“ the accents of complaint as I do ?”—“ But,” said
I, “ there are many who suffer without allowing
“ themselves to complain.”—“ I should soon find
“ them out,” she said, “ and only pity them the
“ more.”

She was passionately fond of hearing any body
read, and still more of music. “ I think,” she
said, “ that I could never be tired of listening to
“ people who sing or play in a superior manner.
“ If this happiness be the only one we are to enjoy
“ in heaven, it will be sufficient for me. You
“ think justly when you say that it is the most

“ powerful of all the fine arts, without excepting
“ either poetry or eloquence; that even Racine
“ does not express himself with the delicacy of a
“ harp, that his melody is heavy and monotonous
“ compared with that of the instrument, and that
“ you have often desired to give your style the
“ force and lightness of the tones of Bach. For
“ my part it is the finest language I know. In
“ languages spoken, those are reckoned to pro-
“ nounce the best who articulate the syllables the
“ most distinctly; instead of which in the lan-
“ guage of music the sounds that are the most re-
“ mote from each other, from the grave to the
“ acute, from the acute to the grave, are blended
“ together and follow imperceptibly; ’tis, if I may
“ say so, one long syllable, the inflexions and ex-
“ pression of which vary at every moment. While
“ melody carries this sound to my ear, harmony
“ executes it without confusion upon a variety of
“ different instruments, two, three, four, or five,
“ all concurring to strengthen the expression
“ of the first, and the parties singing are so
“ many interpreters which I could readily dis-
“ pense with, when the symphonist is a man of
“ genius and knows how to give character to his
“ performance. It is in the silence of night, more
“ especially, that I find music expressive and de-
“ licious.

“ I persuade myself,” she continued, “ that
“ those who see, distracted by their sight, can nei-

“ ther hear or understand as clearly as I do. Why
“ does the eulogium of music which I hear from
“ others always appear to me poor and feeble?—
“ Why could I never express myself as I feel?—
“ Why in the midst of what I would say, am I
“ obliged to stop, seeking in vain for words which
“ can paint the sensations I experience?—Is it that
“ no adequate words are yet invented?—I cannot
“ compare the effect that music has upon me but to
“ the sort of intoxication I experience when after
“ a long absence I throw myself into the arms of
“ my mother, when my voice fails me, all my
“ limbs tremble, tears stream down my cheeks,
“ my knees will no longer support me, I seem
“ dying with pleasure.”

She had the most delicate sense of modesty that I ever witnessed. Asking her the reason of it, “ It is,” she said, “ the effect of my mother’s good counsels. She has said so many things to me on this subject, that I will own I could scarcely comprehend them for a long time, and perhaps in comprehending them I have ceased to be innocent.” She died of an inward tumour which her modesty prevented her ever mentioning.

In her dress, in her linen, in her person, there reigned a neatness which was so much the more extraordinary, as not seeing herself she could never be sure that she had done all that was requisite to avoid disgusting people with the opposite quality. If they were pouring out drink for her, she knew

by the noise of the liquor in falling when the glass was full enough ; she took her food with a surprising circumspection and address. Sometimes, as a joke, she would place herself before a glass to dress, imitating all the manners of a coquette who is arming for conquest. This mimicry was most exact and most truly laughable.

From her earliest youth it had been the study of all about her to improve her other senses to the utmost possible degree, and it is wonderful how much they had succeeded. By feeling she could distinguish peculiarities about the person of any one which might easily be overlooked by those who had the best eyes. Her hearing and smell were exquisite ; she judged by the impression of the air the state of the atmosphere, whether it was cloudy or serene, whether she was in an open place or a street, and if a street whether it was a *cul-de-sac* ; also whether she was in the open air or in a room, and if in a room whether it was large or small. She could calculate the size of a circumscribed space by the sound which her feet produced, or by that of her voice. When she had once gone over a house, the topography of it remained perfect in her head to such a degree that she could warn others of any little danger they were likely to incur. “ *Take care, the door is too low—Do not forget that there is a step.*” She observed a variety in voices of which we have no idea, and when once she had heard a person speak, she always knew the voice again.

She was little sensible to the charms of youth, or shocked at the wrinkles of old age. She said that she regarded nothing but the qualities of the heart and mind. One advantage which she always enumerated in being deprived of sight, particularly for a woman was, that she was in no danger of having her head turned by a handsome man. She was exceedingly disposed to confide in others; it would have been no less easy than base to deceive her. It was an inexcusable cruelty to make her believe that she was alone in a room. She was not subject to any kind of panic terrors; seldom did she feel ennui, solitude had taught her to be every thing to herself. She had observed that in travelling, at the close of day the company began to grow silent. “*For my part,*” she said, “*I have no occasion to see those with whom I converse.*” Of all the qualities of the heart and mind, a sound judgment, mildness, and cheerfulness, were those which she prized the most.

She spoke little, and listened much: “*I am like the birds,*” she said, “*I learn to sing in darkness.*” In comparing things which she heard one day with those she heard another, she was shocked at the contradiction of our judgments; it seemed to her a matter of indifference whether she was praised or blamed by beings so inconsistent. She had been taught to read by means of letters cut out; she had an agreeable voice, and sung with taste; she could willingly have passed her life at the con-

cert or the opera, nothing but noisy music was disagreeable to her. She danced delightfully, and had learned to play on the violin; from this latter talent she derived a great source of amusement to herself in drawing about her the young people of her own age to teach them the dances that were most in fashion.

She was exceedingly beloved by all her brothers and sisters; "This," she said, "is another advantage which I derive from my infirmities. People attach themselves to me by the cares they render me, and by the efforts I make to deserve them and to be grateful for them. Added to this my brothers and sisters are not jealous of me. If I had eyes it would be at the expense of my heart and mind. I have so many reasons to be good! what would become of me if I were to lose the interest I inspire."

In the reverse of fortune experienced by her parents the loss of masters was the only one she regretted; but the masters of geometry and music had contracted so great an attachment and esteem for her that they earnestly intreated permission to give her lessons gratuitously. "*What shall I do, Mama?*" she said, "*they are not rich and have occasion for all their time.*"

She had been taught music by characters in relief which were placed in raised lines upon the surface of a large table. These characters she read with her hand, then executed them upon her in-

strument, and after a very little study could play a part in a piece however long or complicated. She understood the elements of astronomy, algebra, and geometry. Her mother sometimes read to her the Abbé de la Caille's book, and asking her whether she understood it, "*Oh perfectly!*" she replied. Geometry, she said, was the true science for the blind, because no assistance was wanting to carry it to perfection. "*The geometrician,*" she said, "*passes almost all his life with his eyes shut.*"

I have seen the maps by which she studied geography. The parallels and meridians were of brass wire, the boundaries of kingdoms and provinces were marked out by threads of silk or wool more or less coarse, the rivers and mountains by pins heads some larger others smaller, and the towns by drops of wax according to the size of them. I one day said to her, "Mademoiselle figure to yourself a cube."—"I see it," said she.—"Imagine a point in the centre of the cube."—"It is done."—"From this point draw lines directly to the angles, you will have divided the cube?"—"Into six equal pyramids," she answered, "having every one the same faces, the base of the cube, and the half of its height."—"That is true, but where do you see it?"—"In my head, as you do."—I will own that I never could conceive how she formed figures in her head without colour.—Was this cube formed by remembering the sensations in touching it? was her brain become a sort of hand under which substances rea-

lized themselves? was a sort of correspondence established between two different senses? why does not the same correspondence exist in my head? and why do I see nothing in my head without colouring it?—What is the imagination of a blind person? This phænomenon is not so easy to be explained as one might suppose.

She wrote with a pin, with which she pricked a sheet of paper stretched upon a frame, on which were two moveable metal rods, that left between them only the proper space between one line and another. The same mode of writing served in answer, she read it by passing her fingers over the inequalities made by the pin on the reverse of the paper. She could read a book printed only on one side; Prault printed some in this manner for her use. One of her letters was inserted in the *Mercury*, of the times. She had had the patience to copy with her needle the *Abrégé Historique* of M. Henault, and I have obtained from Madame Blacy this singular manuscript.

The following fact appears difficult to be believed, though attested by every one of her family, by myself, and twenty other persons still alive. In a piece of twelve or fifteen lines, if the first letter of every word was given her, with the number of letters of which each word was composed, she would find out every word, how oddly soever the composition might be put together. I made the experiment upon the *Amphigouris* of Collé. She

sometimes hit upon an expression much happier than that used by the poet.

She would thread the smallest needle with great dexterity, placing the thread or silk on the index finger of her left hand and drawing it to a very fine point, which she passed through the eye of the needle, holding it perpendicularly. There was no sort of needle work that she could not execute, she made purses and bags, plain or with fine open work, in different patterns, and with a variety of colours; garters, bracelets, collars for the neck, with very small glass beads sown upon them in alphabetical characters. I have no doubt that she would have been an excellent compositor for the press; they who can perform the larger work can execute the smaller.

She played perfectly well at *reversis*, at *the mediator*, and at *quadrille*. She sorted the cards herself, distinguishing each by some little mark she had formed to herself, and which she knew by the touch, though they were not perceptible either to the sight or touch of any other person. The only attention required from the rest of the party was to name the cards as they played them. If at *reversis* the *quinola* was in danger, a gentle smile spread itself over her lips, which she could not restrain, though conscious of the indiscretion.

She was a fatalist, and thought that the efforts we make to escape our destiny only contribute to bringing it on. What, it may be asked, were her

religious opinions?—I cannot tell ; it was a secret which she kept to herself, out of respect for a pious mother.

Nothing more remains but to give you her ideas upon writing, drawing, engraving, and painting. I do not believe it possible to have any nearer to the truth. You will, I hope, form the same judgment when you read the following conversation, in which I am an interlocutor. She speaks first.

“ If you were to trace on my hand the figure of a nose, a mouth, a man, a woman, a tree, I certainly should not be mistaken ; I should not despair, even, if the likeness were exact, of being able to name the person you had sketched ; my hand would become to me a sensible mirror ; but great indeed is the difference between this canvas and the organ of sight. I suppose, then, that the eye is a living canvas of infinite delicacy ; the air strikes the object ; from this object it is reflected towards the eye, which receives an infinite number of different impressions, according to the nature, the form, and the colour of the object, and perhaps the qualities of the air ; these are unknown to me, and you do not know much more of them than myself ; it is by the variety of these sensations that they are painted to you. If the skin of my hand equalled the delicacy of your eyes, I should see with my hand as you see with your eyes, and I sometimes figure to myself that there are animals who are blind, and are not the less clear sighted.”

“ But the mirror?”

“ If all bodies are not so many mirrors, it is by some defect in their texture, which extinguishes the reflection of the air. I adhere so much the more to this idea, since gold, silver, fire, polished copper, become proper for reflecting the air, and that troubled water and streaked ice lose this property. It is the variety of the sensation, and consequently the property of reflecting the air in the matter you employ, which distinguishes writing from drawing, drawing from engraving, and engraving from painting. Writing, drawing, engraving, painting, with only one colour, are so many cameos.”

“ But when there is only one colour, how can any other colour be discerned?”

“ ’Tis apparently the nature of the canvas, the thickness of the colour, and the manner of employing it, that introduces in the reflection of the air a variety corresponding with that of the forms. For the rest, do not ask me any thing more, I have gone to the utmost extent of my knowledge.”

“ And I should be giving myself a great deal of very useless trouble in endeavouring to teach you more.”

I have not told you all respecting this interesting creature that I might have observed, if I had had more opportunities of seeing and interrogating her; and I give you my word of honour that I

have related nothing but what I witnessed myself. She died at the age of twenty-two. With an astonishing memory, and a penetration equal to it, what a progress might she have made in the paths of science, if heaven had granted her a longer life. Her mother used to read history to her very much, and it was a function equally useful and agreeable to both.

M. Linguet has circulated among the public a project in manuscript, in which he proposes to the government a secret process for dispatching detailed orders from Versailles to Brest and Toulon, in as short a time as it would take a good writer to copy them five or six times over; and this without the possibility of the intermediate agent's penetrating the secret. He says that he shall not employ flags or fire, or any other means already known, but a very simple machine, which may be used in two different ways, and the construction of which is so easy, that it may be repaired in case of need at any country village whatever. The expence of this new sort of post is so trifling, that the maintenance of it from Versailles to Brest will not cost more than twenty thousand livres annually. It is known that the project was presented to the King by M. de Beauveau, and recommended by the Comte d'Artois, but it is not known whether any experiment of it has been or is intended to be made. Whatever may be the result, if M. Lin-

guet has not really and truly made the great discovery he so confidently promises, he has found the means, at least, of recalling the attention of the public to himself in a manner striking enough ; till this revival, he began to be somewhat forgotten. He has done still better, for he has just obtained, and this is another enigma, permission to quit the Bastille ; nay even farther, to continue his journal. He is indeed forbidden to touch upon all matters of religion, of government, or of politics, but for his private amusement the philosophers and the Academy are abandoned to him.—Well, be it so !—Of whatever nature may have been the motive which occasioned his detention, it remains utterly unknown. His confinement has, however, doubtless been long enough, more than twenty months, to allow of his making all the reflections that may be useful to him, and he will scarcely be tempted to expose himself in like manner a second time.

Portrait of Doctor Tronchin.

Theodore Tronchin, born at Geneva, in 1709, of a noble family, originally of Avignon, died at Paris, the first of December 1781. He was first physician to the Duke of Orleans, a noble patrician of Parma, foreign associate of the Royal Academy of Sciences, &c. &c. He married, in Holland, the grand-daughter of the celebrated pensionary John de Witt, and at the age of twenty-four, while the celebrated Boerhaave was still alive,

had obtained the reputation of being one of the first physicians of Amsterdam.

Humanity has lost in him one of its greatest benefactors, friendship its most deserving model, and physic one of the most illustrious disciples Hippocrates has known in our days. He has left no work worthy of his genius and knowledge, but a select collection of his consultations will form a monument as glorious to his memory as it will be useful and interesting in the progress of the medical science. A considerable number of his prescriptions exist in the hands of his heirs, the greater part of them upon very remarkable occasions. Never did any physician consult nature more, or seize with more sagacity all its movements and indications; never did a physician employ more happily the secret of watching the efforts of nature and assisting them with the least pain and force possible. His principles, no less simple than enlightened, were always submitted to the most exact observation of what she suggested, and were modified accordingly. The greater part of our physicians prescribe only for the disease, he prescribed for the person, and his method of treating the same disease was as various as the different circumstances that occur in different subjects. Few physicians have studied like him the influence of the moral upon the physical man, the necessity of managing the strength, of proportioning the resources to the means, the advantage of combating the principle of the disease, by re-

moving out of the way whatever might contribute to cherishing and irritating it. Spare diet was almost always one of the first of his prescriptions. “*’Tis the best way,*” he said, “*to cut off the enemy’s provisions; that is already a great point gained.*” The astonishing penetration of his glance, the habitual tranquillity of his mind, a character which was not natural to him, as he was by nature passionate, but which had been acquired through strenuous combats with his natural disposition, the firmness, the resolution which accompanied all his actions, the dignity of his features and deportment, all these advantages united, inspired his patients with the sweetest, the most consoling confidence. Those who knew him could not be surprized at the sort of enthusiasm of which he was often the object, an enthusiasm which served to spread with success several useful discoveries, particularly that of inoculation; on the other hand, it could not fail to expose him to the cabals, the hatred, and the jealousy of his competitors. However unjust many of them may have been towards him, they were not all so; Petit and Louis owned that he was the greatest anatomist of the faculty; Rouelle said he was the most skilful man in pharmacy that he had ever known, and the celebrated Haller said he was the most fortunate of practitioners. Few of the sovereigns of Europe have not done him the honour of consulting him at one period or other; a short time before his death he received a letter from the

Pope, thanking him for the advice he had given respecting some Cardinal who was his particular friend ; the letter concluded with saying that there was no Catholic signature on which he set a higher value than on his.

A good father, a tender friend, a zealous citizen, he was unhappy in all these respects, nor can it be dissembled that his chagrins, which he concealed in the inmost recesses of his heart, preyed upon his health, and contributed very evidently to shorten the term of his existence. A Stoic in principle, chiefly from his admiration of the virtues practised by this sect, his sensibility was nevertheless extreme. Arrived at that point of self-command that he could bear physical ills with no less fortitude and constancy than the heroes of the Portico, he vainly endeavoured to support with a parallel equanimity the pains of the heart ; his efforts to attain it only concealed from others a part of what he suffered, and corroded his mind instead of soothing it. He had no less mildness in his character and manners than severity in his principles. Simple, affable, sometimes even more than popular in his conduct, no citizen of his country was more attached than himself to the aristocratic maxims of the government ; the fear of seeing Geneva fall again into democracy was one of his keenest sources of chagrin in his latter days. With all the means of acquiring great riches, he has left but a very moderate fortune ; benevolence and generosity were

among the first necessities of his elevated soul, and his contempt for riches was a virtue of instinct.

Absent from disposition, and perhaps also from the multiplicity of his occupations, although he had passed his life with the great, he either could not learn or would never assume the tone and manners of the great world. Sometimes too proud, sometimes too familiar in his manner, nothing less than the vast personal esteem borne him by every body could have procured a pardon for the many deficiencies of which he was guilty in this respect. These transgressions, however, against the little ceremonials of society were so well counterbalanced by the natural elevation of his character, that far from injuring essentially the *tout-ensemble* of his appearance, they rather gave an originality of character to his physiognomy that rendered it more engaging. He could not be esteemed the less, and there were occasions on which these very failings contributed to making him the more beloved.

There were only two things to which he made pretensions that could not be generally allowed; these were to being deep-sighted in politics, and to playing well at whist. At the latter he rarely won and was perpetually making mistakes, but he did not the less entertain a high opinion of his own skill; though he certainly was so amply endowed in other respects, that he might have been very well satisfied to acknowledge himself defective in this. M. Diderot, as it appears to me, has devised

the finest inscription that can possibly be put upon the statue of this great man ; it is what Plutarch said of a physician of his time :—*He was among physicians what Socrates was among philosophers.*

June, 1782.

Although circumstances have not permitted me to collect all the curious and interesting facts and anecdotes which have been furnished by the stay of the Count and Countess of the North * at Paris, what I have learnt will enable you to form some idea of the impression they have made in the country. The account I will endeavour to give, without having any other merit than that of being exact and faithful, belongs essentially to the objects we have always had in view in these memoirs. The interest with which the heir of all the Russias has condescended to honour our letters and our arts, ought to form an epoch in the history of our literature. This history has furnished few events in our days so worthy of a lasting remembrance.

If the imagination, struck with the immense extent of the states which this Prince is one day to govern, has formed its ideas of his person accordingly, it will be much surprised to find that he has not the stature of an Atlas or a Hercules ; for, however polished we may be, we yet cling a little to

* Afterwards Paul the first Emperor of Russia. In his youth he made a visit to France under the title of the Count of the North.

our savage and gothic prejudices, and associate the idea of bodily powers with that of a mighty potentate. Much more have we been struck, and here French vanity has found great reason to be flattered, with observing in all his deportment the ease, the grace, and the polished manners of our court. Amid the almost importunate respect and homage he has received wherever he went, he has sometimes been surprised with hearing from the crouds by whom he was followed, that they did not think him handsome. This he himself related to the King with great gaiety, and in the most simple and natural manner possible, at the first supper his Majesty gave him, observing that the French nation had not less frankness, than politeness and urbanity. The Count of the North has not, it is true, the countenance and person which poets and romance writers would have thought it indispensable to give him; but he has what is better than mere regularity of features, an expression of great animation and intelligence, a physiognomy full of penetration and vivacity, and at times a roguish smile which renders it still more expressive, without diminishing in any degree the character of mildness and dignity for which it is so eminent.

So much has been said both in verse and prose of Minerva under the semblance of the Graces accompanying this prince, that one scarcely any longer dares venture to use the expression. There is none however which describes so well the senti-

ments that the Countess of the North inspires ; one would think that this expression had been framed on purpose to apply it to her, and was made for her alone, so that however old and worn out it may be, the justice of the application gives it the appearance of novelty. It is not complete portraits that we have undertaken to sketch, we only seek to recal some of the most striking features in the impression which the Count and Countess of the North have left on the minds of the Parisians,—of the people who, of all the nations in Europe, have the most sensibility but the least discretion.

Instruction is an advantage which princes in France are so accustomed to think may be dispensed with, that perhaps some grudge might be conceived against the Count of the North for being so well instructed. He has spared no pains therefore to conduct himself so that this defect may be pardoned ; it might be said that he was only instructed, the better to please the nation which receives him with so much eagerness and attention. Our sciences, our arts, our manners, our customs, nothing with regard to these subjects appears strange to him, he seems perfectly well acquainted with all. Without any thing like study, or affectation in his behaviour, he is ignorant of nothing proper for him to know in order to appreciate justly the variety of objects which are constantly presenting themselves to his curiosity ; or to take such an interest in the homage addressed to him as flatters the *amour-pro-*

pre of the whole nation at large, and of every individual who endeavours more particularly to render his visit agreeable. At Versailles he had the air of being as well acquainted with our court as with his own; in the work-rooms of our artists he displayed such a knowledge of the arts as gave a double value to the commendations he bestowed; in our lyceums, in our academies, he proved alike by his questions and by his compliments that there was no kind of labour in which he did not interest himself, and that he was perfectly well acquainted by name and reputation with all the men whose knowledge and talents have done so much honour to their age.

His conversation in general, and all particular sayings that have been retained, announce not only an understanding naturally good, and a well-cultivated mind, but an exquisite feeling with regard to all things relating to our customs, and to the delicacies of our language. We shall only cite some instances communicated to us by persons who have had the honour of being in his company and have themselves heard what they relate.

Among the number of obliging things said by him to several members of the French academy at the special sitting of this body which he honoured with his presence, his compliment to M. Malesherbes must not be omitted. M. d'Alembert having presented this ancient minister of his Majesty; "*'Tis apparently here, Sir,*" said he, "*that you*

have retired." The most eloquent orator of the magistracy was quite astonished at so flattering an apostrophe, and could not find any thing to say in reply.

M. Diderot, not having been able to find him at his own apartments, went to see him at mass. The Count, as he was going out, perceiving the philosopher, exclaimed, "*Ha! M. Diderot, you at mass!*"—" *Yes, Sire,*" replied the other, "*Epicurus was sometimes to be seen at the feet of the altars.*"

The Count d'Artois having shewn him some English swords of the finest temper, and the most finished workmanship, pressed him earnestly to accept the most beautiful. The Count of the North declined the present, but M. d'Artois still insisted on his accepting it, saying: "*How! will you not accept any one?*"—" *I will do more, if you will permit me,*" said the Count, "*I will ask for that with which you would have conquered Gibraltar.*"

The King was speaking of the troubles at Geneva. "*Sire,*" said the Count, "*it is to you a tempest in a glass of water.*" It was not then known how easy it would be to appease this tempest, even without overturning the glass.

The festivities given at Chantilly on occasion of the visit made there by the Count and Countess of the North, were in a stile of the utmost magnificence, and of the highest taste. The Vaudeville which concluded the theatrical exhibitions pleased

much, and was well adapted to the moment. The author, M. Laujeon, was very desirous of being introduced to the Count; this was made known to the latter when after thanking him in the politest manner possible for the entertainment he had received; “*Your verses are charming, M. Laujeon,*” said he, “*you make me say many very excellent things; * but there is an essential one which you have forgotten—a very essential one, and I cannot reconcile myself to it.*”—At every word spoken the poor author’s trouble and confusion increased, when the Count, after suffering him to remain a few moments in the utmost embarrassment, added: “*You forgot to speak of my gratitude, and that is the sentiment which principally occupies my mind at this moment.*”

The Count having visited M. d’Alembert at his own house, did not forget that this philosopher had been invited to St. Petersburg to preside over his education. At the conclusion of his visit he addressed himself to him in the most obliging manner possible, saying: “*You will I hope perfectly understand the deep regret I feel at this moment that I had not known you much sooner.*”

Of all the literati M. de La Harpe has had the honour of being the most in company with our illustrious visitor. In quality of correspondent with

* M. Laujeon had introduced the Count and Countess of the North themselves into the piece, under disguised names.

his Imperial Highness, he thought himself obliged to wait upon him almost every day. Such assiduity may perhaps be supposed to have been sometimes rather a heavy tax upon the Prince, but his politeness, combined with the happy complacency of the *savant* towards himself, prevented his ever imagining that he could be intrusive. “ *M. de la Harpe,*” said the Count, “ *has already been to visit me five times, I have seen him three, I hope he will not be dissatisfied.*” In fact the visitor was tolerably well satisfied, for he was heard to say some days after in a circle at the house of Madame de Luxembourg; “ *I have had two conversations with the Count of the North on the art of reigning, and I can assure you that I was very much pleased with him.*” It had been proposed to the Count to hear M. de Beaumarchais’s *Marriage of Figaro* read; he seemed to have a great inclination to hear it, but added: “ *I dare not accept this proposal without first hearing the reading proposed to me by M. de la Harpe. We must not run any risk of embroiling ourselves with these great powers.*”

In the sitting of the academy which their Imperial Highnesses honoured with their presence there was read, an epistle from M. de La Harpe to the Count of the North, a portrait of Cæsar by the Abbe Arnaud, and another epistle of M. de La Harpe against descriptive poetry. M. Delille had promised to read some extracts from his poem, but with his accustomed absence forgot his engagement.

It was undoubtedly that he might *make himself happy* at the feet of some pretty woman ; or perhaps to avoid hearing M. de La Harpe's verses, which he does not love, any more than M. de La Harpe loves his.

In the *Epistle to the Count of the North* there are certainly some fine passages, but the conclusion appeared worthy to be a madrigal of the Abbé Cotin, and their Highnesses' train could not hear without being wounded, the apostrophe to *Petrowitz* ;* a word which sounds even more ridiculous to Russian ears, than strange to ours. When not preceded by some epithet which gives it distinction, it is no less familiar than the French *Toinette* or *Pierrot*, or the English *Jack* or *Tom*.

The *Portrait of Cæsar*, was the piece which seemed to give the most pleasure to the illustrious travellers. The energy with which the ambition and the courage, the genius and the good fortune of the greatest man of antiquity are characterised, were well calculated to give it in their eyes all the interest of a *Family Picture*.

Several very happy details in the *Epistle on Descriptive Poetry*, could not prevent its appearing tedious as a whole. The talent of paying a very minute attention to the little decorums of society which so particularly distinguishes M. de La Harpe,

* In the printed copies of this poem, the author has not suffered the word in question to remain, I believe, more than once.

could not suffer him to neglect so fair an opportunity of decrying the German poets, before a German princess who loves them, and whose sensibility would well know how to appreciate their merits, even if they did not belong to a country which is proud of having been the cradle of her infancy.

The Academy of Sciences, and that of Belles-Lettres, were nearly *equally happy* in the choice of subjects which they selected for the entertainment of their illustrious guests. In the former they were extremely *ennuyé* with a number of very disgusting experiments upon the nature of odours, and upon the manner of destroying fœtid ones. In the other, memoirs were read upon the antiquities of the southern countries, in which a very ingenious discussion was introduced upon the question, whether the people of the north have always been of a lower stature, and inferior in every way to those of the south.

However occupied the stay of their Imperial Highnesses has been by the desire they had not to omit seeing any thing interesting and worthy of their attention, and by the multiplicity of entertainments made for them every where, no attentions have been neglected by them towards any persons who had the best claim to expect them. One man alone has been known to make any complaints on this account, and this is the Sieur Clerisseau. The extravagant manner in which he behaved to

the Count of the North at the house of M. de La Reynière is of a nature too original to be omitted. M. Clerisseau having had the honour of working for her Imperial Majesty, thought that on this account her heir could not fail of receiving him with the most marked distinction. Impressed with this idea, he went several times to pay his respects to the Count but was never admitted ;—this excited his utmost indignation. One day when the Count was to be at the house of M. de La Reynière, M. Clerisseau was invited together with all the artists who had contributed to the embellishment of this charming abode. “ *Count*, said our artist, in rather a free and easy manner, *I have been several times at your door, but never could gain admittance.*”—“ *I am extremely sorry M. Clerisseau. The loss has been mine, I hope it will be compensated.*”—“ *No, Sir, you have been denied because you did not chuse to see me, and I take that very much amiss ;—but I shall write about it to your mother, I assure you.*”—“ *I beg your pardon, believe me I feel very deeply how much I have lost.*”—M. de La Reynière was in the utmost confusion, but it was in vain that the people around endeavoured to check the enraged artist, and make him feel where he was, and who he was talking to ; he still pursued the Count about the room, and nothing but being turned out could silence him. This is not the first quarrel he has had with crowned

heads ; he had one with the Emperor which yields in no respect to this.

The distractions of an immense capital, the attentions of a court occupied only with endeavouring to please and amuse them, and all the bustle of so many magnificent entertainments, could not prevent their Imperial Highnesses' perceiving the absence of that minister, whose genius and virtues seemed to promise such happy days to France ;—that illustrious citizen whose administration will be yet for a long time the subject of our astonishment and regrets. They went to visit him in his retreat at St. Owen ; the very day before, they had visited the hospital of *The Charity* founded by Madame Necker in the parish of St. Sulpicius. Every thing of the most flattering nature, which could be dictated by hearts deeply penetrated with the love of doing good, was said by them to the virtuous successor of Colbert, and the worthy companion of his life. The Count of the North had an hour's conversation alone with M. Necker, and left him impressed with a high idea of his knowledge, and zeal for every thing that interests the glory and happiness of the human race. Madame Necker has never found in any woman of this country, so much real solid knowledge and instruction as in the Countess of the North, nor does any one appear to her to possess in an equal degree all the essential qualities of the exterior, more amiable manners, or more true

grace and sweetness. Mademoiselle Necker, witness to all the caresses which their Imperial Highnesses lavished upon her father and mother, was even melted into tears. Madame Necker seeing that this was observed by the Countess said : “ *My daughter alone ventures to express all the sensibility inspired by the condescension with which we are honoured.*” — “ *Condescension, Madam,* said the Count, *I cannot permit that word ; say rather my veneration for M. Necker !*” The hours passed by their Highnesses in M. Necker’s retreat, seemed to leave the most pleasing impression upon their minds ; they have never spoken of them but with the deepest interest.

It had been announced that the Count and Countess of the North would not eat with any private person, however distinguished their rank might be. Madame de Montesson flattered herself that an exception might be made in her favour, or rather that she might appear to enjoy, at least in this circumstance, the honour of being Duchess of Orleans. But their Imperial Highnesses, who would not on any account transgress the least etiquette, declined the invitation with all the politeness possible. Having been invited by the Duke of Orleans, they went to see the shows prepared for them by Madame de Montesson, with the enchantments of Comus, and some other amusements of the same kind, but then retired upon excuses which could not possibly give offence. So much company had

been invited on this occasion that the theatre was filled up quite to the stage, and the Duke thought there was no place left either for himself or the Count of the North. He complained of this loudly behind the curtain, and, without shewing himself, desired, rather in a rude manner, *all* the company to retire;—the request was made thus general that no one might feel himself offended individually. The compliment displeased the company extremely, it was addressed to almost all France, and was little expected from so affable and well-bred a prince. At first nobody would move, but presently after nobody would stay. It was remarked to the Duke of Orleans that he had been mistaken, and he then neglected nothing to repair a sally of ill-humour so foreign to his general character.

It has been a saying on this occasion that the King entertained the Count of the North as a friend, the Duke of Orleans as a *bourgeois*, and the Prince de Condé as a sovereign. This however is but a saying. Nothing could be more splendid, more worthy the magnificence of a great Court, than the dressed Ball, and the Opera of Iphigenia in Aulis, as they were executed upon the splendid theatre at Versailles; upon that theatre which is perhaps one of the most superb monuments of architecture produced under the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The two vases of the porcelaine of Sèvres which the King presented to the Count of

the North are of the most exquisite beauty; and the toilette presented by the Queen to the Countess is in an exquisite taste, and most highly finished. The articles belonging to it are all of porcelain mounted with gold, of a deep blue ground ornamented with paintings after the antique, and round such pieces as would admit of a border is one imitating pearls and precious stones. The glass, on the top of which are the arms of Russia, has a very rich drapery round it, and it is supported by the three Graces; two Cupids are playing at their feet, and one pointing to the glass appears to be saying, *she is still more lovely!* The sculpture which ornaments the two vases represents the march of Silenus, and the triumph of Bacchus; they are executed in bronze with ornaments of *ormolu*.

July 1782.

We have not been in a great hurry to speak of the *Confessions of Jean Jaques Rousseau*. Works of this kind have no occasion to be announced, they are already sufficiently so before they appear. What we want in our journal is a faithful account of the sensation they have produced, and this is the task I am about endeavouring to execute with all the impartiality I profess, in spite of the influence which seems attached to the trade of a journalist.

It is only the first part of these *Confessions* that

we have to discuss at present ; the second is not to appear till the year 1800. Such at least is the intention announced, though as there exist assuredly between France and Switzerland two or three manuscript copies, we may very well calculate upon some chance by which our curiosity may be sooner gratified. This first appears such as the author had written it, except some few trifling anecdotes which the modesty of Messieurs the Editors thought proper to suppress. If our literati, and still more our philosophers are to be considered as of high authority, the wiser part would have been to suppress the entire book. The whole appears to them contemptible ; it is not without evident reluctance that they allow beauty of style to two or three passages upon women and upon the country ; though, with all due respect to their authority, these passages may be said to present very fine paintings ; romantic it is true, but sketched with eloquence and fire.

“ How,” say these gentlemen, “ is it possible
“ to conceive that a man should write a book the
“ most certain effect of which is to reflect disho-
“ nour upon himself ? The project can only have
“ been inspired by the most extravagant, the most
“ disgusting pride. What interest can the public
“ be supposed to have in knowing that during his
“ apprenticeship with an engraver he stole apples
“ out of a pantry with great dexterity, or very in-
“ geniously made water in his neighbour’s sauce-

“ pan?—Does it signify a rush to his readers to be
“ informed that he was in service at Turin, and
“ reproached himself all his life with having
“ accused the servant maid in the house of stealing
“ a silver ribband which he had stolen himself?
“ Or is it of greater importance to learn that when
“ he was a preceptor at Lyons he pretended to have
“ spoiled the good wine of Arbois, the care of
“ which had been confided to him, that he might
“ have it all to drink by himself in private;—or
“ that his sublime friend the Baroness de Warens
“ having great sensibility of heart with great frigi-
“ dity of constitution, quietly divided her favours
“ between him and her gardener Claude Anet?—
“ That at the death of this poor Claude Anet he
“ (the author) was delighted with inheriting a fine
“ black coat, with which their patroness had fur-
“ nished the deceased a short time before his
“ death;—or that at his return from a little tour
“ into Provence he soon saw himself superseded
“ in the good graces of his friend by a journey-
“ man barber, whose name was Courtille, notwith-
“ standing which he consented to remain under her
“ roof as the Mentor and friend of her new favo-
“ rite, while by an excess of delicacy, which the
“ lady perhaps thought rather ill-timed, he would
“ never become his rival.”

It is very true indeed, Gentlemen, that all this nonsense, all these impertinences, occupy a great

part of the *Confessions of Jean Jaques*. Many others which you have not enumerated are not a whit better. Be it so, we allow all this;—but is it the less true that from so great a fund of nonsense, such as it is, Jean Jaques has made a book which is read with universal interest and which people are glad to read over again, in spite of the contempt, in spite of the disdain with which you speak of it; in spite moreover of the express order you have given to the journals in your pay not to say any thing of it either good or bad. We will even defy you all, Gentlemen, to venture upon an attempt of the kind, and execute it with equal success, however powerful may be the ascendancy of your philosophy and of the great talents you would devote to it.

“ I have heard speak,” said M. Watelet, “ of
“ one of the Regent’s cooks, who one morning
“ took it into his head to hash a pair of his old
“ slippers very small, and make a ragout of them;
“ the dish was served up at table and the whole
“ Court found it delicious. This is pretty much
“ the same experiment that Jean Jaques has made
“ in his *Confessions*, and it has been attended with
“ nearly as great success.” In fact, all the courage of the philosopher of Geneva was requisite to conceive the project of such an enterprise; and all the magic of his talents to render the execution interesting. But there is reason to believe that if

the charm of style was the only merit of this singular work, it would not fascinate as it does even at a second reading.

In allowing that these Memoirs are full of impertinences, of extravagancies, of insipidities, of minutiae, if you please of falsehoods, one of which we shall cite at the conclusion of this article, it would be difficult not to acknowledge that the author seems to have had the wish to exhibit himself to his readers exactly as he is, or as he seriously believes himself to be. With such an intention the work cannot fail of a sort of interest. The manner in which such a man gives an account of himself, of his most secret sensations, of the first dawning of all his sentiments, all his affections, however defective those sentiments and affections may be, and whatever prejudices may be mingled with them, will always offer useful instruction upon the art of observing ourselves and penetrating into the remotest sources, the most secret springs of our conduct and actions. Notwithstanding the difference that there may be between men under certain points of view, in all the leading features they resemble each other so strongly, that we may feel very well assured, that the man who has observed himself the best, will also be the man who most thoroughly knows others.

How many interesting scenes, how many sensations long forgotten, both of our infancy and youth, does not the reading of these Memoirs recal to the

mind; and what man is so unhappy as not to feel the charm attached to the recollection of them. What truth and vivacity is there in the history of the great Walnut-Tree upon the terrace at Bossey : what charming colouring in the picture of his first interview with Madame de Warens ; in that of his timid and unfortunate amours with the beautiful shopkeeper at Turin ; in the account of his brilliant hopes, founded upon the wonders of the fountain of Héron ; in the animated description of his delight with *Friend Bacle* ; and some years after with the brilliant *Venture de Villeneuve* ; in the simple and seductive recital of the happy evening at Ionne between Mademoiselle Galley and his friend. What an excellent portrait is that of the Judge Magus Simon ! Scarron's romance cannot boast of one more truly comic. One which is scarcely less so, is the disastrous history of the concert at Lausanne, and the meeting with the Archimandrite of Jerusalem. But it were endless to enumerate the many interesting pictures he gives of a similar nature.

It is undoubtedly very probable, that Jean Jaques has more than once permitted himself to adorn the recital of his adventures with all that he presumed would render them more agreeable. But what seems a convincing proof, that if he has not always been strictly true, he has almost always been perfectly sincere, is, that without appearing to have such an end in view, he says scarcely any thing of

the circumstances of his life, of the particular dispositions of his infancy and youth, that does not serve to explain very naturally, all the eccentricities, all the well-known inconsistencies of his subsequent character and habits.

The development of his passions was extremely premature; and that of his reason equally slow. At eight years old he had read a vast number of novels, and this kind of reading gave him ideas of the passions singular at his age. "I had not," says he, "any idea of things, when every thing relating to sentiment was perfectly well known to me. I knew nothing; I felt every thing. The confused emotions which I experienced one after the other could not operate upon my reason, since as yet I had none; but they formed me a sort of reason of another stamp, and gave me odd and romantic notions of human life, which experience and reflection have never been able wholly to remove."

At five and twenty years of age he had not begun to follow any settled course of study. Abandoned entirely to his own powers, he was reduced to seek by himself the road to that knowledge he was desirous of obtaining. He characterises in the following manner the original turn of his mind and of his genius. "This tardiness of thinking, joined with this vivacity of feeling, accompanies me not only into conversation, but also into my labours. My ideas arrange themselves in my head with incre-

“ dible difficulty ; they circulate drowsily, they
“ ferment in a manner to create considerable emo-
“ tions, to heat me, to give me palpitations. In
“ the midst of this emotion I see nothing clearly,
“ I cannot write a single word, I must wait for its
“ subsiding. Insensibly this violent movement be-
“ gins to slacken, the chaos begins to arrange itself,
“ and every thing gets to its proper place, though
“ slowly, and only after a long and confused strug-
“ gle. Have you not sometimes seen the Opera
“ in Italy ?—During the change of scene there
“ reigns a very disagreeable disorder in these large
“ theatres, which continues for a considerable
“ time ; all the scenery is mingled pell-mell toge-
“ together, one sees every where things dragged
“ about in a manner that gives pain ; it seems as if
“ every thing would be overthrown. By degrees,
“ however, all is arranged, nothing is wanting, and
“ one is quite surprised to see a chaming *spectacle*
“ succeed to so much tumult and confusion. This
“ manœuvre is nearly what takes place in my head
“ when I write. If I had known at first how to
“ wait, and then give in all their beauty the things
“ that are painted there, few writers would have
“ surpassed me. But not only does it cost me
“ much to paint my ideas, it costs me much to
“ receive them. I have studied men, and think
“ myself a tolerable observer. Yet I know not
“ how to see any thing of all that I actually see ;
“ I only see well what I recollect. Of all that is

“ said to me, of all that is done to me, of all that
“ passes in my presence, I feel nothing, I penetrate
“ nothing. The exterior sign is all that strikes me,
“ but every thing recurs to me afterwards; I can
“ recal the time, the place, the tone, the look,
“ the gesture, the circumstances, nothing escapes
“ me. Then, from what they said or did, I divine
“ what they thought, and I am rarely deceived.”

The state of want to which he was exposed just as he had passed the age of infancy; the harsh treatment he received in his youth, after having been treated with great mildness in his earlier years; the wandering and vagrant life he led from the age of fifteen; the perpetual contrast between the romantic ideas that had so early seduced his imagination, and all the troubles and humiliations which he was so long doomed to suffer;—all these causes combined could not fail to sour his character, to irritate his sensibility, and to render his temper gloomy and suspicious.

He has painted himself in many parts of his *Memoirs* with a great disposition to ingratitude; but this vice in him seems to have been much less the result of a depraved heart, than of the gloomy prejudices against human nature, which his misfortunes had inspired; these prejudices were carried at length to such an excess, that they could be called nothing but insanity. The germs of so melancholy a derangement are to be found already in his “*Confessions*,” but they are much more

strongly developed, and in a manner still more distressing, in his "*Walks of a Solitary Meditator*," and in that *ennuyeux* farrago of dialogues, which he calls "*Rousseau Judge of Jean Jaques*," or '*Jean Jaques Judge of Rousseau*."

The falsehood we have promised to detect at the conclusion of this article, is as follows: Rousseau, in speaking of the plan of a journey on foot into Italy with Messieurs Diderot and Grimm, adds, "All ended at last in making a tour in writing only, in which Grimm found nothing so amusing, as to make Diderot utter a great many impieties, and have me thrown into the Inquisition in his place."—This is doubtless very gay; but never was a trait of humour more unjustly disfigured. The fact is, that in this tour of invention the Baron d'Holbach played a very principal part, and it was to him that the first misfortune was to happen. He was to fall into a pit in preaching prudence to his friend Diderot; the latter was to be thrown into the Inquisition at Rome; Rousseau was to be put under the leads at Venice; and M. Grimm, in despair at the misfortunes of his friends, was to go out of his mind, and to be shut up in the Mad-house at Turin. This is the only true version of the story; and I trust that I shall obtain some credit for having restored it, such as it is, in all its integrity.

For the rest, Jean Jaques is not the only celebrated man who has had the fancy of confessing

himself to posterity. Saint Augustin set the example ; and Cardan, the subtle Cardan, imitated him, in his book “ *De Vita propria* ;” a work full of folly and superstition, where may, notwithstanding, be found as many varieties, as many secret confessions, as many minute details, as in the Memoirs of Rousseau. He, as well as Saint Augustin, had, like Jean Jaques, a natural taste for thieving. There are Confessions still more extraordinary in the *Adventures of the Sieur d'Assouci*, written by himself ; a very scarce book, and bad enough to be deservedly so. A confession even more extraordinary, and assuredly more instructive, as well as more agreeable than any of those yet mentioned, is that which the Cardinal de Retz has made in his Memoirs ; one given with so much ease, so naturally, and with so much simplicity, that he does not seem to think how dear it would have cost any other than himself to acknowledge the same things. “ Is it possible to conceive,” says the President Henault, speaking of the Cardinal's Memoirs, “ that
“ a man has the courage, or rather the mad-
“ ness, to say more ill of himself than his greatest
“ enemy could possibly have said !” Self-love has always this courage, when it is sure that the impression made upon the public will compensate the writer's apparent sacrifice of himself, and it is undoubtedly this idea which has prompted the sincerity of all who have [undertaken to write their own lives.

M. de la Roche, valet of the King's wardrobe, Governor of his Menagerie, and a Chevalier of Saint Louis, is one of the most faithful, but also one of the dirtiest servants of our King. He took it into his head one day to purchase a large flock of turkeys, which were extremely troublesome to his Majesty whenever he went to his Menagerie. *Who do all these turkies belong to?* said the King the other day. *To me, Sir,* answered the Governor. *Let me never see them here any more,* rejoined his Majesty, *or I will have you broke at the head of your company.**

A person who deals in articles of millinery and other fashions, and who is reported to have an income of fifty or sixty thousand livres, is in danger of losing half his fortune by the bankruptcy of the Prince de Guemené. In relating this disaster to one of his friends in the Palais-Royal, *thus*, said he, *shall I be reduced to live quite as a private gentleman.*

Two young physicians of Geneva, Messieurs La Roche and Odier, joined in partnership, and attended their patients in common. As they were not very fortunate practitioners, they soon came to be designated as the firm of *La Roche, Odier, Death*,

* It is to be observed, that to call a man a *dindon* (a turkey) in France, conveys the same kind of reflection as in England to call him a *goose*.

and Company. M. La Roche is however not the less a man of considerable merit; he has written a little work upon *nervous complaints*, which is held in great estimation.

“ I have seen,” said the King of Prussia lately in a letter to M. d’Alembert, “ I have seen the “ Abbé Raynal. From the manner in which he “ talked to me of the power, the resources, the “ riches of all the people of the globe, I seemed “ conversing with Providence. I took great care “ not to call in question the most trifling of his “ calculations; I perceived that he could not take “ a joke, even with regard to half a crown.”

*Don Pablo d’Olivadès, a historical abstract, compiled from Memoirs furnished to M. Diderot by a Spaniard.**

Don Pablo Olivadès is a native of Lima, the capital of Peru. He was born with premature talents, a thing not at all uncommon in southern climates. He applied himself early to the study of the sciences, he cultivated letters from his earliest youth, and at twenty years of age arrived at the dignity of *Oydor* of Lima.

In 1748 or 1749 there was a great earthquake, in which all Callao and a considerable part of Lima were overthrown. Don Pablo at this time had in

* This piece is not in the collection of Diderot’s works.

his care considerable sums of money belonging to different inhabitants who lost their lives in the calamity, and he judged proper to employ what was not reclaimed by any heirs in building a church, and a theatre, where the citizens might go and dissipate the sad impression of the catastrophe they had escaped. The clergy disapproved the erection of the theatre, and alleged it as a crime against him to the ministry at Madrid. *Hinc prima mali labes.*

Under the preceding reign, the clergy had acquired an unbounded ascendancy over the mind of Ferdinand the Sixth. His confessor, Father Ravago, a Jesuit, persuaded him that the first, the most essential duty of a Catholic king, was to submit himself entirely to the will of the anointed of the Lord, and the good King would have seen hell open under his feet, if he had not conformed himself blindly to the counsels of Ravago. All the religion of this prince consisted in a minute attention to the practical parts of devotion, and those about him took care not, in undeceiving, to enlighten him.

It was consequently very easy for Ravago and his colleagues to make him consider Pablo as a man devoid of religion or morals, as a monster of impiety, as a wretch deserving the severest punishment, because he had preferred erecting one church and one theatre to erecting two churches; Don Pablo was therefore summoned to Madrid, to ren-

der an account of his administration. His innocence being evident, and his conduct appearing irreproachable in the eyes of every person of common-sense, he did not hesitate to obey the summons. He no sooner arrived in Spain, however, than the priests began to pursue him with the utmost virulence ; he was put under arrest in his own house, charged with being an infidel, and a dissipator of the fiscal money, and at length conducted to the prison called the *Carcel de Corte*, where he was exposed to every kind of indignity that malignity and animosity could inspire. He soon began to suffer essentially in his health, and among other things, became swelled all over, particularly in his legs, to such a degree, that according to the opinion of the physicians he could not live without a change of air. The persecutions of the priests, and through their agency of the ministers, rendered this difficult ; a generous citizen, however, Don Domingo Jauvegny, in giving a personal security, procured permission for the prisoner to be removed to Leganez seven leagues from Madrid, where the air is very pure and wholesome.

There was at Leganez a lady, who was the widow of two husbands, Donna Isabella de los Rios ; the last husband had left her an immense property. Women are by nature compassionate ; Donna Isabella, touched with the misfortunes of a man who had youth, talents, and a good person to recommend him to her favour, offered him her

hand; Pablo accepted it, on condition that the whole fortune was to devolve to the survivor, to which she consented, and they were married. Thus did he become enormously rich; and since in Spain, as well as in other countries, gold is the most powerful means of smoothing over all difficulties, especially those which originate with the clergy, he was soon set entirely at liberty; declared perfectly innocent, and acknowledged as a faithful and loyal subject to his King. Whatever philosophers may say, riches are good for something.

Don Pablo now employed a part of his wealth in carrying on a very extensive trade, associating himself with Don Michael Gigon, a knight of St. James, established at Paris, and Don Joseph Almanza, a celebrated merchant at Madrid. The society succeeded extremely well, and Don Pablo possessed more fortune than was requisite to live in a splendid manner. He furnished his house after the French fashion, and there reigned in it that ease and those polished manners which distinguish us so much above all other nations. Every year he took a journey to Paris, and after staying there some months, returned with all the novelties he had judiciously selected in the sciences, in literature, and the arts.

It was then that he conceived the project of reforming the bad taste that reigned in the Spanish stage. He built a theatre in his own house, where were performed some of our best tragedies, which

he had translated into Spanish verse. Then it was that Madrid saw, for the first time, the plays of *Merope* and *Zaïre*, performed by young men whom he kept in pay, and whom he had taken infinite pains to instruct in good declamation. These performances were given gratuitously, and were attended by all the great people of the country. All sorts of refreshments were served at them, and the audience were often gratified with hearing the music of Duni and Gretry, as *Ninette at Court*, and *The Painter in love with his Model*, were among the pieces which Pablo had translated into Spanish for performance at his theatre.

The Queen of Spain died in 1760 or 1761. The court of Madrid is at all times gloomy, and governed by a fatiguing etiquette, it is ten times more so in times of deep mourning; the public places are all shut, and even private amusements are not allowed. Don Pablo chose this time to take a journey into Italy. At his return to Madrid he was appointed corregidor of Seville, with the functions of inspector-general civil and political of the new colony in the Sierra Morena. This is an immense extent of country, situated between Andalusia and Estremadura, in a very fine climate, and with a soil so fertile, that it is capable of yielding three or four harvests in a year. The ministry began to conceive that the strength of the country had been for a sufficient length of time in a constantly declining state, and that the population,

the true wealth of a country, bore no proportion to the extent of the territory. It had consequently invited a number of Swiss Catholics to settle in the Sierra Morena, offering them the ease and freedom necessary to their success; vast numbers had accordingly established themselves there. They had formed two or three villages in the country, and in his quality of corregidor of Seville Don Pablo had the superintendence of the colony, and was to watch over the interests of the King.

Among the great number of Catholics had glided in a few Protestants, and it must be observed that religious fanaticism is no where carried to a greater height than among the Swiss Catholics. They are for the most part rude peasants, ignorant and superstitious to excess, intoxicated with the absurdities taught them by their pastors, people of the same stamp with their flocks, and capable of committing the most atrocious crimes in cold blood, for the propagation of their religion. It is proper farther to observe, that these Catholics are persuaded that the more masses are said over their bodies, the more secure are their souls of enjoying a quiet repose; and in consequence of this persuasion, their children are often deprived of the inheritance to which they have every possible claim, that the property may be left to the church to say masses for the departed soul.

Don Pablo, in order to correct what he thought so great an abuse, published an ordinance, as cor-

regidor, annulling every will charged with a pious donation to priests ; they having, as he observed, ample stipends from the state, could not want these alms in addition. But there was a still more heinous subject of offence against him. These colonists, transported from a cold to a hot climate, soon became subject to diseases which carried them off by hundreds, so that the bell was ringing at every moment to announce some new demise. Don Pablo thought proper to suppress this ringing, as thinking it injurious and annoying to the living, particularly to those who were sick. He was then accused of indifference in matters of religion, of meddling with sacred things, and with tolerating Protestants among the colonists settled in the Sierra Morena.

The common lot of those who have renounced the world, a love of intrigue, inordinate ambition, proud cupidity concealed under the respectable exterior of devotion, set all the clergy in motion ; and the King's confessor Father Osma, a Recolet monk, avaricious, ignorant, hypocritical, envious, a composition of all sorts of vices, put himself at the head of the furies and swore the destruction of Pablo.

When Charles the Third mounted the throne of Spain, in 1759, his first act of sovereignty fell upon the unlimited power of the Inquisition. This monarch was then surrounded by wise men, who had demonstrated to him that this State within the

State, in opposition to his authority, was the source, of the prejudices, the terror, and the imbecility that reigned in the country. He in consequence forbade the Inquisitors to decide definitively upon any subject whatever, without first obtaining his sanction. Don Quintano bishop of Pharsalus was banished for some months for having proscribed I know not what work without the consent of the monarch, and he was forced to have recourse to submissions exceedingly humiliating and often repeated, before he could obtain his recal. The Government now flattered itself that the Inquisition being put upon the same footing as at Venice, where three senators assist at the decisions, speaking first and giving the tone, this powerful tribunal would soon be reduced at Madrid to a mere bugbear.

In this critical conjuncture for Don Pablo the Inquisitor-General died, and the question was to appoint a successor. Father Osma, the Recolet, solicited it for himself, very certain that it would be refused, since he administered very much to the King's pleasures, a circumstance not exceedingly to his honour. He thought however that he should be permitted to appoint any one he chose, and this was exactly what happened. Osma represented to his sovereign that there was no person in the church, or in the empire, so proper for the place as the bishop of Zamora; but he had previously informed the bishop of what he intended

to do, and advised him to reject the office with disdain, saying that in the actual state of things, as the grand Inquisitor was prevented separating the tares from the good grain, without exposing himself to the rigour of the laws, he could not in conscience preside at a tribunal so completely dishonoured; that a prince who had forgotten the interests of Christianity to such a point must be himself alone answerable for all the crimes occasioned by his culpable indulgence, and must submit to the punishments incurred in the sight of God. The monarch intimidated, revoked the edict he had passed in 1760, and the Inquisition rose from its ashes, as may well be presumed, more cruel and ferocious than it had ever been before.

The old age of the king is always a great misfortune to the people, and no where more so than in Spain. Does this arise from the etiquette of the court, which does not permit of the monarch being instructed in his youth? Is it that at his birth he sucks the milk of superstition? that in proportion as he becomes enfeebled, the religious mummeries in which he was nurtured gain a more powerful empire over him? that the heat of the climate gives more vigour to these causes? or that in such climates the race sooner becomes worn out?

A victim was necessary to the new Inquisitor, and Don Pablo presented the very thing he wanted. He was seized, and his condemnation was pronounced before his detention. He was examined

and all the actions of his life both public and private represented in the most odious colours. His library and manuscripts were searched ;—among the library were found the works of Montesquieu, of Voltaire, of Rousseau, Bayle's Dictionary and the Encyclopedia, and among the papers translations of some of these works. It was then indeed that the outcry was raised, he was dragged from the court prisons into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and all his property was seized both moveable and immoveable. This tribunal will not suffer any one to learn to think ; it requires that they learn to believe, and that they should be ignorant of every thing except their supreme power and prerogatives. Don Pablo accused and convicted of a philosophical spirit, was condemned to make the *amende honorable* clothed in a *San-benito* and to be hanged till he was dead. The rigour of this sentence was afterwards softened to being scourged through the town and imprisoned for life ; and this was subsequently reduced to his being degraded from his nobility and shut up in a convent, where he was to be clothed in hair cloth, and subjected to all the rigours of a monastic life.

Don Michael Gigon, the friend and associate in trade of Pablo, some time after obtained from his gaolers an attestation of his good conduct ; a composition was made with the Inquisitors, and the culprit, by the sacrifice of a good sum of money, obtained his liberty, the restitution of a part of his

property, and permission to throw aside his rough garment.

We have given this sketch of the misfortunes of Olivadès, to shew men how dangerous it is to do good against the taste of the Inquisition, and to warn them to be cautious how they proceed wherever this tribunal subsists.

M. d'Alembert being once upon a visit at Ferney, where also was M. Huber, it was proposed as a pastime that each of the party should tell a story of robbers. The proposal was agreed to, and M. Huber began; his story was received with great applause, and M. d'Alembert, who followed next, invented one which was not less applauded. When M. de Voltaire's turn came, he began: "*Gentlemen, there was once a farmer-general—I beg your pardon, I have forgotten the rest.*"

A miser, who was not less attached to his pleasures than to his money, had some difficulty to reconcile two inclinations so much at variance, and the combats between which were the torments of his life. The method he took to arrange the matter was this. He had made it a law to himself never to expend above a certain sum annually. When some fancy exposed him to the temptation of infringing this law, he held a conference with himself, and then going down upon his knees before his strong-box, stated to it in the most pathetic

manner the great want he was in of some extraordinary assistance, begging as a loan the sum he wanted. But as a security to himself for returning the money he always deposited in the strong-box a diamond ring which he wore upon his finger, and never permitted himself to resume it till, by economy in his other expenses, or by some new speculation, the full sum was returned for which the pledge was laid down.

Tom Jones in London, a comedy in verse of five acts, by M. Desforges, was performed for the first time at the Italian Theatre, on Tuesday the twenty-second of October; it was received at length with great applause, after having been in danger of condemnation before the end of the first act, indeed almost in the first scene. The subject of this comedy is sufficiently announced by its title. The author has followed as faithfully as he possibly could the fable in Fielding's charming novel; he has confined himself only to retrenching some of the characters that are unimportant in conducting the main intrigue, and which could hardly have been brought upon the stage without overcharging the piece, and somewhat wounding decorum.

The dialogue of the comedy though it cannot be called brilliant is lively and easy; if the style often fails on the side of elegance, it is almost always clear and natural. The characters are varied, and well supported; perhaps sufficient credit has hardly been given to the author for venturing to preserve

that sort of local truth which renders them so spirited in Fielding's work. If the character of Western appears too rustic, the fault is rather to be charged upon the actor, who not having been able to seize the true genius of it put more caricature into his action than properly belonged to the words.

M. Patte, architect to the Prince of Deux-Ponts, has just published a pamphlet in 8vo. entitled: *An Essay upon Theatrical Architecture, or Strictures upon the most advantageous Manner of constructing a Theatre, relative to the Principles of Optics and Acoustics*. After criticising in terms of great moderation the principal theatres in Europe, the author examines what form is most convenient for the part of the theatre allotted to the audience, and he determines that the elliptical figure is to be preferred, observing that this must not be confounded with the oval. This form he says has the advantage of concentrating the voice in all its fullness towards the audience. The work appears full of useful hints and ingenious observations.

December, 1782.

I remember to have heard the Abbé Mably say some years ago that the class of society here in which he had found the greatest number of respectable men, was the hackney-coachmen. Under the yoke of oppression they preserve a perfect freedom of soul, they support their rights with their fists

and say when occasion calls them forth the most abusive things possible to every one that falls in their way, without exception of rank or person. When we read the work he has just published upon *The Manner of Writing History*, we can no longer be astonished at a preference so well motivated. After the example of his heroes the Abbé Mably resigns himself without regard to merit, rank, fortune, or any thing else, to all the sallies of his ill-humour; there is no name, no reputation, which can check the freedom of his pen. Our most distinguished writers are treated by him as mere scholars, and indeed the pleasure of passing so gross a censure seems to have been one of the principal reasons that prompted him to take up his pen. What else in fact do we learn? That in order to write history well, it is essential first to have studied politics and the theory of natural rights, to be well versed in morals, in the progress of the passions, and in the character proper to each. And was it worth while writing a book to tell us nothing but truths so common and so trivial?—What is perhaps more stimulating, or at least more new, is the manner in which he has permitted himself to estimate M. de Voltaire. “What astonishes me more,” he says, and I, for my part, know not who will not be astonished at a like judgment,—“What astonishes me more on the part of this historian, the patriarch of our philosophers, and who is represented to us as the most powerful genius

“ our nation ever produced is, that he was a man,
“ if I may be pardoned the expression, *who did*
“ *not see to the end of his nose.*”—As to the proofs
by which he justifies the boldness of so happy an
expression, they are such as you could never possi-
bly guess. Attend then.—“ If M. de Voltaire *had*
“ *seen to the end of his nose* could he have remark-
“ ed, with *surprise*, that the Christians resigned
“ themselves up to their vengeance, even when
“ their triumph under Constantine ought to have
“ inspired them with the spirit of peace?—Oh ad-
“ mirable knowledge of the human heart!”—Thus
exclaims Cidamon, bursting into a laugh, for our
Abbé has the pretension of making his strictures
into a sort of dialogue. “ Oh admirable know-
“ ledge of the human heart!—Your historian then
“ does not know, what no one is ignorant of, that
“ prosperity extends and multiplies our hopes.
“ Would he have had the Christians, without me-
“ mory, and without resentment, forget in an in-
“ stant all the ills they had suffered?—This *well-*
“ *advised and prudent man* would doubtless have
“ counselled them to revenge themselves when
“ idolatry was once more upon the throne, at the
“ moment when it was to be feared,—would have
“ had them enlighten, and not irritate it, to render
“ themselves worthy of being tolerated.”

In admiring the light and airy style of the
Abbé Mably's raillery, one ought certainly to par-
don him for not having better seized that of M. de

Voltaire ; but it is difficult to comprehend how the enemy of the philosophers, the sage and circumspect writer who always makes it his duty to speak with the utmost respect of religion and its ministers,—how such a man should only expect to see in the zeal of triumphant Christianity the ordinary march of the human passions. It is, then, *ridiculous* to be astonished at the contradiction which reigns between the conduct of the disciples of Jesus and the principles of their doctrine. This doctrine, then, is but like many others, it leaves us all our prejudices, all our passions, and does not make us one whit better than it found us. There is reason to think, M. l'Abbé, that Voltaire thought pretty much as you do, but was it becoming in you to arraign him because he expresses himself, sometimes at least, with more reserve than you think necessary.

Another equally palpable evidence brought forward of the bounded views of M. de Voltaire, is his having said, *that the voluptuous court of Leo the Tenth, which might wound the eyes, served at the same time to polish Europe, and render men more sociable.* “Indeed,” cries the Abbé, “this is “ the first time I ever heard that society was improved by vices, and not by virtues.”—Did you then, M. l'Abbé, never hear the ages of Alexander and of Augustus mentioned ? The men of these two ages were, as it appears to me, sufficiently polished, but were they the more virtuous ? Some day, per-

haps, the secret may be discovered of rendering the human race wiser and more enlightened ; but hitherto the progress of society, in multiplying our wants, has almost always multiplied our vices ; our knowledge and lights have never been able to extend themselves without giving occasion to new means of abusing them. It is not asserted that society is improved by vices, but that society, as it improves, gives rise to the birth of new virtues and new vices.

It is in the same spirit that M. de Voltaire says, *that the Swiss were ignorant of the arts and sciences that owe their origin to luxury, but that they were wise and happy.* This he surely might say very well, without being the partisan of luxury. There are different degrees of wisdom and happiness ; he who restrains his wants is more *securely happy* than he who has a great many ; but it must be allowed that he has less enjoyment, less happiness. It is, however, from criticisms of this nature that the Abbé Mably has considered himself authorized to conclude, that “ The reasonable
“ maxims which sometimes escape from M. de
“ Voltaire only serve to prove the shallowness of
“ his sense. His works present only half truths,
“ which are in fact errors, because he always gives
“ them too much or too little compass ; nothing is
“ presented in its just proportions, or painted in
“ its true colours. If disposed to pardon his bad
“ politics, his bad morality, his ignorance and his

“ boldness, we should yet expect to find in a his-
“ torian wit enough not to exhibit his characters
“ making grimaces, taste enough to know that his-
“ tory never ought to be the vehicle for buffoon-
“ ries. His *Universal History* is a pasquinade,
“ worthy of readers who admire the creeds of our
“ modern philosophers; in his history of Charles
“ the Twelfth, the hero acts always without know-
“ ing why, and the historian marches like a mad-
“ man at the heels of another madman.”

Nor is M. de Voltaire the only modern his-
torian whom the Abbé Mably permits himself to
arraign with so much harshness and bitterness, he
despises them all, with the sole exception of M. de
Vertot; but he leaves it to the reader to find out
as he can the motive of an exception so difficult to
be merited. In Hume's history he sees nothing
but “ unconnected facts, which escape his me-
“ mory; it is a work which, whether from igno-
“ rance of his art, whether from indolence or
“ slowness of comprehension, the author has only
“ sketched; it is a labyrinth without issue.”—
Gibbon is yet more severely handled. “ Is there
“ any thing more fastidious than a certain Mr.
“ Gibbon (what elegance of style), who, in his
“ *eternal History of the Roman Emperors*, sus-
“ pends at every instant his tedious and insipid
“ narration to explain the causes of the facts you
“ are about to read; who entangles himself in his
“ subject, not knowing either how properly to be-

“ gin or to finish it, and turning back continually
“ upon himself.”—Even the deep-sighted Robert-
son cannot find favour in the eyes of our censor.
The *Introduction to the History of Charles the
Fifth*, considered by every one but himself as such
a masterly performance, “ is but a frothy work,
“ where nothing is properly investigated. What
“ proves indubitably that the writer did not under-
“ stand any of the authors he cites, is, that he
“ adopts at once different opinions, which can-
“ not be made to agree, and which form, when
“ put together, a perfect historical gallimawfry.”
The *Philosophical and Political History of the
Trade to the two Indies* is condemned upon the
title alone. “ How is it possible that the author
“ should not have written a bad work, since he is
“ ignorant that all rational history ought to be *po-
“ litical and philosophical*, without affecting to ap-
“ pear so.”

But we are weary of giving extracts only of
low abuse, though in giving any extracts it is im-
possible to do otherwise, since there is nothing else
curious in the work. The judgments of the author
upon the ancient historians are more equitable, but
contain scarcely any thing worthy to be remarked.
He proposes with reason Thucydides and Livy as
the most perfect models in the art of writing his-
tory, but the manner in which he discusses the
merits of these two historians is equally wanting in
depth and clear-sightedness. Although he owns

that Tacitus deserves to be called the greatest painter of antiquity, this historian still leaves, according to him, much to be desired. “In opening his annals,” he says, “I am not prepared for the dark policy of a tyrant, who thinks he is never powerful enough, yet is always afraid of appearing too much so. I see the most deplorable despotism forming; but I cannot see the aim of it. I am weary with the almost uniform cruelty and injustice of which I read; and I do not see the necessity of multiplying these details, to make me know Tiberius, his court, the shameful patience of the senate, and the base submission of the people.”

One may on this point concur in opinion with the Abbé Mably; one may concur with him upon many others; but it is impossible not to be disgusted with the manner in which he speaks of writers, who do so much honour to the age and to their respective countries. Granted, that no modern historian may have equalled the great models of antiquity, and this is a truth to which it is not difficult to give assent; it would have been much more interesting to explain in what respects they are inferior to them, than merely to say that they are so. Granted, that the works of M. de Voltaire may not be very well calculated to teach history to those who are not previously tolerably well read in it,—that he has not studied our ancient annalists with as much patience as the Abbé Mably, and this

we are ready to allow ;—will it be the less true, that M. de Voltaire has gone into a great deal of most enlightened and profound criticism upon the study of history in general,—that, no one has drawn together with equal interest the great results presented by the history of the revolutions in the minds and manners of different nations,—that, in fine, if he be not a perfect historian, he has not the less written most charming works upon history, full of instruction, of philosophy, and humanity ?

Many people have remarked with surprise, that the Abbé Mably's ill-humour with M. de Voltaire has waited till four years after the death of the latter to break out ; but they are people *who do not see to the end of their nose*. Would these *wise and prudent men* have advised him to attack M. de Voltaire while he was *still to be feared*, when such a temerity might have exposed him to seeing himself covered with eternal ridicule ? No !—we know well, that the persons whose *frankness and respectable independence* are so much admired by the Abbé, never permit themselves to insult gentlemen, but when they think they are sheltered from all danger of correction ; and this calculation, as we have seen, is that of profound policy.

All the letters of gallantry of the Chevalier d'Her.... are good for nothing in comparison with one of the same stamp just put into circulation. It is the production of the president of a sovereign

court; and from the knowledge we have of the talents and style of the man, we think we may pledge ourselves for its authenticity. Our president kept Mademoiselle Desorages; but as he only paid her fifteen louis a month, he was obliged to consent to her receiving thirty from a farmer-general, who shared with him the honour of her favours. Whenever the financier arrived, the president was obliged to disappear. One evening the man of thirty louis made his appearance so unexpectedly, that the man of fifteen had not time to get away, and was obliged to hide himself behind the curtain of a window, which was open, and was down to the ground. The room was on the first floor, and looked upon a public garden. Our president was as quiet in his retreat as the lady could possibly desire; but, in passing by the curtain, she gave him such a violent thrust with her fist, that it forced him to leap out at the window. The next morning she received the following letter from her unfortunate lover.

“ Mademoiselle.—The thrust you gave me
“ last night in my back with your fist has not gone
“ out of my head, and I believe that I shall be
“ lame with it all my life. Be contented, then,
“ that I cannot love you any longer, and do not be
“ surprised if I cease to visit you. ’Tis in these
“ sentiments that I shall be all my life, your tender
“ and faithful lover, the president de * * *.

Louis the Fifteenth asked one day of Gradenigo,

the ambassador from Venice : “ How many members does your council of *ten* at Venice consist of ? ” — “ *Of forty!* ” answered the ambassador. The king paid no more attention to the answer than to his own question. These absences, which proceeded entirely from the timidity of his character, and the confusion he was in at every kind of parade and ceremony, can never obliterate the remembrance of many things full of grace and acuteness of mind uttered by him upon other occasions.

A Memoir upon the Northern Passage, containing also Reflections upon the Formation of Ice, by the Duke de Croy. A pamphlet in 4to.

Never perhaps were so many dukes and peers occupied with the arts, and with useful knowledge, as at this moment, and the good Abbé de Saint-Pierre would say at present with a very ill grace, *that we are yet to learn in France what use can be made of dukes, and of horse-chesnuts.*

The memoir of the Duke de Croy contains many curious and important reflections upon the different sorts of ice, and their formation, and upon the causes of the greater degree of cold, and the greater quantity of ice about the south pole than about the north. The Academy of Sciences seems to have adopted his opinion upon this passage, sought with so much perseverance by the most celebrated navigators. The opinion is in few words this: “ If a passage by the north exists, it

“ is never free so as to be practicable, and never
“ can be of any utility for trade or navigation.” It
is a result the proofs of which must be read in the
memoir itself; they are explained in a manner so
concise, that it would be almost impossible to give
an extract without copying the work.

*A Collection of interesting Pieces, relative to the
Reigns of Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the
Fifteenth.* One vol. 12mo. embellished with
several portraits carefully engraved by Le Bert,
from the designs of Dugoure.

The editor of this collection is M. de La Borde, formerly valet-de-chambre to the King, the author of several operas, and of the *Essay upon the History of Music*. Here are all the documents relative to the trial of Henry de Talleyrand Count of Chalais, who was beheaded in 1626. These pieces, copied according to the original titles preserved in the library of the Marshal de Richelieu, may serve to elucidate some very interesting points of history. Here are, for example, evident proofs that the Marquis d'Ornano died a natural death in the prison of Vincennes, and not by poison, as almost all the historians give reason to suspect.

The letter of Marion de Lorme, which concludes this collection, is a sort of historical romance, the principal object of which is to render credible the account given in the *Essay upon the History of Music*, according to which this celebrated woman

was born in the year 1606, on the fifth of March, and did not die till the fifth of January 1741. It is very certain that at the epoch last mentioned, a woman died at an extreme old age who bore the name of Marion de Lorme, and who remembered, as she said, having seen Cardinal de Richelieu, at the court of Louis the Thirteenth ;—without assistance, without relations, she lived upon the alms of the parish. These facts are perfectly authenticated by the mortuary register of the parish of Saint Paul, and by the testimony of many persons who saw her during the latter years of her life.

January, 1783.

It is well known that the house of Rohan has long pretended to the title of a sovereign house. Some one was speaking to the Duchess of Grammont of the dreadful bankruptcy of the prince of Guemené, a bankruptcy which seemed to surpass in audacity, the resources of the richest and most illustrious individuals of Europe. “ It is to be hoped,” said Madame de Grammont, “ that, at least, it is the last pretension of the house of Rohan to sovereignty!”

After the irreparable losses which our literature has sustained during some years, there is hardly any which can appear indifferent to us ; I think however that we ought to confine ourselves to giving here only a short account of men of letters

who have been carried off from us within the last year.

Jean-Baptiste Bourguignon d'Anville, first geographer to the king, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and of Belles-Lettres, fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, and fellow geographer to the Academy of Sciences, was born at Paris, July 11th 1697, and died January the 28th 1782.

He possessed more of the erudition than of the science of geography. He knew little of geometry, still less of astronomy. To the perusal of the Greek and Roman authors he owed the greater part of his discoveries. The different maps which he has given to us of Italy and Greece are so many master-pieces of exactitude and precision. He collected together an immense number of maps; they were all purchased by the king, a few years ago, who allowed him the enjoyment of them during his life time. The arrangement of this collection was his last labour. Although his character was modest and gentle, he could ill endure the slightest contradiction on that subject, which had solely occupied him since his earliest infancy; but self-love thus concentrated runs little risk of giving, or receiving offence.

During the lapse of many years we have scarcely had one new tragedy. Even those which display the greatest talent, serve to confirm an

observation often recalled to our minds, on frequenting our different theatres; it is, that the circle of combinations of which our dramatic system seems susceptible, is extremely limited; that our resources are exhausted; and that, at this day, it is perhaps impossible, even to genius itself, to obtain success in this career, without making out to itself paths entirely new. If M. Ducis, guided by Sophocles, had already made a happy attempt at novelty in his *Œdipe chez Admète*, supported by the genius of Shakespeare he has aspired yet more boldly in his *King Lear*. In truth, what idea can be more extraordinary than that of venturing to produce upon the French stage, the picture of a King despoiled by his own children, and whom misfortunes and despair have rendered in turn weak and furious! However justly we may criticise the plan and conduct of the work, is it not enough to have succeeded in exciting our interest by a picture, so new, so bold, but at the same time so true and so profoundly tragic? Such a criticism would be ill justified by the analysis of this singular work. In representing the piece divested of the illusion which alone can render the improbabilities, the inequalities, and even the absurdities supportable, we are obliged to give an idea of the impression which it appeared to make (in spite of so many faults) upon all sensible hearts and imaginations.

This tragedy, given at the court on Thursday

16th, was represented for the first time at Paris, on Monday 20th. In the first act, the scene represents the castle of the Duke of Cornwall. M. Ducis has rejected in the above scene all that constitutes the principal part of the first act in the English piece. The King has already divided his kingdom between his two daughters, Goneril and Regan. The first is married to the Duke of Albany; the second to the Duke of Cornwall; the third who is disinherited by her father, does not marry, as in Shakespeare, the King of France; persecuted by her father and sisters, she has no other asylum than the cave of an old Hermit, situated in a forest belonging to the castle, where the Duke of Cornwall comes to establish himself with the Duke of Albany, to observe more narrowly the movements of the rebels, who are supposed to have been assembled in this country to favour the invasion threatened by Ulric, King of Denmark. This Ulric is the husband which Lear had designed for his daughter Elmonde.* He is made to fear the dangerous effect which this marriage might have upon the repose of England; and no sooner was this projected union broken, than Elmonde is accused of having kept up a secret and traiterous correspondence with that Prince. This piece of calumny serves as a pretext for the banish-

* M. Ducis has changed the name of Cordelia to that of Elmonde, and has introduced a certain Ulric whom we meet nowhere in the tragedy of Shakespeare.—*Translator.*

ment of the Princess, and is the cause of all her misfortunes.

We do not reproach M. Ducis with having supposed all these events previous to the commencement of the Poem ; still less do we reproach him for giving to the injustice of Lear towards Elmonde, a motive less frivolous and puerile. But we can scarcely pardon him for perplexing a narrative, which already without an uncommon degree of attention cannot be understood, and which, even when regarded with the greatest attention, appears not more clear or interesting.

It is useless to observe how romantic and unnatural is the winding up of the plot, how vicious is the general conduct of the work, how ill united are its different parts ; the piece of Shakespeare, full of episodes, far more complicated, infinitely more extravagant, is yet more clear and more consistent. If, in this singular production, all that required wit and judgment appears as ill executed as conceived, we must also allow that all which only suppose genius, sensibility, and that dramatic instinct whose sublime heights reflexion alone has been able to attain, far transcends anything we have for a long time witnessed at the theatre. M. Ducis knew not how to combine a plot ; he was ignorant of the art of happily linking together all those circumstances of which an interesting and natural action is composed ; but his talent has discovered resources independent of this art ; he has found

them in a sensibility, gentle, lively, and profound. If he has disposed the events of the scene ill, he has admirably prepared the impressions intended to be conveyed. The spectator is compelled to enter into the feelings of the author, and this secret which M. Ducis has only learned from his own heart, is well worthy those of Aristotle and of the Abbé d'Aubignac. Although the most beautiful scenes of the second, third and fourth acts, are anticipated by Shakespeare, M. Ducis has given them an air of originality; the developments of the last act are entirely his own; and are, without doubt, among the number of the most original conceptions that have ever been ventured on the French stage.

In this piece it may be said that there are only two characters, those of Lear and Elmonde; or to speak more correctly, there is only one, which is the first mentioned; and this is supported in a wonderful manner by the *Sieur Brizard*. The tone of his voice at once noble and natural, the simplicity of his action, his fine head and venerable white locks, all contribute to increase the interest, and to impart to his most simple gesture, something commanding and august. *Madame Vestris*, who plays the part of Elmonde appears to great advantage in the last scene of the third act.

The piece has been well received in the city and at court. The author was desired to appear; but not earnestly, as the last act did not succeed

so well as the preceding ones. Notwithstanding this however the author had the weakness to make his appearance at the very time when it was least desired; for the performer commissioned to announce the second representation of the play, had just informed the public that peace had been signed.

M. Dugazon ridiculed the vanity of the author's appearance in the after-piece; he pronounced also an impromptu on the peace; the author of this trifle applauded and enquired for by the pit, hastily retired behind the side scene, and immediately re-appeared supported by one of his brother actors, with all the grimaces of a modest author embarrassed at his own glory.

The assembly of the French academy, on the 16th of January, gave the prize of utility to *The Conversations of Emilia*, by Madame d'Epinay; this prize was instituted by an anonymous citizen, whose name is known to all the world, M. de Monthion, chancellor to Count d'Artois. The attention of the judges appear to have been divided between different works: a book by M. Daubenton upon sheep; another by M. Parmentier, upon potatoes; *Adèle et Théodore*, by Madame de Genlis; *The Children's Friend*, by M. Berquin, &c. but it was soon decided that sheep and potatoes did not come under the cognizance of the French Academy, and ought to have been referred to the Academy of Sciences. The contest therefore remained between

the works of Mesdames de Genlis and d'Epinaÿ : the last without doubt was the most worthy of success, as being the most useful, and the most original ; we have better treatises upon education than the romance of *Adèle*. We have no books to place in the hands of children that can be compared with the *Conversations of Emilia*. Translated with success into many languages, this excellent work has already received the seal of public approbation. It has obtained the most august suffrages ; Catherine the Second has given it a place amongst the number of elementary works designed for the instruction of young persons, whose education she disdains not to superintend ; last year her Majesty herself testified her satisfaction to the author in a manner the most sensible and flattering, by sending to her pupil and grand-daughter, the Countess Emilie de Belzunce, her imperial cypher in a medallion set with diamonds ; a distinction accompanied with all the graces which give to the good actions of this great sovereign, multiplied as they are, an interest ever new.

The decision of the Academy astonished no one but Madame de Genlis, who for some time could not conceive how they could avoid giving the prize of utility to a work which contained all the principles relative to the education of princes, of young persons, and of men, exemplified in the sublime romance of *Adèle*. She consoles herself at present for the disappointment, by attributing

it to her having spoken too favorably of religion, and too lightly of philosophy. In fact, there is some reason to believe that philosophy rejoiced in an opportunity of humbling the pride of Madame Genlis, and of teaching her that she could not slight her oracles with impunity. It is sweet to unite the pleasure of justice with that of revenge. But how could the vengeance of philosophy wound the high piety of our illustrious governess? Can she who renounces the toilet, rouge, and all the pleasures, all the vanities of life, still regret its frivolous and profane laurels?

Of the eighteen judges who composed the Academical areopagus, Madame d'Epinay had ten or twelve votes; Madame de Genlis three or four; M. Berquin two; M. de la Croix, for his *Reflections on the Origin of Civilization*, one; M. Moreau for his *Treatise upon Justice*, that tiresome *Commentary on the History of France, for the use of our King*, one. It is worthy to be remarked of M. de Tressan, that after having solicited from house to house the suffrages of his brothers in favour of his cousin Madame de Genlis, he ended by giving her himself only a sort of half-vote. He is known to be of the small number of those who proposed to the judges to divide the prize between *Adèle* and the *Conversations*.

The Duchess of Grammont said with her usual frankness that she was overjoyed at the suc-

cess of Madame d'Epinay, because she hoped that Madame de Genlis would die with envy, which would be an excellent thing, or that she would revenge herself by a good satire, which would be good again ; and, lastly, because she wished all the world to perceive, what she had for some time suspected, that the Academy was falling into dotage.

The following is a scandal upon philosophy and philosophers : M. l'Abbé de Mably has received the most glorious homage to which a man of letters can aspire. Messrs. Franklin and Adams required, in the name of the Congress of the United States of America, that he would draw up a digest of a constitution for the benefit of the new republic. If we may judge from the style of his last work, there is no reason to apprehend that this new Solon will render our good allies an over polished people. If we expect the Americans to submit blindly to his laws, it is without doubt the most profound policy on our part to have instituted such a law-giver ; for in following the admirable views developed in his treatise on legislation, what does he recommend to them ? to cultivate the ground, to be poor and contented. Assuredly such rules agree best with the interests of France, and with the repose of all Europe.

Doubts on the different Opinions received in Society. Small duodecimo.

This little collection of detached thoughts is dedicated to the manes of Saurin. It is written by Mademoiselle de Sommery, an elderly lady of distinction, who devotes her life to the study of men and letters, but who had published nothing up to this time. All who frequent the meetings of the French Academy are acquainted with her. She never fails to make her appearance there, and her face is very striking. She is a large woman, of a dark complexion, almost black, with very thick eye-brows, and with large eyes, full of fire and energy. Her book proves that she has imbibed much from the *Maxims of Rochefoucauld*, and still more from the characters of La Bruyère; it contains, it is true, many common-place ideas, but they are for the most part expressed with delicacy, elegance, and precision. The article which appears to us to contain the greater number of new and apt observations, is that upon society. We cannot withhold a few specimens from the reader.

“ That which is called *bon-ton*, is the *ton* of the great world. It is felt better than it is defined. It is a noble facility of speech, a politeness of expression, a propriety in deportment, a nicety of discernment, which pays to every person the respect due to his condition, and instructs us equally in what we owe to others, and to what we are entitled in return.”

“ However lightly we may esteem that which is called *bon-ton*, there is not a man or a work that can dispense with it.”

“ Should any one ask where perfection in manners may be found, I answer I know not any one house which can completely realize the idea.”

“ To converse with a person of mean understanding is as difficult as to travel on foot with a lame man.”

“ Well intentioned people are generally so awkward, and so constantly unfortunate, that we often feel inclined to make trial of the bad intentioned.”

“ Many people have the reputation of being wicked, with whom we should be too happy to pass our lives.”

“ A man of wit is easily seduced ; a fool cannot be seduced, he is subdued.”

February, 1783.

The great Vestris, being informed of the immoderate expenses of his son, assembled his friends together, and in their presence, with all the emphasis and dignity natural to him, addressed the young man in the following words : “ Augustus, the bad
“ state of your finances is talked of in the world.
“ It is reported that you have a standing account
“ with all the milliners ; that you abuse the confi-
“ dence which the name I permit you to bear in-
“ spires ; if you do not immediately regulate your

“ affairs, I will not suffer you to bear it longer :
“ we have always made an honourable figure in the
“ world ; hear me, Augustus, I will have no Gue-
“ menés in my family.”

*The Four Seasons, in the Climate of Paris; a Poem
of a single verse.*

Preliminary notes of the Author.

“ With all due respect to Messrs. Thompson
“ and St. Lambert, whose talents I much respect, I
“ will venture to assert, that the part of Europe
“ which we inhabit is never gladdened by a real
“ spring.

“ The charms of this season are known only
“ in Asia Minor, in the Archipelago, and upon the
“ shores of the Mediterranean : from the Greeks
“ we have learned to sing the praises of the spring,
“ and the moist and freezing atmosphere which
“ reigns over our heads, teaches us to do as well
“ as we can without it.

“ In the environs of Paris the song of the
“ nightingale is unheard : her notes are hushed,
“ and she shudders with fear and astonishment.
“ How can she sing of love during nights of wind
“ and tempest, which destroy the greater part of
“ our fruits and vernal pleasures.

“ Summer, beneath this zone, is but a tem-
“ pest of fire and dust. Our boasted autumn is
“ either dry or stormy, and will scarcely allow the
“ farmer to complete the harvest. With regard to

“ the winter, I shall leave my readers to judge of
“ the truth of my poem.

“ For the rest, should my work fail of pleasing
“ all the world, I dare at least flatter myself it will
“ prove wearisome to none.”

First and last Canto.

“ *Rain and wind, and wind and rain.*”

This master-piece is by M. le Comte de la Touraille, gentleman to the Prince de Condé. He recited it to one of his friends who was very difficult to please. “ At least you will not find it too long,” said he. “ Pardon me,” replied his friend Severus, “ it is too long by half. *Wind and rain* would have said all.”

It is to M. Cerutti, formerly a Jesuit, and author of the *Appeal to Reason*, the most celebrated apology of the Jesuits, that we owe the pamphlet entitled *The Eagle and the Owl, a fable for the benefit of a young Prince, who had been blamed for his love of science and literature*; with this motto, *a philosophical prince is a divine being*. It is a pamphlet in octavo, printed with much care, at Glasgow, and sold at Paris by Prault.

If the fiction of M. Cerutti appears not very happily conceived, if the ideas and images are often ill arranged and ill connected, if the versification is not in general sufficiently easy and varied, it is, however, equally true that much wit, great energy

of expression, and many good verses are to be found in it.

But however great may be the talents of M. Cerutti for verse, he excels yet more in prose, and though his imagination is never void of resources, it is easy to discern that this latter species of writing is more familiar to him than the former. The notes which are at the end of this little poem occupy two thirds of the pamphlet, and there is not, if I may so speak, a single page of them which does not offer many anecdotes worthy of remembrance. We encounter in a single leaf of this work more ideas than in whole volumes of other authors; and the reader is only embarrassed in the choice. We will endeavour to select those passages which seem most to belong to the character of the author.

“ There are three things which chiefly contribute to exalt the national understanding; great men, great events, and great kings; they are generally found united.

“ Messieurs d’Alembert and Diderot have given to this age a lively and rapid impulse, which has proved a stimulus to all men of talent. What Montaigne observed of Plutarch and Seneca, is applicable to these two philosophers. The one leads us, and the other impels.

“ The works of Jean Jacques Rousseau may be compared to clocks that are out of order, but which are enriched with a sonorous and tuneful

“ chime. We should not listen to the tune they
“ strike, but to the airs they play.

“ It must be ever regretted that the Abbé
“ Raynal should have mingled reprehensible errors,
“ and rash declamations with useful truths : when
“ a Roman general determined upon the conquest
“ of a country, he did not insult its tutelary gods.
“ He offered them sacrifices, and implored them
“ to desert to his army.

“ Hume’s History may well be styled, *a His-*
“ *tory of English Passions written by human rea-*
“ *son.*

“ Enthusiasm is the parent of great deeds.
“ When Jupiter gave birth to Minerva, it was
“ Vulcan, the god of fire, who, according to the
“ fable, by opening the head of Jupiter, aided the
“ birth of Wisdom who came to life ready armed.
“ This is the emblem of enthusiasm. Nothing
“ sublime is produced from cold. M. Levesque,
“ in his history of Russia, blames the Czar for
“ having taken so long a journey in search of science.
“ A mandate from his lips would have brought
“ science to him. Mahomet, in the presence of
“ his whole army, commanded distant mountains
“ to approach him ; when he beheld them remain
“ immoveable, he added, since you refuse to come
“ to me, it is my part to approach towards you.
“ He marched and his army followed.

“ Intercourse with the world has done the
“ same for men of letters, that Cardinal Richelieu

“ did for the Lords of Castles. The former have
“ lost much in quitting their estates, the latter in
“ forsaking their retreats.”

No one perhaps has more speciously pleaded the cause of the Chinese, than M. Cerutti. We will not here analyse all the reasons by which he justifies his eulogies of this people, whom he poetically styles, the elder people of the globe. We shall content ourselves with observing that the claims of this people to his enthusiasm have been destroyed by the last accounts we have had of this country. The long duration of the Chinese government, only serves to prove how much there is wanting for the happiness of the people who submit to it. The language, manners, and customs, are exactly fitted to limit the flight and progress of the understanding, and to cause this nation to grow old in a long infancy; and it is the impossibility of its extending the limits of its power, that has enabled it to triumph over the revolutions of time and the caprice of fate. One would not desire to be either a Jew, a Spartan, or a Chinese. But who is there, that does not admire and regard the laws of Moses, those of Lycurgus, and those of the Chinese, as so many proofs of legislative power, as so many memorable monuments, of the authority which laws can exercise over men and nature, and if one may be allowed to say so, over fate itself.

Let us return for a moment to M. Cerutti; there is not one philosophical sovereign, nor one

celebrated man of letters, who has not received from him, the tribute of distinguished homage. We congratulate philosophy upon beholding an apologist of the Jesuits become, at this day, the panegyrist of the wise men of the age: boasting of the progress of truth, and counselling kings to have no other confessor than their own consciences, good works, or some philosophical poet. All this belongs more to a Jesuit than we are perhaps inclined to believe. Whatever may be the intention of the author, his pamphlet gives us great pleasure. Even the defects with which we reproach him, are the offspring of a fine understanding and of a lively and brilliant imagination.

April 1783.

M. D. has at length justified his claim to the pension of twelve thousand livres granted him by M. Turgot for having returned post from Poland, anxious, beneath such happy auspices, to enlighten his own country with those truths hitherto rejected by us, and with which his just anger had almost prompted him to enrich a foreign nation. At least we must allow that this pension has at this day been justly acquired, by the pains and trouble, and above all by the vast expense which his *Memoir upon the Life and Works of M. Turgot, Minister of State*, must have cost him; it is an octavo volume, with this motto, *the most fertile germ for producing great*

men, is the justice rendered to the memory of great men who are no more.

The retreat of one of our ministers has revived the pun suggested by the death of Cardinal de Fleury.

Floruit sine fructu

Defloruit sine luctu.

* *The Wonders of Heaven and of Hell, and of the Planetary and Austral Regions, by Emmanuel de Schwedenborg, from the Testimony of his own Eyes and Ears; translated from the Latin, by A. J. P. Two volumes 8vo. Berlin, by Decker, Printer to the King.*

The author begins by assuring us that every person enflamed, at the moment of his death, with Divine love, ascends immediately to heaven; he then recounts with great gravity that he himself made this journey during his life-time; he enters into circumstantial details of the habitations marked out in the spiritual world for the English, the Dutch, and distinctively for the Parisians. All these visions fall infinitely below those of Homer and Virgil; they are inferior even to the

* We extract the notice of this work, not from its intrinsic worth, but merely to lay before the public another instance of fanaticism triumphant in its own stupidity and wildness. Let it be remembered that the dreams of this idle book have become the elements of another Christian school.—T.

dreams of Ariosto, and the author of the *Maid of Orleans* ; and hence people are not so much tempted to believe in the inspired revelations of M. Schwedenborg as in those of Homer and his followers. What is the most extraordinary in “ *The Wonders of Heaven and Hell and the Planetary and Austral Regions*,” is that this monument of madness is the work of a man distinguished not only for his probity, but even for his understanding and his learning. We find in the eulogy printed at the head of these two volumes, an eulogy pronounced at a sitting of the academy of Stockholm, by M. de Landel, that our Swedish prophet, very unlike the greater number of prophets who preceded him, had mastered the most important parts of metaphysics, that he was well acquainted with natural philosophy, geometry, chemistry, anatomy, &c. Many estimable works are from his pen ; a collection of verses composed in his youth ; a project for fixing the value of our coins, and defining our measures for the purpose of avoiding all fractions in calculations ; a treatise on the position and course of the planets ; different treatises on mineralogy.

The most inexplicable but best attested instance of his talent for divination is the following. “ The Queen of Sweden asked him one day if he had any mode of discovering the contents of a letter written by her majesty to her brother, the King of Prussia then defunct, assuring him at

“ the same time that no person, excepting the
“ deceased, had ever known its purport. M. de
“ Schwedenborg answered, that with permission
“ of her majesty, he would recite to her the con-
“ tents of the letter in a few days : he kept his
“ word ; for at the expiration of the time he took
“ her majesty aside, and recited to her word for
“ word all that her letter contained.”

This fact is attested by such respectable authority that it cannot be denied ; but how can it be believed !

Never did soap-bladder more seriously arrest the attention of a crowd of children, than the aerostatic globe of Messrs. Montgolfier has occupied for this month both the city and the court ; in all our circles, at all our suppers, at the toilets of our belles, in our academical lyceums, we hear of nothing but experiments, atmospheric air, inflammable gas, flying cars, and aerial voyages. A book more mad than that of Cyrano de Bergerac, might be composed by simply collecting all the projects, all the chimeras, all the extravagancies for which we are indebted to this new discovery. I have already known our politicians of the coffee-house calculate, with the most patriotic sympathy, the increased expenses which the indispensable establishment of an aerial marine would impose upon the nation. I have seen others smile at the happy idea of forming a department of it, for the

acceptation of a certain minister, whose impatience for place would induce him to accept the first that offered. The only disquiet felt by M. Gudin de la Brenellerie, at the success of an invention equally framed to enlarge the boundaries of the monarchy as of human intellect, arises from the fear, that England our rival, may get possession of the secret, improve upon it before ourselves, and in a short time succeed to the empire of the air, as she has already usurped that of Neptune. Our philosophical poet would have been happy if, instead of insisting, in the late treaty of peace, on less important conditions, our negociators had sought rather to establish our titles and privileges, relative to an object whose consequences will one day extend far beyond the limits of our contracted atmosphere; but he felt the difficulty of discussing this point. The genius of M. Blanchard still discouraged by the hisses of last year, has suddenly re-awakened to the sound of Messrs. Montgolfier's renown; by combining his machine with the newly discovered secret, he has not yet renounced the honour of being the first aerial navigator; we may expect then to have carriages of every description, some formed for rowing in the air, others for performing the voyage from planet to planet. It is already decided that for visits of ceremony, and the ordinary equipages of the court, nothing would be more seemly than to drive in hand a pair of eagles; the peacock, Juno's bird, would be consecrated to

the service of our queen; and lest the doves of Venus should envy this distinction they might at times be harnessed, and partake the honor. Great attention will be paid to improving the breed of owls and vultures for the equipage of poor physicians and philosophers. Of these extravagances, that which I most approve of is the facility of rising to a great height in the air, and by means of good glasses to watch the moment, when by the rotation of the globe, the country which we designed to traverse was presented to us, when we might gently descend free of expense or danger; by these means the traveller might alight on China in the evening, and find himself at home on the morrow.

But it is time to return to the discovery of Messieurs Montgolfier, which is not the less interesting, for having given birth to idle speculations. What engaged them in this research, was the desire of inventing for the siege of Gibraltar some engine more effectual than floating batteries. This desire, vague as it was in itself, but animated by the natural activity of their industry, and by the interested motive of filling up the intervals of time allowed by their manufactory, encouraged them to make several trials and useless attempts without discouragement. At length they succeeded in framing the machine, which I have had the honour of announcing. An experiment of Boyle on the weight of air inspired the first hint, and the trial which I

am going to describe, was the first dawn of their success. It is the same case with a celebrated discovery as with an illustrious family, we are desirous of collecting the most trifling details of their origin.

A piece of silk which Messieurs Mongolfier had sent for from Lyons, merely for linings to their cloaths, appeared to them better devoted to physical experiments. By the assistance of some seams the silk soon takes the form more or less exact of a globe, or a sphere: they find a mode of introducing forty cubic feet of air; the balloon escapes from their hands and rises to the ceiling of the apartment. The joy of Archimedes at solving his famous problem, could not exceed that of our two natural philosophers; they hasten to catch their machine, let it loose again in the garden, where it rises beyond thirty feet. Having assured their first success by new experiments, they constructed the grand machine, which was elevated on June 5th, in the presence of the States of the Provinces; and this is the machine, of which a written account was first transmitted to the comptroller-general, by whom it has been communicated to the academy of sciences.

This globe was thirty-five feet in diameter; it was made of cloth cased in oiled paper. We have discovered, that they procured the gas with which it was filled by a very simple and cheap process, by burning moist straw, and different animal substances, as wool and other greasy materials, more or less inflammable. Under favour of this smoke the

globe, left to itself, rose out of sight to an elevation, calculated by some at 500 toises; by others at 1000; it descended again ten minutes after, from the loss of gas which it enclosed. According to the calculation of Messieurs Montgolfier, the globe occupied the space of a volume of air of 2,156 pounds in weight; but as the gas only weighed 1,078, and the globe 500, an excess of 578 pounds remained for the impulse, with which the globe tended to its elevation.

A little smoke then will perform the greatest wonders; and who could doubt it? there is every reason to believe that this secret has been suspected for a long time.* Who has not heard talk of the smoke of vanity, of glory, of opinion? By smoke we raise a man above himself; we make heroes, poets, great men in every department, by smoke alone. In natural as in moral philosophy every thing arises, and every thing returns to smoke: this is the most constant and universal of nature's laws; but we put off this discussion for another time.

No person at Paris has felt a more lively interest

* Molière has just put into the mouth of Vadius:

Pour moi je ne vois rien de plus sot à mon sens

Qu'un auteur qui partout va gueuser de l'encens.

The picture of an author, who *cringes and begs a little incense*, is delectable. But the smoke of Baron Grimm is but a poor substitute for the incense of Molière. Indeed, it is piteous to find so deplorable a rhapsody as this on smoke, in a work whose principal features are good sense and good taste.—T.

in the discovery of Messieurs Montgolfier than M. Faujas-de-Saint-Fond, author of an excellent natural history of the mountains of the Vivarais; he it is, who seized with enthusiasm the idea of opening a subscription for repeating the experiment at Paris, and who proposed to commission Messieurs Charles and Robert to execute the plan. These gentlemen said at first, that forty or fifty louis would cover all the expenses of the experiment, and we are so accustomed, in this country, to similar associations and expenses, that the munificence of the public was astonished that so small a sum required a delay of some days for its collection.

The subscription had hardly been decided on, before an open war broke out between those appointed to collect it, and the natural philosophers entrusted with the construction of the machine. It would be rather tedious to enter into the details of this illustrious dispute. One of the points most discussed, was, whether the globe was to be abandoned to its fate, or reserved for new experiments: the subscribers required it to be given up to its destiny; this point they could only gain by a promise of a larger compliment to M. Robert, and thus deemed themselves likely to be well rewarded by the pleasure of having some day the great astonishment which the descent of their globe would excite by appearing to the natives of Mogol, or Mexico, or even among the philosophers of the moon or some other planet. These ridiculous disputes did not impede the con-

struction of the machine, which was ingeniously framed of silk varnished with that elastic gum which Messrs. Roberts found the secret of dissolving. From ignorance of the process by which Messrs. Montgolfier filled their balloon, in this case they employed an inflammable air produced by the solution of iron filings in vitriolic acid ; and if this process were not more difficult, more tedious, and more expensive than the other, it would doubtless be preferable to it, because it furnishes a gas which is to the atmospheric air as 13 to 107 ; thus Messrs. Robert, Charles, and others, have mutually claimed for themselves every detail of the process, and by turns disputed the honor of the invention.

Without entangling ourselves with their discussions, let it suffice to know that the aerostatic globe constructed by Messrs. Roberts arose majestically in the Champ de Mars, on the 27th of this month, precisely at five o'clock, before the eyes of all Paris. Public notice had been given of the day fixed for the experiment. Never did royal review attract a greater crowd of every class and condition. The globe was about twelve feet in diameter. The amount of its elevation has not yet been decided, the bad weather made this calculation difficult ; but from the smallness of its volume it must have been considerable ; in a few minutes it was quite out of sight. Our wishes and our admiration would have wafted it to the extremities of

the universe ; it disappointed our expectation ; instead of going to astonish distant shores by its august appearance, it modestly limited its travels to Gonesse, a village situated about four leagues from Paris, to the no small terror of the peasants who saw it descend in a field where they were engaged in labour.

It will not be surprising that, three days after, all Paris was inundated with engravings representing the departure and arrival of the globe.

Many persons who take a pride in remaining cold in the midst of public enthusiasm have not failed to repeat : *but what end will be answered by these experiments ? of what use is this discovery which makes so much noise ?* The venerable Franklin answers them with his usual simplicity ; *of what use is a newborn child ?* It is true, that a child may die in the cradle, perhaps he may grow up weak in mind and body, but perhaps we may behold him some day become the glory of his country, the light of his age, the benefactor of humanity.

We are on the eve of losing Messrs. d'Alembert and Diderot ; the first of a consumption attended with a complaint of the bladder, the second of a dropsy. It is very singular that two men who have together given a character to their age, who have erected together the edifice of a work which assures to them immortality, should again unite to descend into the grave together. The Marquis de

Condorcet who pays to M. d'Alembert the duties which a father might expect of a son, is perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and at present Director of the French Academy; M. d'Alembert, on leaving to him the disposal of his effects, said to him with a smile notwithstanding his pain, *my friend, you will make my eulogy in the two academies; you have no time to lose on this double duty.*

We collect with an interest mingled with respect the last words of a dying philosopher; they become yet more precious when they lay before us the tranquillity of his soul in his last moments. I thought it my duty to transcribe them.

The parliament of Paris had condemned the Comte de Lally Tolendal to lose his head, and his papers to be burned by the hand of the executioner. M. de Lally Tolendal the son undertook to retrieve his father's memory from this stain, and with this view referred the sentence of the parliament of Paris to the revision of that of Dijon, which has confirmed the former sentence. The speech which he delivered on the accused bench (a form to which every defender of a condemned man is compelled to submit) is written with an uncommon eloquence, seldom to be found at the bar, and reflects the highest honour on this young officer. We will transcribe the exordium as a model of its kind.

“ Gentlemen, if ever I have been in need of

your indulgence, of your virtues, of your humanity, it is more particularly on this day that I call them to my succour. Inspired by a religious fear on entering this sanctuary, by the majesty of the place, by the respect due to this august assembly ; nay more, Gentlemen, overwhelmed since yesterday by a public * mourning which more nearly affects myself, a thousand torments at once assail me. All my griefs are renewed, all my wounds are opened to bleed again ; this instant recalls another of agony and torture. . . . Even now in imagination I behold my unhappy father, I behold him, Gentlemen, advancing to that last interrogatory which was the forerunner of his long punishment ; I see him robbed of the glorious badges of distinction purchased by his blood, indignant at the sight of that infamous tribunal which is reserved for his endurance, uncovering his head grown white with age, pointing out to his judges his breast covered with scars, and asking them, *if this is the reward of fifty years of service ?* . . . Ah ! Gentlemen, should any error escape my lips, should zeal hurry me away, in the name of justice and of pity count not as a crime the wildness of grief and the transports of nature. Permit me to find refuge in your better feelings ; there I have a safeguard, there the sacred names whose rights I have to avenge, and whose duties I have to fulfil will not fail to find an

* The death of Madame Vogué.

echo. If the Judge be against me, then, Gentlemen, let the son recal to mind his father, let the father think on his children, and you will pardon and pity, perhaps even you will cherish me. Justice has torn from me a father; I ask of her another; I see one in every magistrate who hears me. This thought mingles yet some sweetness in the bitterness that devours me: it gives me some little power, and I exclaim with arms extended toward each of you; "my father, support me in the defence of him whom nature gave me; the intention of nature and that of the law can never contradict each other."

Learned Europe has just sustained the loss of M. d'Alembert; philosophy, the sciences and letters will long regret that celebrated man. We will at present confine ourselves to collecting a few circumstances from his last moments, and attach to them a kind of eulogy spoken of him by the Marquis de Condorcet at the opening of the public sitting of the Academy of Sciences.

M. d'Alembert died, the 29th October, at the age of seventy, of a consumption, brought on by the pain occasioned by a stone which was found in his bladder; it was of a considerable size, but not adherent. He would not consent to the operation of passing a sound, although it would have preserved his life; he feared even to be made acquainted with the cause of his sufferings; and he

shuddered at the very thought of being cut for the stone. It appears almost unpardonable in the Coryphæus of philosophers to display so little fortitude, when a poor Archbishop* of eighty years of age offered him so noble an example : but this kind of disposition belongs less to the character of our ideas than of our sentiments ; perhaps the mind of a geometrician views things too correctly to be endowed with courage. The acute pains which he was condemned to suffer were at once a source and an excuse of his impatience ; and these sufferings, rather than the approach of death which he took no pains to disguise to himself, soured his character. . . He did not however fail a single day to receive the visits of his friends. The parish priest called on him the evening before his death, but was informed by his servant that he was too ill to be admitted on that day, but that a visit on the day after would be agreeable to his master. That very night put a period to his life and sufferings. There is reason for supposing that the philosophical geometrician had calculated from the state of debility in which he then was, that this interval would suffice to liberate him from the ceremony of exhortations which the priest conceived it his duty to administer, and which the temper of the patient rendered tiresome without advantage. M. d'Alembert has been carried to the burial ground of his parish without

* M. Christophe de Beaumont, who supported this operation in the eighty-first year of his age.

pomp or noise. His friends strove in vain to make interest with the archbishop for his consent, that he might be buried in the church, a permission granted to every citizen in good circumstances, who is inclined to pay for so foolish a distinction; the archbishop has constantly given his refusal; but at least he has had the good sense not to offer the insult, more prejudicial to religion than to philosophy, of refusing as his predecessor did to the corpse of Voltaire, burial in holy ground, to a Catholic who had never embraced any other form of worship.*

Perhaps the archbishop was influenced by certain sentiments of contrition at the moment of his death, to grant M. d'Alembert a corner in the burial ground; but he thought it necessary at the same time to refuse him a tomb in the church, on account of the uniform publicity of his opinions, lest a favor so common might be considered as an act of dangerous toleration, and the stone or marble on which his name be transmitted to posterity, might appear in some sort to consecrate his memory. Some persons of good sense have discovered much wisdom in this conduct; but in general this middle course has equally discontented the devout

* We forbear from translating the close of this sentence. It is we suppose a specimen of philosophical wit. Religion however can suffer little from such clumsy pleasantry.—T.

and the philosophers. It is rather unaccountable that these latter should find so much pleasure in going to church after their death, and so much glory in never going there during their life-time.

M. d'Alembert has left, and indeed must of necessity have left behind him but a small fortune; he enjoyed an annual pension of 14,000 livres. Had he desired more, it would have been cheerfully granted; but his wants were ever the measure of his ambition. He has named M. le Marquis de Condorcet as his legatee; he has bequeathed 6,000 livres to one of his servants, and 4,000 to the other. He charges his executor to give them more if the product of the succession will admit of greater liberality. It is suspected that the Marquis de Condorcet will be compelled to have recourse to his own purse, for the fulfilment of this article of the will, since the furniture, books, and papers of the testator are insufficient for these two legacies. He has appointed M. Remy his fellow collegian, and M. Watelet, to be the executors of his will; he leaves to them and some others of his friends legacies in porcelaine, pictures, and engravings. It is singular that his testament should begin with this form of words: *In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*; a form of words not absolutely required in this act, and which on the part of a philosopher, has the appearance of a misplaced pleasantry.

Discourse of M. le Marquis de Condorcet, at the opening of the Public Sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

“ The short interval of our separation has been an epoch sadly memorable for the sciences, and never have such great losses succeeded each other with a rapidity so fatal.

“ Death has^t torn from us M. d'Alembert, at a time when his genius yet in full force, gave the promise to learned Europe of new discoveries. A sublime geometrician, it is to him that we are indebted for the honour of adding a new calculation to those, the discovery of which rendered the last age illustrious, and new branches of the laws of motion to the theories created by the genius of Gallileo, of Huygens, and of Newton.

“ Profound philosopher, he has left in the preliminary discourse to the *Encyclopædia*, a monument for which he no where found a model.

“ As a writer he is at one time noble, energetic, and rapid, at another ingenious and amusing according to the subjects which he treated; but at all times precise, clear, full of ideas, his works instruct youth, and usefully employ the leisure hours of the well-informed man.

“ Frankness, the love of truth, zeal for the progress of science and for the defence of the rights of men, formed the basis of his character. A scrupulous probity, a well directed beneficence, a noble

disinterestedness unsullied with ostentation, were his leading virtues.

“ Young persons who announced talent for the sciences and for letters found in him a support, a guide, a model.

“ A tender and courageous friend, the tears of friendship have flowed over his tomb in the midst of the regrets of the academies of France and of Europe. That nothing might be wanting to his glory he had enemies, and the virulence with which he was pursued during and after his life by those men whose hatred chooses for its victims, genius and virtue, must be numbered among the honors that he has received.

“ Honoured as I have been by him from my early youth with a truly paternal tenderness, no one has more to regret in the common loss than myself. His genius will be immortalized in his works ; he will long continue to instruct mankind ; he yet lives for the sciences and for glory ; friendship only has lost all.

“ His death had been preceded a few weeks by that of M. Euler, a powerful and inexhaustible genius, who, in his long career, has laboured in every department of mathematical research, and has extended the limits of all. Ever original and profound, sometimes elegant and perspicuous, he has published more than four hundred works, of which number there is not one which does not contain some new truth, or some useful or bril-

liant discovery. Although deprived of sight, his activity, his fecundity never slackened; the singular power of his intelligence repaired this loss without effort, which in another had been irreparable, and nature appeared to have formed, at one and the same time, a great man and extraordinary phænomenon, to astonish and instruct the world."

November, 1783.

At a time when our tears were yet flowing over the tomb of Madame d'Epinay, we did not venture to consecrate in these literary annals the remembrance to which she is so justly entitled. We should have feared to sadden our eulogies by our regrets; we should have feared lest the expression of a sensibility yet too much alive might have given to our praises an air of exaggeration, which would have rendered them suspected, at least by those who have only known her in her writings.

Louise-Florence - Pétronille Tardieu-Desclavelles, widow of M. Lalive-d'Epinay, was the daughter of a man of rank, killed in the service of the King. The fortune which he left her was very moderate. It was intended to recompense the services performed by the father, by marrying the daughter to one of the richest matches then known in the finance, conferring on her as a dowry the post of a farmer-general for her husband. She passed the first years of her life in the bosom of opulence, surrounded by all the illu-

sions with which riches can intoxicate a young person, and at Paris more than elsewhere. This golden dream soon vanished from her eyes : the wild expenses and extreme frivolity in the character of M. d'Epinay soon deranged this enormous fortune. His father, in order to save something from the general wreck, was compelled to substitute a part of his own property, and fearful lest his daughter-in-law might be the victim of her husband's extravagance, required that she should be separated from him, and at the same time took those precautions which assured to her an honourable income.

Her connection with Jean Jacques Rousseau began in the bright days of her youth and of her fortune. He was passionately enamoured of her, as he never failed to be of every woman who would condescend to admit him to her society. She loaded him with benefits, not only with all the delicacy of the most tender friendship, but with all the nicety of discernment which our original and almost savage philosopher appeared to require. At first he seemed deeply affected by this behaviour ; but some time after, believing himself entitled to be jealous of his friend M. Grimm, he repaid his benefactress with the blackest ingratitude, and the man whom he believed preferred to himself appeared in his eyes the most unjust and perfidious of mortals. Impudently assaulting them with these odious calumnies, he has not hesitated to leave on her tomb the monument of an incon-

ceivable hatred, or rather that of the most cruel and darkest of all outrages.

Young, rich, beautiful, full of grace and wit, how did Madame d'Epinay fail in that only perfection which could yield her the enjoyment of these advantages? Vain prejudices would perhaps affect to defend her memory from this weakness. A sentiment more equitable will not disown the remembrance of that which did equal honour to her heart and her understanding. But nothing appears to me to convey so high an idea of her merit, as to give credit to those reports with which envy and malignity dared to asperse her youth. This would inspire us with the greater veneration for that strength of mind which, by its own efforts, enabled her so completely to repair the errors of a frivolous education, and the uncommon virtues which raised her subsequently to a degree of esteem and consideration which she enjoyed in a more advanced age. True it is that one of the most prominent features in her character was a constancy, an energy of resolution, which rose superior to all the weaknesses of habit, over all the extravagancies of the most lively sensibility, and supplied new resources to that force and courage, which were almost exhausted by a long succession of vexation and of sufferings.

She has been seen for ten years overwhelmed with the most painful maladies, supporting life only by dint of opium, reduced almost to the point of

death and reviving twenty times, without ceasing to avail herself of the intervals of suffering for the discharge of all the duties imposed on her by maternal tenderness and active friendship. In the midst of the torments of a frail and painful existence, she has been known to conduct her own affairs and those of her children, to be serviceable to those who had the happiness to approach her, to evince a lively interest in all that was passing in the world, in arts, and in literature, to engage herself in the education of her grand-daughter, as if it were the only care of her whole life, to write one of the best works which have appeared for the use of infancy, to work tapestry, to write songs, to receive her friends, to correspond with them, to be as scrupulous in her attire as her age and infirmities would admit. It might be said, that on perceiving her end draw near she had resolved daily to rob death of a part of his prey, and the continual exertion of her intellectual powers kept alive this spark of life.

That which distinguished Madame d'Epinay was her profound good sense. She had little imagination ; less alive to elegance than to originality, her taste was not always sufficiently correct and delicate ; but it would be difficult to find more penetration, a discernment more nice, better conceptions united to a conduct more firm and correct. Her conversation partook in some degree of the natural slowness and timidity of her ideas ; she had

even a kind of severe reserve, but not of a nature to stifle the interest and confidence which she uniformly inspired. Never did human being possess in greater perfection the art of eliciting from others, without art or indiscretion, what it was essential or desirable to know. Nothing that was said in her presence was lost upon her, and she frequently availed herself of a random word to give that turn to the conversation which interested most.

Her sensibility was extreme, but interior and profound ; from being habitually repressed, it seldom forced itself upon observation. In those pains and vexations which preyed visibly on her health, her disposition was ever calm and even. Above all prejudice, no one better knew the respect which a female ought to pay to public opinion, however unworthy it might seem of attention. She evinced for old usages and modern fashions, the complaisance and consideration of an ordinary woman. Although for ever ill, and confined to her apartment, she was not less assiduous at her toilet,
..... * Madame d'Epinay had not the smallest grain of false prudery ; but, too forcibly impressed with the danger sometimes attending the lightest impressions, she thought the first habitudes of a young person could not be guided by a circum-

* The reader loses nothing by this omission. The good sense of Madame d'Epinay and her biographer would not have suffered from its alliance with religion.—T.

spection too austere, and perhaps she carried this principle a little too far.

I subjoin a few features of a portrait which she made of herself in 1756; she had then attained to her thirtieth year. "I am not handsome, but surely cannot be called plain. (She had very fine eyes and hair well planted which imparted to her forehead a most interesting physiognomy.) I am small, thin, but very well formed. I have a juvenile air, noble, soft, lively, playful and engaging. My imagination is tranquil, my mind slow, discerning, reflective, but unconnected. My soul combines vivacity, courage, firmness, elevation, and an excessive timidity. I am true without being frank. I am endowed with discernment in the pursuit of my object, but have none in penetrating the projects of others. I am naturally tender and sensible, constant and without the least mixture of coquetry. The facility with which I have been observed to form and to break off intimacies has made me suspected of inconstancy and caprice. A conduct frequently imposed on me by prudence and honor has frequently been attributed to levity and caprice. Until this year I have never well become acquainted with myself. My self-conceit, without inspiring the wild hope of being perfectly discreet, permits me to pretend to attaining the character of a woman of high merit."

Never was hope better verified, never was pretension more fully justified. She has left no other

work than a continuation of the *Conversations of Emilia*, a * number of letters, and the outline of a long romance. The two little volumes, the one entitled, *Letters to my Son*, with this motto, *Facundum faciebat amor*; the other, *My Happy Moments*; *Sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ*, although printed have never been published, and do not appear intended for publication; they contain however many estimable thoughts, much grace and sensibility; but these are works intended only for private circulation, the mere essays of a pen which had not yet attained all its power and maturity.

We should afflict the shade of this most respectable of women, if we could pass over in silence the benefits with which a mighty sovereign condescended to honor her during the latter days of her life. Although M. Necker esteemed her highly, yet the extreme severity of his principles did not permit him to spare her in the reforms which he made on renewing the lease of the public farm, and these reforms absorbed almost entirely the net receipts of her income. Some compensation was due to her for this loss, and it was not refused; but from a flaw in the grant which was not sufficiently secured to her at the time when this minister retired from office, she found herself in great embar-

* She corresponded with all the most celebrated men of the age, Voltaire, Buffon, d'Alembert, Diderot, Richardson, the Abbé Galiani.

rassment. Her Majesty the Empress of Russia, informed of her distresses, was anxious to relieve them. Her bounty was extended to this illustrious individual with a truly imperial munificence, and accompanied with so much grace and interest, that the smallest favor thus bestowed would have appeared inestimable. On this occasion it was, that she sent to the young Comtesse de Belzunce, granddaughter of Madame d'Epinay, that medallion set in diamonds and enriched with her cypher, of which I have before spoken. Oh ! who ever carried further than Catherine II. the great art of kings, that of receiving and of giving. As an example of the first we need only appeal to the counsel of Abdoul-Hamet ; for the second, to the gratitude of every man in Europe worthy of interesting her benevolence.

Her Majesty had honoured the *Conversations of Emilia*, with the most flattering of all distinctions, long before it had obtained the prize of the academy.

December, 1783.

It has been remarked, that our eulogies upon the deceased ought to be deferred, till the memory of their real measure is lost. We may then magnify them into giants, without fear of opposition. It is supposed that our philosophers are possessed of the secrets of alchymists, who change carcases into statues of gold, and their actions seem to verify

this supposition, while they pay greater homage to those men, who are no more than to those who yet exist.

January, 1784.

Whatever has fallen from the pen of a great man who is no more, has a claim to our curiosity. His weakest productions preserve for ever a real interest. If it be no longer himself, the awakened remembrance must be for ever dear. That, which during his life would perhaps have tarnished his fame, or at least have added nothing to its lustre, now serves to recal it to our minds. We cannot behold it, without a feeling of admiration and respect, without paying it the just tribute of love and gratitude.

Where shall we find the man, whose memory can more inspire these sentiments than his, of whom Voltaire himself has said with so much energy: “*Mankind have lost their titles to consideration; the author of the Spirit of the Laws has found them.*” The little volume just published, under the title of *The Posthumus Works of M. de Montesquieu* contains only one single work that has not been already published, namely, *Arsaces and Ismenia*, a philosophical tale, in the style of the episodes, with which the author has enriched his *Persian Letters*. We are tempted to believe, that this little romance was originally destined to increase the number; and that M. de Montesquieu thinking it would

occupy too large a space in his work, did not take the trouble to complete it. It is, however, impossible not to recognize in it, the inimitable touch of his genius, his grace, his precision, and a certain rapidity of style equally light and elegant. In this point of view, we must ever feel grateful to *M. le Baron de la Brede*, his son, for having at length yielded to the solicitations he experienced during thirty years, to allow of its publication; but we have good reason to believe, that he still possesses manuscripts of his illustrious father, infinitely more worthy to see the light, than the loves of Arsaces and Ismenia.

We shall recount in a few words the foundation of this new eastern tale. Artamenes, king of the Bactrians, had two daughters so nearly resembling each other, that no eye could distinguish them. To avoid the inconvenience to which this strong resemblance might give rise, he gave orders to his first minister, Aspar, that one of them should be carried away to the country of the Medes, and should be brought up there under a feigned name. There she was contracted in marriage to Arsaces, a young Median lord, whom the author has taken pains to adorn with every virtuous and amiable quality. Arsaces believes himself united to a beautiful and sensible slave. Adventures more than romantic recal Ismenia to the throne of her father, and on this throne she finds once more a husband, who had believed and lamented her dead. Ismenia

crowns Arsaces. With her he reigns over the Bactrians with despotic sway, and in the picture which the author presents of the felicity of their reign, he imparts lessons the most useful and the most touching for a monarch who desires the happiness of his subjects equally with his own.

However unnatural may be the incidents in this story, they pass too quickly before the eyes of the reader to allow him time to reflect upon them. The narration is at once so ingenious, and so rapid, that, without fatiguing, it fixes the attention, and keeps alive curiosity. However frivolous and common the plan of this little work, the character of it is epic. The author in the beginning places you as near as possible towards the close. Arsaces, in despair at the loss of his love, is thrown into the army of the Bactrians; he there distinguishes himself by prodigious valour, and makes at last the king of Hircania prisoner. It is Arsaces himself, who, sent to the court of Ismenia, recounts to the minister Aspar the marvellous history of his misfortunes and his love, &c.

It is only by quotations that we can attempt to convey an idea of the charm of a style, which recalls at every moment the Temple of Gnidos, and the most brilliant touches in the Persian letters.

The following passage occurs at the moment when Arsaces, surrounded with danger, bears off Ardasira (which is the feigned name of Ismenia).

He says, " I possessed my Ardasira, and it seemed
" to me that I should never lose her. Strange effect
" of love ! My heart kindled, and my soul was tran-
" quil....Ardasira, notwithstanding the weakness
" of her sex, encouraged me. She appeared to be
" dying; yet still she followed me. I fled the
" presence of men, for mankind had become my
" enemy ; I sought the lonely desert....I entered a
" more open country, and I admired the vast si-
" lence of nature. It represented to me the time,
" which gave birth to the gods, and in which beauty
" first appeared ; warmed by the touch of love, all
" nature glowed with animation."

One of the most poetical and interesting scenes, is that where Ardasira, after having borne off Arsaces from the court of Margiana, where his ambition had carried him far from her, keeps him for some time shut up in a palace in the country of the Sogdains, as Achilles was in the isle of Scyros.

" It belongs to our nature (such were the
" reflexions of Arsaces after having separated him-
" self from his beloved) that our wishes should
" rise in proportion to our happiness. In felicity
" itself there is disquietude. As our mind is filled
" with ideas, so is our heart with desires. When
" we feel that our happiness is such that it cannot
" be augmented, we wish to model it anew. My
" ambition is sometimes irritated by love itself,
" &c."

When Ardasira lifts the veil, beneath which she had succeeded but too well in seducing her captive, “ Alas! she said, I had hoped to have
“ found you more faithful. Be contented to govern
“ here. Punish me, if you will, for what I have
“ done. . . . Arsaces, she added with tears, you
“ deserve it not. My beloved Ardasira, I replied,
“ why do you distract me thus? Would you that
“ I should become insensible to charms I have
“ ever adored? You are inconsistent with your-
“ self. Is it not you that I loved? In pity, be-
“ think you that of all infidelities I have committed
“ the least. . . . I knew by the langour of her eyes
“ that she was no longer angry, I knew it by her
“ expiring voice. I clasped her in my arms. What
“ joy is it to fold within one’s arms her whom we
“ love! how shall I paint happiness, known only
“ to real lovers, when love itself seems born
“ anew. When all is promised, when all is
“ asked, when all is obeyed, when we feel
“ that we have all, and yet that we have not
“ enough, when the soul seems to abandon itself,
“ and to take her flight beyond the boundaries of
“ nature.” &c.

If the editor of this little work is to be believed, M. de Montesquieu designed it to accomplish the most important ends. “ After having taken great
“ pains to place limits between despotism and a
“ limited monarchy, which appeared to him the na-
“ tural government of the French, seeing the almost

“ inevitable tendency of royalty to despotism, he
“ would have wished, were it possible, to make
“ despotism useful.”.. Does it not occur to the
reader that the loves of Arsaces and Ismenia, are
no other than the completion of the *Spirit of the
Laws*? Although we do not there discover a design
so profound, it is natural to imagine that, in a
head like that of the President de Montesquieu,
the simplest amusements of the imagination could
not fail to preserve the impression of his genius;
and we are little surprised to see him blend the
features of a profound philosophy, useful views,
and maxims worthy of the habitual grandeur of his
conceptions, with the most lively and smiling pic-
tures of love.

What excellent lessons, may be derived from
the portrait represented to us of the minister Aspar!
“ He was solicitous of the welfare of the state,
“ and indifferent to the pride of power. He knew
“ the human mind and judged of events with
“ accuracy. His disposition was naturally kind,
“ and his soul appeared to identify itself with that
“ of others. That peace which one dared not to
“ hope for was re-established. Such was the magic
“ of Aspar’s influence. Every one returned to the
“ path of duty, and knew not why he had ever
“ abandoned it. Without effort and without noise,
“ he accomplished mighty deeds.... His maxim
“ was, never to do himself what might be done by
“ others, and to love virtue, from whatever source

“ it sprung. Arsaces loved him, because he spoke
“ always of his subjects, rarely of the king, and
“ never of himself.”

Among the number of maxims, to which the young King of the Bactrians had determined implicitly to conform, we beg leave to cite the following. He had remarked, says his historian:—

“ That repeated corrections of abuses, instead of amending affairs, appear to annihilate them; that the duty of princes consists not less in defending the laws against the passions of others than against their own; that, happily, the art of reigning requires rather sense than genius, rather the desire than the possession of great knowledge, and that rather practical than abstract, rather a certain discernment to know men, than the capacity to form them; that the greater part of men have a false character, which sits so ill upon them, that the character impressed by nature can easily be discerned.”

“ Arsaces knew how to give, because he knew how to refuse.... I can well, said he, enrich the poverty of condition, but it is impossible to enrich the poverty of luxury,” &c.

“ The king having made peace with his neighbours, one of the veterans who spoke, and in the name of his people thanked him for his clemency, said to him :

“ Behold the river which flows through our country ; at one time, with impetuous rapidity,

“ it levels all before it, at another it disperses and
“ divides itself, so that women may traverse it on
“ foot. Observe it where it flows gently and tran-
“ quilly along, its waters gradually increase, it is
“ respected by nations, and arrests armies in their
“ course, &c.”

It is not my design to attempt an eulogy of M. d'Alembert, I leave that task to pens more learned than my own. As that philosopher is indebted for his greatest reputation to geometry, none but geometricians can do him the justice due to his merit. I have often heard those men whose talents entitled them to direct the public opinion on this subject, declare, that M. d'Alembert had attained to the highest eminence in calculation, that he had made additions to the discoveries of the Eulers, the Bernouillis, and the Newtons, and even if his works contained nothing new, their clear and luminous method of deduction would of itself entitle them to a distinguished place among the first works which have conferred on this age the claim of pre-eminence in science. Those who are unable to form an opinion of their own, are at least disposed to believe in their merit after having reflected on the excellent preface to the *Encyclopædia*, a work, which embracing to the utmost extent ideas the most sublime, supposes a mind the most luminous, and will be regarded without doubt in all ages, as one of the finest monuments which the

genius of philosophy has erected to the glory of human knowledge.

In his other writings, in his eulogies and in his miscellanies of philosophy and literature, M. d'Alembert seems to fall below the renown which had placed him at a very early age amongst the greatest geometers of Europe. We find too much familiarity in the style of his miscellaneous histories; in his translations, a very superficial erudition, with a manner of writing elaborate, and sometimes pedantic. In general, in the greater part of his philosophical and moral essays, and above all, in his eulogies, an extreme inequality of style, disproportions unworthy of a great writer, pride, absurdity, and the quackery belonging to the head of a party, with a tiresome affectation of running after a conceit, or any other pleasantry, even were it as low as a pun. His style almost always dry and cold, had little to recommend it but elegance, precision and clearness. He was equally void of soul and of imagination; but in expressing the boldest truths, one is forced to admire an art which he possesses to the greatest degree, the art of writing with habitual circumspection.

But it would be unjust to appreciate the talents of M. d'Alembert as a writer excepting in that class of works to which he had more expressly devoted all the resources and all the application of his genius; his other works should merely be considered as recreations, and the pastime of his leisure hours.

A man undoubtedly very superior in that branch of science where his success could not be appreciated by many, and where few could judge of his merit, he perhaps attached too much value to the little renown of applauses from a frivolous multitude, who lavish them with equal reason on the academical benches and the temporary stage of a fair or of the Boulevards. He has perhaps purchased this species of popularity by complaisance unworthy the dignity of a sage, far distant at least from the pure taste whose empire philosophy pretends to have fixed on a basis not to be shaken.

On perceiving in the smaller works of M. d'Alembert only the essays of a man who after fathoming the depths of science, still pleases himself with touching upon the more entertaining subjects of common philosophy and lighter literature, we feel that he merits greater indulgence than his enemies are willing to grant him. Master of one science, should we not be grateful to him for descending to lighter studies? If considered in this light there are few of his writings, even those the least adapted to justify his renown, where we may not discover an extreme discernment, features of an amiable erudition, observations really instructive, and frequently even an original grace. No one of his eulogies is a work of great taste, but many of them are excellent specimens of literature. The eulogy of Montesquieu is a master-piece of analysis, that of Bossuet is of a higher style than

the others. We can almost discern in it some eloquence. In those of Fenelon and *Le Maître de Sacy* are many traits of a sensibility gentle and affecting. It must be allowed, after having read them, that this philosophical heart was not always insensible, or we must suspect that his friend Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had the gift of working miracles; for it is clear that we owe to his attachment for her the interesting picture of the intimacy of M. de Sacy and the Marchioness de Lambert. . . But we know enough of the illustrious academician both as a philosopher and a writer. We shall be more curious to learn here some accounts less known of his person, and of the habits of his private life.

We have seen no portrait of M. d'Alembert that much resembled him, nor could a likeness of him easily have been taken. The form of his features was of an ordinary cast, and his physiognomy bore no decided character. A *Lavater* would however have discerned in the lines of his forehead, in the restless motion of his eyebrows, in the lower part of a nose, at the same time large and pointed, many traces of a strongly marked expression. He had small eyes, but a quick glance, a large mouth, but his smile possessed delicacy, satire, and majesty. The whole contour of his countenance impressed the idea of a penetrating mind, and of a disposition less prone to sadness than to irascibility. His stature was small and weakly; the sound of his voice so shrill and piercing, that nature was

suspected of having saved him the trouble of making that cruel sacrifice to philosophy which Origen thought due to it. All Paris was acquainted with the answer of a man of the world whom his mistress wished to make jealous of d'Alembert. This lady concluded her exaggerated panegyric of his good qualities by saying to her cold admirer, *Yes, he is a God!*—*Ah ! madam,* was the answer, *if he were a God, he would begin by making himself a man!* His exterior was simple to the greatest degree ; he was almost always dressed like Jean-Jacques from head to foot in one colour ; but on days of ceremony and in full Academy he affected to dress like all the world, with a bag, and solitaire à la Soubise. In some places, it is true, where he suspected himself to be less known, he would make no hesitation to distinguish himself by a particular dress, which served him as a philosopher's cloak, a cloak not always protected from ridicule, but not without value, and whose covering is at times very convenient.

Those who were most intimately acquainted with M. d'Alembert, describe him to have been good without kindness, sensible without feeling, vain without pride, discontented without suffering ; and they explain these strange contradictions by that mixture of apathy, of weakness, and of activity which so essentially characterised his mind and his habits. He was equitable, humane, beneficent, but without feeling pleasure in those virtues. He

was accused of passionately affecting the glory of passing for the leader of the Encyclopædists, and of committing for the interests of this glory more than one injustice, more than one act of literary duplicity. It would be tedious to discuss this charge: but we cannot deny that the passions inspired by party spirit were those of which he might most reasonably be suspected, for none are more suitable to cold and calculating minds; but we may rest assured, that if he did many good actions without goodness, he did many actions, of which his pretended victims complained, without any kind of malice. At all events, we cannot deny his memory the honour of having contributed much to the consideration which literary men have long enjoyed, of having obtained the greatest influence in the two academies of which he was a member, of having preserved it, if I may so say, to the end of his days, and of being in some degree the visible head of that *illustrious* * church of which Voltaire was the founder and the guardian. If the last days of his reign had not all the lustre of his dawn, we should perhaps attribute it far less to the depressure of genius under the weight of infirmities, than to the decline of the empire itself under which he was the first administrator, a decline which the most expert policy could neither dissemble nor avert.

But an impartial observer must have remarked

* In other words, of infidelity !!!—T.

that this philosophical dominion, of which he was so jealous, was never universally admitted ; that in the opinion of many he had rather usurped than conquered it ; that in the eyes of the greater number the superiority of his literary titles contributed less to maintain him there than the subtlety of his intrigues and his policy. Nor is this all : that policy, adroit as it appeared, was often foiled ; it was even remarked to miscarry frequently after the death of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, whose acuteness and taste were of infinite service to the great and the little ambition of her friend. After losing part of his credit, he wished at least to keep up the appearances of it, by laying hold of the favourable moment to appear at the head of the party or the opinion whose triumph he foresaw. The last attempt of his authority was the election of the Marquis de Condorcet ; the intrigue which effected this election, would have done honour to any conclave.

The society of M. d'Alembert was for many years the most brilliant that could be collected ; it was infinitely more miscellaneous, and for that reason infinitely less agreeable, after the loss of his female friend. His private conversation afforded all that could instruct and recreate the mind. He conformed with as much facility as complaisance to the subject which pleased the many ; he carried to it good humour and simplicity, with an almost inexhaustible fund of ideas, of anecdotes, and

curious stories, with which his memory was stored : hardly could a subject be found, however dry or frivolous, which he had not the secret of converting to a source of entertainment. He spoke well, narrated with much precision, and drew out the ridicule with a grace and readiness which were peculiarly his own. All his sarcastic sayings have a rare and profound originality of character. *Who is happy?* *Some miserable man*, was his answer, an answer which would have done credit to Diogenes. The same sentiment led him often to say, that *the only unalloyed happiness of life was to satisfy copiously every morning the most gross of our necessities*, that want which made Alexander remember that he was not a god ; and *that a hypochondriac state was the most deplorable condition, because it presented to us things as they are*. He had only attained to his twenty-first year when he presented himself for election to the Academy of Sciences. His opponent was one Mayen, a poor geometrician, but protected for a long time afterwards by Fontenelle. Fontenelle told d'Alembert, " When any one presents himself for election into the Academy, we make up a reason composed of age and of merit." " *That*," said M. d'Alembert, " *is very right, provided the reason is composed of the direct of the merit, and inverse of the age.*"

If it be true that nature left to the fair sex but few claims to the affections of our philosopher, it is yet more true that he was not the less obedient to

their empire ; he was the most amorous of slaves, and the most slavish of all the amorous. His reputation was already very brilliant,* (but this was at that time almost the only fund which he had for his subsistence) when a woman, as coquettish as frivolous, took it into her head to make a conquest of him. She gained such entire possession of him, that he soon neglected his studies and all his affairs, and perhaps she would have utterly ruined him, if Madame Geoffrin, apprized of it, had not taken upon her to interfere with this little intrigue, with all the address and all the firmness of character which true friendship could inspire. She went to see the lady in question, although totally unconnected with her, represented to her the irreparable injury which she was doing her friend and herself, to all appearance, without any advantage ; got into her possession all the letters which she had received from him, and obtained a promise from her never to see him again. Nothing can be compared with the ascendancy which Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had gained over all his thoughts and actions. Although he revolted sometimes against a tyranny so cruel, he did not support its yoke with less devotion and submission. It would be difficult to find in all Paris a

* M. d'Alembert belonged to all the academies of Europe, when he enjoyed but from 12 to 1500 livres per annum. He was hardly richer when he refused an income of 100,000 livres, offered to him by the Empress of Russia, to engage him in the education of his Imperial Highness.

miserable Savoyard, who runs on so many errands in the day, as the first geometrician of Europe, the chief of the sect of the Encyclopædia, the dictator of our academies, the philosopher who had the glory of refusing to instruct the heir of the most vast empire in the world, was compelled to perform in the service of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; nor is this all that she had the effrontery to require of him. Reduced to be the confidant of the tender passion which she had conceived for M. de Mora, a young Spaniard, he was charged with all the arrangements that could favour the intrigue; and when his happy rival had left France, he was forced to await at the general post-office the arrival of the courier, to assure to the young lady the pleasure of receiving her letters a quarter of an hour sooner than the regular time.

These anecdotes rather redound to the glory of one sex than humiliate the philosophy of the other; they only prove what little influence our systems have by whatever name we may call them, upon our character and natural affections. The same disposition which subjected our philosopher to the caprices of his female friend, prompted him to say in the terror which his sufferings and the approach of death inspired, *Happy are they who are possessed of courage; for my own part I have it not.* There is a simplicity in this confession far preferable to the ostentation of a sentiment which is hardly to be found in the heart of man, which is in

fact more rarely to be found than we are inclined to allow.

Let us conclude this article by some anecdotes calculated undoubtedly to obtain for M. d'Alembert the esteem of all sensible hearts and well governed minds.

It is known that his first name was Jean de Rond. The natural son of M. Destouches and of Madame the canoness de Tencin, he was abandoned and exposed on the steps of the church of St. Jean de Rond, and from thence carried to the Foundling Hospital. His father took him from this house, and put him out to nurse with a woman named Rousseau, a glazier's wife, *rue Michel-le-Comte*, who suckled and brought him up with great difficulty on account of the extreme weakness of his constitution. He was even so puny that she refused at first to take the charge upon her. He lived at the house of this good woman until after his return from Berlin. A short time after his departure for Prussia, his mother desired to see him. He complied reluctantly with this invitation, and would not pay the visit without the company of his nurse. The interview was very cold on the part of M. d'Alembert. Madame de Tencin said to him, disconcerted by his manner; *But I am your mother—You my mother!*—*No, there she is; I own no other!*—and then he threw himself on Madame Rousseau, embraced and wept over her.

At his return from Berlin where the King fa-

tigued him beyond measure with his journeys and marches, he resumed his residence in his accustomed house. His lodging was very small, deprived of air, and unhealthy. He there fell very ill, and owed his recovery only to M. Bouvard. At length the expostulations of this physician determined him on leaving the house of his nurse, and choosing a more salubrious situation. At the death of the glazier Rousseau, his grandchildren put a seal upon all his effects, and inhumanly strove to keep his widow out of the succession. M. d'Alembert informed of these infamous proceedings called on his nurse, and said to her, *Let these unworthy children carry all away, I will never forsake you.* He religiously kept his word until the death of that good woman, which took place some years ago.

On Monday, January 12, was performed for the first time, the tragedy of Macbeth, by M. Ducis.

This is the fourth play of Shakespear which M. Ducis has endeavoured to transplant to the French stage; but no consideration less than that attached to his personal qualities and the success of his last works, *Ædipus* and *King Lear*, could possibly have protected this piece from failing at its first performance. The two first acts were favourably received; the third, in which the remorse of Macbeth begins, was in general received with a severe silence, interrupted only occasionally by the applauses

bestowed on the energy with which M. Ducis has treated a situation so terrible. But this remorse which almost entirely engrosses the fourth and fifth acts, appeared as tiresome by its duration as atrocious and revolting from the very colors which the author has employed to heighten the distress. The symptoms of disapproval, which the esteem and benevolence deserved by M. Ducis on many considerations, reduced to simple threats, suggested to him many retrenchments and considerable corrections; he has had the courage and unexampled docility to obey these impressions. This deference to public taste joined to certain happy alterations which give an additional motive for the action, and accelerate its progress, have conferred on him, at the second representation a success by so much the more flattering as the public appeared to enjoy the triumph which it decreed, and to take pleasure in consoling him for the severity with which many passages of his work had been received at its first representation.

M. Ducis has never departed from his original but for the purpose of adapting a subject, at once whimsical and terrible, to the existing laws of our theatre; but in submitting to rules so simple, and so hard to follow, of which the Greeks have left us the example and the model, M. Ducis was compelled to accumulate in the space of twenty-four hours, a crowd of events which tread on each other, and lose all appearance of probability. Hence

the drama does not excite the interest of its English prototype, because the French poet, by adhering to the unities imposed on him by our school, has not allowed himself time to prepare the incidents and to develop the characters with that natural negligence and truth which form the chief merit of the monstrous master-piece of Shakespeare.

At the period when the English *Æschylus*, without a model, and by the mere resources of his genius, created tragedy among a people whose diversions were principally cock-fighting, or * bruising, he was compelled to select, for the amusement of a nation, whom their manners and the climate which modifies them render difficult to be moved, subjects gloomy and terrible, atrocious crimes, and wonderful events which overwhelm the mind, and would degrade human nature were they not uncommon. His spectators who had no conception of the rules by which, in every art, genius succeeds in representing under agreeable forms an object the most deformed in itself, in choosing, collecting and happily arranging its conceptions to form a perfect whole, whose parts united by easy and natural connections form those eternal beauties which are of all nations; his spectators, I say, would

* This latter elegance appears unknown to our ancestors, it was possibly resorted to for the purposes of inflicting vengeance, but never converted to an exhibition.—T.

have despised dramatic works conceived and treated conformably with the principles and rules which regulated the Corneilles, the Racines, and the Voltaires. They required pictures taken from nature, but from a rude and savage nature, conformable to their own character and manners; romantic events, eccentric situations, atrocious and almost monstrous characters, because terror is the sensation most predominant over a gloomy and melancholy people who have been nursed in revolutions. Traditions anterior to the written history of England, that of the troubles with which his country was so long agitated, and some epochs of Roman history, have furnished Shakespeare with the greater number of his tragic subjects. His plots are all irregular, but without confusion or improbability. *Macbeth* is history set in motion. Shakespeare has represented on the stage those events, taken from the ancient chronicles of Scotland, in the order and space of time in which they really occurred; his play comprises the history of many years.

M. Ducis, on the contrary, in order to make this subject subservient to the unities of time and place, is obliged to renounce many of the beauties, which belong even to the faults of his model. He has avoided some of these defects; but he has fallen into those, which necessarily appertain to a plot unseasonably hurried, and to an action which cannot be developed but by a long chain of extraordinary events. He appears to think, that the remorse

and despair of a great crime must be united with other interest in order to fix the attention of the spectator. He supposes Malcolm, the son of Duncan, to be brought up by Seyward, a Scottish highlander, to whose care this king consigns him, to save him from assassination, and in this manner fixes all the secret springs of his piece upon this inheritor of the throne, who passes for the son of Seyward himself. But this fiction, which ought to relieve and vary the interest of an action continually dreadful, has only furnished M. Ducis with the fine accessory part of Seyward. Malcolm, who in the first act is announced and introduced in an interesting manner, appears in the third only to inform us, that he is the son of Duncan; that his father was assassinated by Macbeth; and in the fifth, to serve as the pantomime to the denouement. It is to be regretted that M. Ducis has taken so little advantage of this character, which might have been made the soul of the action. In other respects, he has supplied the interest, which nothing can perfectly replace, by the profound, pathetic, and often sublime and agonizing energy with which he has treated the whole character of Macbeth. The exposition begun by Frédégonde,* and completed by Seyward, the recital of the combat of Macbeth, his arrival, the developement of his ambition, this same ambition, which is at war with remorse, his

* Frédégonde, a name substituted for Lady Macbeth.

remorse destroyed by the counsels of Frédégonde, and the truly dramatic action in which he flies to the succour of Duncan, at the same instant that he enters his chamber to stab him, have received from the public just applause. But from the third act the action offers nothing but the remorse of Macbeth, and this remorse, though often eloquent, wearies and fatigues ; because this sentiment, although M. Ducis has presented it under every shade and colour, is, in its own nature, always declamatory, and nearly allied to exaggeration ; because an assassin, pursued during three acts by the horror of his crime, and by despair almost brought to delirium, is a character which dejects the soul, instead of interesting it. *Herod*, in the *Marianne* of Voltaire ; *Orestes*, in the *Andromache* of Racine ; and in Voltaire's *Electra*, present the sublime and frightful pictures of the despair, which accompanies great crimes with the rapidity and burst of thunder. These great masters knew how to prolong these terrible images without destroying their effects ; and in all arts, but above all in the dramatic art, oppositions, contrasts, and light and shade thrown alternately on the action and on the character, give them that life and motion on which all the illusion, all the charm, and all the interest of which the drama is susceptible, depend.

The success which has crowned the new tragedy of M. Ducis, is the success of consideration for the conquest of great difficulties inherent in the

subject ; but yet more of the profoundly tragic talent, which he has displayed in some of the principal scenes.

Supplement to the Manner of writing History.

1 vol. 12mo.

M. Gudin de la Brenellerie, author of this work, written for the purpose of answering the Abbé de Mably, relates the following anecdote, of which we do not wish to deprive our readers, because it is perfectly well attested, and will throw some light on the motive which induced the Abbé to treat Mr. Gibbon so unhandsomely in his *Manner of writing History*. A critic relates the story to the young Theodore.

“ You were at the house of M. de Fonce-
“ magne, on the day when the Abbé de Mably
“ and Mr. Gibbon dined there in state. The con-
“ versation turned almost entirely on history. The
“ Abbé de Mably, a great politician, before the
“ dessert was served, turned it to the government of
“ states ; and as from the habit of admiring Livy,
“ he sets no value on any but the republican form
“ of government, he began to extol the excellence
“ of republics, from a firm persuasion that the
“ learned Englishman would approve every syllable,
“ and would admire the profoundness of genius
“ which had made a Frenchman the advocate of a
“ free government. But Mr. Gibbon, instructed
“ by experience of the inconveniences resulting

“ from a popular government, differed from him
“ in opinion, and generously took upon him to
“ defend the monarchical form ; the Abbé wished
“ to convince him by Livy, and by some argu-
“ ments selected from Plutarch, in favour of the
“ Spartans. Mr. Gibbon, endowed with the hap-
“ piest memory, and able to assemble all the facts
“ together in his thought, soon took the ascendancy
“ in the conversation. The Abbé was heated, irri-
“ tated, and at last insolent ; the Englishman,
“ preserving the natural phlegm of his country,
“ took his advantage, and pressed the Abbé more
“ and more in proportion as anger threw him off
“ his guard. The conversation became warm, and
“ M. de Foncemagne broke it off, by rising from
“ table and retiring to the drawing-room, where
“ no one was desirous to renew it.”

February, 1784.

On Thursday 26th, the Comte De Choiseul Gouffier, elected by the Academy in the place of M. d'Alembert, and M. Bailly in that of M. de Tressan, took their seats, and delivered their speeches on being admitted. Whether from the interest inspired by the newly-elected members, or from curiosity to hear in what manner the two academicians whom they replaced would be celebrated ; never was academical meeting more brilliant or more numerously attended. A spectator, astonished at this prodigious attendance, whispered in my ear,

you see, my friend, the greatest men disappear, and yet the world goes on !

The speech of M. de Choiseul was entirely consecrated to the memory of M. d'Alembert. After having taken a hasty view of the glorious career of his literary successes, the sensibility of the orator rested with complacency on these affecting reflexions.

“ Who was that celebrated man, destined to
“ extend human knowledge, whose reputation had
“ filled all Europe, and whom sovereigns vied with
“ each other in claiming to themselves? You
“ comprehend me, gentlemen, and why should I
“ hesitate to express that which it is honourable
“ to feel? Why, by a pusillanimous silence,
“ should I deprive his memory of a tribute so
“ endearing as that which virtue in misfortune,
“ and genius in obscurity, demand from every
“ generous mind? Who was he? A miserable
“ infant, without an acknowledged parent, with-
“ out a cradle, and indebted only to the appear-
“ ances of a speedy death, and to the humanity of
“ a public officer for the advantage of being dis-
“ tinguished from the crowd of those unfortunates,
“ who are restored to life only to remain unknown
“ to themselves,” &c.

This passage in his speech appeared to us in the style of the most true and sensible eloquence, without offending any of those laws of delicacy, which, in a subject of this nature, it was so diffi-

cult to consult. All this discourse was in a noble and elevated tone: it was thought however that M. de Choiseul, might have dispensed with an anecdote which is by no means well attested, of the pretended coolness which d'Alembert experienced from the King of Prussia, for having defended the celebrated Euler at that time his rival in geometry, against the unfavourable judgment of that monarch.

The answer returned by M. de Condorcet to this discourse, in quality of acting director to the Academy, is, as usual, divided between the eulogy of the deceased member and his successor. The manner in which he eulogized the Travels of M. de Choiseul in Greece met with great applause.

“ You have been seen,” said he, “ surrounded
“ by the peaceful instruments of the arts, visiting
“ those very countries which your ancestors explored only as victorious pilgrims; you have
“ returned loaded with spoils more precious to the
“ eye of reason, than those which they obtained
“ as the rewards of their exploits. All those whom
“ letters and the arts engage or interest, have read
“ with avidity those travels, from which geography
“ has drawn new hints, in which the maritime
“ maps are brought to perfection, in which so
“ many fine monuments are described with precision and delineated with taste, in which the
“ manners of the people, observed without enthusiasm or prejudice, are described with so much

“ truth. A happy application of the ancient Gre-
“ cian history offers to us, incessantly, instructive
“ points of comparison or striking contrasts ; that
“ style at once simple and majestic, so suitable to
“ him who speaks of what he has seen, and relates
“ what he has done, a scrupulous exactness with-
“ out digressions or tedious repetitions, philosophy
“ without declamation and without systems ; such
“ are the characters of this work.”

Some few of the auditory could not suppress a smile at certain instructions given to the academician, relative to the embassy which has just been confided to him.

“ Those very people,” continues the orator,
“ who have seen you with astonishment take draw-
“ ings of their monuments, which their indifference
“ treads beneath their feet, will behold you again
“ arriving among them, too soon indeed for us,
“ honoured by the confidence of your prince, their
“ faithful and generous ally. The policy of Eu-
“ rope, at least that which it avowed, was long
“ directed against that once formidable empire ;
“ and to this day many states seek to support or to
“ defend it. But what should honour our age and
“ country, is that we do not wish to employ any
“ means but those avowed by justice, and conform-
“ able to the general interest of humanity. Me-
“ naced by nations powerful and enlightened, the
“ throne of the Ottomans cannot subsist, if they do
“ not hasten to pull down the barriers which they

“ have too long opposed to European arts and
“ sciences. . . . Science is the most effectual succour
“ which this empire can derive from its allies ; and
“ the art of negociation, which has so long been
“ that of deceiving men, will be converted, in your
“ hands, into that of instructing and pointing out
“ to them their only true interests,” &c.

Is not this policy dictated by reason herself? Indeed, we might say to the Divan, what would it cost us to furnish you with soldiers well disciplined, with artillery, with vessels, &c. But if we examine these succours without prejudice, are they really the methods avowed by justice, and conformable to the general advantage of humanity? You are in want of science ; for this reason we send you the Encyclopædia and the philosophers to explain it, and by this present we do you the greatest service in our power. This mode of reasoning unfortunately, has the air of a misplaced pleasantry, but is by no means the less correct for that fault ; the only difficulty would be to give it a more sententious turn of expression, which might recommend it to the notice of those nations whom we have some interest in persuading to adopt it.

The eulogy which M. de Condorcet paid to the memory of M. d'Alembert is a tribute of geometrical sensibility, and which proves that the orator is deficient neither in severity, nor in the knowledge necessary to appreciate the services done to the science which he professes, by his

illustrious friend: as these eulogies, however, present to us new points of view, we will pass them over without further comment.

There is less simplicity in the answer of M. Bailly than in that of M. de Choiseul; but in return it is more replete with ideas, with nicety of discernment and with depth of thought. His manner of characterising the talent and genius which distinguish the works of the Comte de Tressan, breathes all the graces of the model which he has to delineate.

“ You crowned him almost on the border of the
“ grave, and we may almost say, that the song of
“ the swan introduced him to your notice. M. de
“ Tressan, although he wrote nothing till late in
“ life, although he has only been half seen by us,
“ has discovered a natural talent and a style possessed of a distinctive character. That character,
“ precious to men of taste, and more particularly
“ to Frenchmen, was grace. Grace, the daughter
“ of nature, and companion of truth, resides in
“ the style, when it is ingenuous and unaffected;
“ she avoids all finery and exaggeration. What is
“ elevated should be presented under a simple expression, what is ingenuous should appear to fall
“ from the lips of nature. The old French style
“ has grace because it is natural, and inherits this
“ natural expression from the simplicity of our
“ ancient manners. M. de Tressan studied them

“ in our old romances which are their depositaries ;
“ he discovered that his talent consisted in painting
“ them ; his style received their impression, and
“ he transplanted into our more perfect language
“ the natural tone, and unaffected grace of the
“ old language.....Afflicted with illness, tortured
“ with the gout, in the midst of these sufferings
“ he undertook and finished the translation of
“ Ariosto, in less than ten months ; talent gained
“ the mastery over age and infirmity ; French gaiety
“ had in this instance the same effect as Stoicism.
“ ...He painted warlike actions like a Frenchman
“ who feels himself born to distinguish himself
“ in war ; he painted love like a man who was
“ yet delighted with its remembrance.”

M. de Tressan, long before his admission to the number of the forty, had been received into the Academy of Sciences. M. Bailly his successor, and the academician appointed to receive him, have both equally the advantage of belonging to this company ; our orator availed himself of this singular coincidence to prove the intimate relations which connect the sciences with letters. If the lustre of letters is reflected on the sciences, the sciences confer on the capacity of a nation more depth and energy for the cultivation of letters, &c. &c. . Experience has almost uniformly proved the contrary ; but nothing in theory appears more reasonable, and whether true or not, this doubtless was the most suitable to the occasion, if it were

only asserted for the purpose of introducing the following tirade.

“ Never has the influence of the sciences extended itself so demonstrably to the privileges of mankind as in the age in which we live. They have acquired for man a new domain: the air appears as accessible as the sea, and the audacity of his voyages almost equals the audacity of his thought. The name of Montgolfier, and that of the enterprizing navigators of this new element will never die. But who of us at sight of these daring experiments has not felt his soul elevated, his ideas extended, his mind enlarged? This impression is the sentiment of a new power received by the human race; we possess it from the effort and impulse of the invention, and this force will be transmitted to those who in their writings will celebrate these wonders, &c.”

We will confine ourselves to citing a very spirited reflection of M. de Condorcet, on the last occupations of the life of M. de Tressan.

“ In an age when the most active men begin to feel the want of rest, M. de Tressan became one of our most fertile and indefatigable writers. He published those tales whose voluptuous pictures do not alarm delicacy, where a delicate and light pleasantry sheds gaiety in the midst of the eternal combats and long amours of our Paladins. Cloathed in a second youth by him, our ancient romances have wit, and even truth; their wan-

“ dering imagination becomes gay and playful. Old
“ age is perhaps the time of life to which these
“ happy trifles are most suitable, and it is the period
“ when we may devote ourselves to them with the
“ least scruple and the greatest success. At that time
“ of life when all delusion is removed from our eyes,
“ we have the right to trifle on all subjects; then
“ it is that a long experience has instructed the wri-
“ ter in the art of concealing reason under a veil
“ that adorns it, and permits the too delicate eye to
“ endure its light; then it is, that grown indul-
“ gent to the errors of humanity, men are able to
“ paint them without gall or satire.”

This sitting was closed by a recitation made by the *Abbé Delille* of some extracts from his *Poem on the Pleasures of Imagination*; it was received with all the applause which cannot be refused to the verses of the *Abbé Delille*, and still less to the seducing charm attached to his manner of reading them.

Interesting Documents, very little known, to elucidate History and Literature; by M. de la Place. Vol. 2. The first volume appeared two years ago.

This volume contains some curious matter. Among the memorials produced at the trial of Mary Stuart, the letters of this unfortunate Queen to Bothwell are here brought to light. These are the monuments of unbridled passion, and leave no doubt

on the mind of the part which Mary took in the assassination of a husband, from whom she had in vain endeavoured to disengage herself by poison. All historians have remarked that the husband of the Queen was the finest man of the day ; that Bothwell, on the contrary, to the most ordinary figure joined the worst morals. M. de la Place adds coarsely, that “ *he was probably possessed of qualities and of talents made to please the ladies of that age.*”

There is much minute matter in the *continuation of the Memorial of M. de Duclos*, and among these details, some popular rumours adopted with an incredible levity.

The most interesting parts in the continuation of this *Memorial*, are some anecdotes on the election of the Emperor Charles VII, on the true motives for the war which broke out in consequence ; several fragments of letters on this subject to Cardinal Fleury by the King, the Queen, and Infanta of Spain. It would be impossible to conceive any thing more anxious and more tender than the solicitations which the two princesses employed with his aged Eminence, to make him enter on a war which his interests and character rendered equally impolitic.

The anecdote of Anne Oldfield, a celebrated actress on the London stage, who in her last moments was so entirely engrossed with the dress in

which she should be arrayed after her death, puts us in mind of a similar anecdote of the same kind, related of the Princess de Charolais. Although in the agonies of death, it was easier to bring her to receive the last sacraments than to take off her rouge: no longer able to resist the intreaties of her confessor, she at length consented—"but in this case," said she to the women who surrounded her, "*give me some other ribbands; you know that without rouge yellow ribbands look frightful upon me.*"—"One would not look a fright after one's death," were the last words of Anne Oldfield.

Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress; by the Author of Evelina. Translated from the English. Five vols. 12mo.

This is one of the best romances which have for a long time appeared in England; the pathos of situations, the interest and variety of characters, of which the greater number are strongly marked and all well sustained, render this book as interesting as it is instructive; although the progress of the plot is rather slow, the winding up a little romantic, and many of the details too circumstantial, this work supposes at once an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and a most fruitful and sensible imagination. If, as we have been assured, it is from the pen of a young author, it is a real prodigy. I know not to whom we are indebted for the

translation, but its extreme negligence of style announces it to have been written in a hurry, and this is an unpardonable injury to the original. The author of *Cecilia* deserves to speak our language with more grace and purity.

April, 1784.

At length, on Tuesday the 27th, we have seen *la Folle Journée*, or the *Marriage of Figaro*, that celebrated comedy of Beaumarchais, represented at the French theatre; that comedy bandied about by censure for two years, stopped at the moment when the actors were preparing themselves to distribute the parts, rehearsed afterwards to be performed only on the theatre of the *Menus Plaisirs*, prohibited at the very instant of its representation, in the most public manner, and with all the forms which the power of the throne employs generally only on affairs whose importance entitles them to the especial notice of the state.

When we had the honour of giving you an account of the representation which *M. de Vaudreuil* had given to this piece at *Genevilliers*, we had also the honour of announcing, at the same time, that the success of this performance would not long remain lost for the capital. Yet were we well informed that the majority of the spectators at *Genevilliers* had pronounced the piece to be extremely immoral, and absolutely inadmissible on a public theatre: but we had calculated the power

and resources of the genius of M. Caron de Beaumarchais ; we well knew that he was far less fearful of the ill which might be spoken of his work, than of the absolute oblivion to which the royal order appeared to condemn it ; the representation at Genévilliers had drawn it forth from this oblivion, and the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* desired no more. His address, a fecundity of ways and means all subservient to the occasion, the character of the persons and circumstances, a tenacity of effrontery without example, all were an earnest to us that his resources and unyielding obstinacy would rise more than in proportion to the obstacles and difficulties which the government would oppose ; that so many obstacles had only the effect of spurring his self-conceit to action. For M. Beaumarchais had said of himself, with far more reason than the generality of dramatic writers, “ *all Europe has its eyes open upon my Marriage and upon myself ; my honour demands that it should be played ; it shall be played.* ” Indeed the event justifies the opinion which he entertained of his resources, an opinion which we have never ceased to partake, with all the respect which the profundity and sublimity of his resources inspire.

The historical details of all the intrigues to which he must have had recourse to obtain permission to represent his piece, the selection and variety of secret springs which he set in motion to gain his point, in some manner both over the authority of

government and that of public opinion, would no doubt furnish a course of negotiation curious and entertaining enough; but he alone knows all that he had to do, and all that he has done, to ensure the success of this mighty enterprize. We know only that M. the Privy-Seal and the Lieutenant-General of Police have uniformly opposed the representation of the *Mariage de Figaro*; that M. le Baron de Breteuil, who was himself originally prejudiced against the work, has withdrawn the order of the King, by which it had been so solemnly proscribed; that before he interested himself in it, this minister desired to attend a reading, at which four or five men of letters assisted, such as Messrs. Gaillard, Champfort, Rhulière, &c. That the Sieur de Beaumarchais, who at this reading had begun by announcing that he submitted without reserve to all the retrenchments, to all the corrections of which these gentlemen should find his work susceptible, has finished by defending the minutest details with an address, a force of logic, a seducing pleasantry, and a reasoning, which have closed the lips of his censors, and preserved the *Marriage of Figaro*, with the exception of some words, precisely as it had been rehearsed at the theatre of the *Menus Plaisirs*. They even say that, at this meeting, what fell from M. Beaumarchais as an apology for his work, was infinitely superior in point of wit, originality, and the true comic vein, to the most ingenious and gay parts of his comedy.

Certainly no piece ever attracted such a concourse of spectators to the French theatre; all Paris would see this famous *Marriage*, and the room was crowded almost at the moment when the doors were thrown open to the public; hardly could the multitude who were at the doors from eight o'clock in the morning succeed in finding a place; the greater number entered by force, and threw their money to the doorkeepers. Never was courtier by turns more venturous and supple in soliciting a favour at court than were all our young nobles to secure themselves places at the representation of *Figaro*; more than one Duchess considered herself but too happy to find, in the balconies, where women of condition seldom sit, a miserable low stool by the side of Mesdames Duthé, Caline and Company.

The *Marriage of Figaro* has had, from its first representation, a prodigious success. This success, which will last for a considerable time, is owing principally to the conception of the work, which is as wild as it is new and original. It is a confusion whose clue, easy at first to be discovered, leads on to a croud of situations equally pleasant and unforeseen, binds tighter as it advances the knot of the intrigue, and draws to a conclusion at once clear, ingenious, comic and natural; a merit by no means of easy attainment in a piece the progress of which is so strangely complex. At every instant the action appears drawing to an end, at every instant it is renewed by words almost insignificant,

but which have the effect of preparing, without effort, new scenes, and replacing all the actors in a situation as lively and as interesting as those which preceded it. By this conduct entirely unknown on the French stage, and of which the Italian and Spanish theatres offer but few good models, the author has succeeded in attaching and amusing the spectators during the three hours and a half consumed by the representation.

As for the immorality against which the decency and gravity of our manners have so inveighed, we must allow that the work in general is by no means the most austere, it is the picture of real manners, that of the manners and principles of the best society; and this picture is finished with a boldness, an undisguised freedom which might be dispensed with on the stage, if the object of a comic writer were to correct the vices and absurdities of the age instead of portraying them for our amusement.

M. de Beaumarchais, when he offered to us the intriguing and shameless character of his clever and artful Figaro; a Comte Almaviva disgusted with his wife, seducing her chambermaid, engaged in the pursuit of his gardner's daughter; a page beautiful and young as love himself, enamoured of the Countess and burning with desire for all the women whom he encounters; a Countess Almaviva more tender, more full of sensibility than our usages allow women to appear, and more particu-

larly married women, on the theatres ; by collecting together, I say, all these characters corrupted, or ready to become so, by surrounding them with a croud of fools or knaves, M. Beaumarchais certainly did not pretend to make a piece essentially moral ; but do we not find in many comedies of Regnard, of Le Sage, of Daucourt, in some even of Molière, situations more free and details more licentious. Is there a scene on the theatre more daring than that where Tartuffe returns to the wife of Orgon, and pushes her against the table where the husband is concealed ? It is true, the close of this scene and the moral lesson which results from it, justify the licence ; again it is not prolonged with so much complacency and pleasure as that of the fifth act of the *Marriage of Figaro*, where the charming little cherubim, whom they wish to dress in woman's cloaths, remains so long at the feet of the Countess, amourosly rivetting her eyes which she fixes on him with the most interesting langour, and permits Suzon to unclasp his shirt-collar, and tuck up his sleeve to the elbow, which gives her an opportunity to say to the Countess, *See, madam, how white and smooth his arm is, it is really more white than mine.* The scene of the fifth act, where the Count coming to the rendezvous which Suzon gives him, finds his wife in her place, does not recognize her, and engages her to enter with him into a green-house where there is no light, is yet more gay than all the preceding. *No matter*, says

he, *we have nothing to read*. At the representation however the Comte does not follow the pretended Suzon into the green-house, he conceals himself among the shrubs which skirt the stage; this precaution almost entirely guards against all the freedom that the situation might offer to the spectators, who do not permit a rendezvous even between husband and wife to end by their disappearing together and leaving the imagination to finish the picture which the side scene is supposed to hide from us.

But the prohibitions so frequently repeated against this comedy were not caused by these situations, daring as they may seem. Besides this the author has taken the liberty of indulging in sarcasms against all those with whom he has ever had a dispute; he has put into the mouth of Figaro the greater part of the events which have made his existence so famous; he treats the nobility with a freedom of which we have to this day had no example; he is not more indulgent to their morals, than to their ignorance and their meanness; he has the effrontery of speaking with ridicule of ministers, the Bastille, the liberty of the press, of the police, and even of the censors. He feels peculiarly honoured by the notice of the latter, and evinces to them many marks of gratitude in a more than usual strain of irony. This it is which M. de Beaumarchais has succeeded in attempting.

If the government has had the good sense to permit the performance of this piece, without the suppression of certain gaieties, which in the end can by no means be very dangerous; if M. le Baron de Breteuil believes, as Figaro expresses it, that none but little men dread little writings, the public has not been equally indulgent to this inconceivable medley of wit, of delicate and just remark debased with passages of the very worst style and taste. Through all the laughter and applause which the new and comic situations of the piece excited, the pit seized with a precision, a quickness, and a feeling truly admirable, the majority of those parts which had been condemned before-hand by men of taste at the numerous readings which the author had made of his piece. M. de Beaumarchais has yielded to the violence with which the suppression of many passages was demanded.

That the glory of M. de Beaumarchais might be complete, he has been honoured with an epigram, a kind of distinction which is never withheld at Paris from those who have succeeded in rivetting the public attention: M. le Chevalier de Langeac is supposed to be the author. We subjoin the turn of expression adapted by the epigrammatist.

“ I saw yesterday the extravagant novelty of
“ the day, which triumphing over the police, pro-
“ fanes the enchanting drama of the French. In
“ this imprudent play every actor is a vice: Bar-

“ tholo, is Avarice ; Almaviva, Seduction ; his
“ tender rib, Adultery ; Doublemain, Theft ; Mar-
“ celline, a Fury ; Basile, Calumny ; Fanchette,
“ Innocence on its way to Seduction ; Cherubin,
“ Libertinism ; Suzon, Craft ; as for the Figaro,
“ the droll so perfectly resembles his patron, that
“ the likeness makes one start ; in short, that all
“ the vices might be seen together, the pit in full
“ chorus called for the author.”

M. de Beaumarchais, far superior to a compliment of this nature, never once changed colour ; he even devised a mode of turning it to account, by converting it to the glory of his piece and of his personal character ; he mutilated a few verses of it, and more particularly the last, reprinted it, and on the day of its fourth representation, procured a number of printed copies to be thrown from the third tier of boxes into the pit ; he had taken the precaution to send there all his friends, to whom he had announced that on that day would be hatched the most frightful plot against his innocent work ; the epigram, altered to serve his turn, and supposed to have been thrown into the pit by his enemies, was immediately torn to pieces by the spectators, its author inquired for with loud cries, and condemned unanimously to the Bicêtre. This manœuvre, which certainly was original enough, and well worthy the own brother of Figaro, was executed some minutes before the curtain drew up, and brought the piece more plaudits than it had hitherto

received. The alteration made by M. Beaumarchais in the last verse, was with the happy design of irritating the pit against the author; *and that all the vices might be seen together, hired simpletons called for the author.*

All these little literary compliments do not prevent the *Marriage of Figaro* from meeting with the greatest success; indeed, to such a degree, that the author could not avoid saying, “*There is one thing yet more mad than my piece, and that is its success.*” Mademoiselle Arnoud foresaw it from the first;—*it is a work that will be condemned fifty evenings successively.* We are assured, that the king thought it would be more severely handled. He asked the Marquis de Montesquieu, who was setting off to see its first representation, *Well, what do you augur of its success?* Sire, I hope it will fall. *And I too,* said the king.

As M. the Privy Seal, continually inveighed against the representation of this comedy, the king said to him one day: *You will see that the Beaumarchais will enjoy more credit than M. the Privy Seal.*

May, 1784.

The Abbé Rousseau was a poor young man reduced to traverse from morning to evening every quarter of the city to instruct youth in geography. In love with one of his pupils, Mademoiselle Gromaire, as Abelard was with Heloise, and Saint-Preux

with Julia ; less fortunate, no doubt, than they, but probably in a way to be equally so ; with as much passion, but with a soul more honourable, more delicate, and more courageous, he appears to have immolated himself to the object of his passion. I subjoin what he wrote before shooting himself through the head, after having dined at a tavern, in the Palais-Royal, without discovering any sign of confusion, or estrangement of mind. The copy of these few lines was taken from the commissary and officers of police, who found it on the spot.

“ The inevitable contrast between the nobleness of my sentiments and the lowliness of my birth ; a love as violent as unsurmountable for an adorable young lady ; the fear of causing her dishonour ; the necessity of choosing between vice and death, all has determined me on abandoning life. I was born for virtue ; I was on the point of becoming criminal ; I have preferred death.”

Answer of M. de Beaumarchais to the Duke de Villequier, who requested him to lend his private box for the use of some ladies who wished to see Figaro without being themselves seen.

“ I have no consideration, M. le Duc, for women who permit themselves to see a spectacle which they consider immoral, provided they can see it in secret ; I will not countenance such fancies. My piece was written to amuse

not to instruct the public, not to give an opportunity for prudes to go and amuse themselves with it in a private box that they may abuse it in society. The pleasures of vice, and the honors of virtue, such is the prudery of the age. My piece is by no means an equivocal work, it is necessary to avow or to avoid it. I salute you, M. le Duc, and I retain my box."

Under this form the letter has circulated in Paris for the last week; at first it was said to be addressed to M. le Duc de Villequier, afterwards to M. le Duc d'Aumont. It has appeared in this form even at Versailles, where it has been condemned as a piece of supreme impertinence; it is considered so much the more insolent as the ladies of the Court had declared, that if they went to see *The marriage of Figaro*, it could only be in a private box; the most zealous defenders of M. de Beaumarchais have not dared to excuse this letter. After having enjoyed this new burst of celebrity, whether it was owing to his own ingenuity or to that of his enemies, M. de Beaumarchais has been compelled publicly to announce that this famous letter never was written by him to any duke or peer, but to one of his friends in the first heat of a trifling misunderstanding. It has since been discovered in fact, that this friend was M. du Paty, President of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, who had requested him to lend a latticed box for Madame P——, and for the young ladies their daughters.

Tales of the Castle, or a System of Morality for the Use of Children, by the Author of Adelaide and Theodore. Three volumes octavo.

This is already the fourteenth or fifteenth volume that Madame de Genlis has consecrated to the same end, nor is she yet arrived at the termination of her labours. In this last work she again makes promise of more that are to follow it ; among others a *Course of Literature for the Use of young People*, where we shall only find *clear and precise notions, just ideas, and a general acquaintance with French, English, Italian, and Spanish literature.* It had been difficult without doubt to have justified more fully the following device, which she chose in enrolling herself among the class of the *persevering* ; this device was a lamp, with these words for a motto : *let me consume, if I but enlighten others !*

The *Tales of the Castle* are particularly designed for the instruction of children of ten or twelve years of age. The author however ventures to flatter herself that if we compare this book with those which have been written for the age of five years, it will appear infinitely more adapted to infancy than the dialogues (although very interesting) which profess to be expressly written for the epoch of from five to six, or from six to seven years : “ not books, but the real conversations of a good mother and an amiable governess,—these are the sort of dialogues which alone can be useful to a child in the early periods of infancy.” But the *Conversations of Emilia*,

which the author appears here to have in view, do not enter into this minute distinction of the first epoch of youth. We observe there only three principal epochs; the first, it tells us, finishes at the age of ten years, the second, at fourteen or fifteen; the third must be regarded as continuing till arrived at the period of settling in life.

These divisions, these measures, these calculations admit of more or less exactitude; but however desirous we may be to write solely for the instruction of youth, we must not for a moment forget that the readers whose judgments are already formed, are those whose suffrages it is of the most importance to obtain, and if we do not succeed in amusing them, it is not for want of a desire to do so.

The new system of morality is mingled with conversations and tales. "Conversations, (it is justly observed) without events are too dull. Detached tales without interruption, without conversation have not sufficient entertainment for youth."

"I have not (the author adds) arranged in a careless and desultory manner the tales which form this little collection. Before I thought of romance, that is to say, of events, of situations, I had prepared a plan of ideas in the order in which they ought to be presented, for gradually enlightening the mind and elevating the soul," &c. We are obliged with all humility to confess that this plan of ideas, this chain of reasoning disposed in such a correct gradation entirely es-

escaped our observation ; we find it impossible therefore to save our readers the trouble of seeking these things out for themselves.

If the systematic order of the *Tales of the Castle* is not easy to be discovered, the instruction and interest which they contain are not less felt, or less appreciated ; this kind of work does not require more method than that pursued by the author ; those who only read it by detached pieces, will not be less contented than those who read it through. They will find in the tale of *The Brazier*, or *Reciprocal Gratitude*, traits of a sensibility truly heroic, though a little romantic. In that of *The Solitary Family of Normandy*, a most affecting picture, which is only the simple and faithful recital of the good action of a princess (Madame la Duchesse de Chartres), whose goodness made her generally beloved ; In *Pamela*, or *The Happy Adoption*, a character of the most amiable ingenuousness, and many infinitely tender scenes ; in *Delphine*, and in *Indolence Corrected*, a little that is tiresome, but examples and lessons useful to youth. Among the number of singularities and of observations equally useful and curious which are crowded into the tale of *Alphonso*, we cannot fail to remark the eulogy upon the wisdom of the Hottentots whose virtues it appears natural to attribute to a custom established amongst them of leaving *the care of youth* entirely in the hands of mothers, until the age of eighteen years. In fact, can the education of a young man

be completed before this epoch ? is it even desirable that it should be ? after endeavouring to inspire her pupils with a love of beneficence, of justice and of humanity, Madame de Genlis has not feared to give them a little instruction upon the manner of revenging themselves on those against whom they have cause of complaint ; this is the object of the tale, entitled, *The Two Reputations*. We find here an exact portrait of the state of our literature, and it is an answer to the judgment of the French Academy, which had the arrogance to give to the *Conversations of Emilia*, the prize they owed to the romance of *Adèle et Théodore* ; this answer, indeed, is extremely indirect ; but it is impossible to mistake the sentiment which dictated it. The iniquity of this judgment, has irritated Madame de Genlis not only against the Academy, but against all who style themselves philosophers, and against philosophy itself. The names of Voltaire and of Fontenelle have shared the indignation merited by M. d'Alembert and his party. If the framework of this tale is uninteresting it contains at least pictures and judgments sufficiently new. It is there decided, *that the genius of Voltaire dazzles, but has no solidity ; that his fugitive pieces are inferior to the Chartreuse, which is not one of them : that he has so little wit, that where he wishes to be entertaining without wounding religion or morals, he produces nothing but what is flat and stupid ; that he writes history, a romance, or a letter, all in the same*

style. . . ; that the history of the oracles of Fontenelle is a book as tiresome as it is badly written ; that the moral tales of M. Marmontel present nothing but exaggerated pictures, that they abound too much in examples of bad morals and bad style ; that M. Gaillard is the first writer of our day ; that women are very capable of writing tragedies, because Madame Deshouliers has written Genseric, and Mademoiselle Bernard, Brutus. Without all these reasonings, (she adds.) I could easily prove a woman to possess this rare and sublime talent, were it permitted me to add one name more to those already cited. This name is easily supplied ; it is that of Madame de Montesson, and we cannot doubt but that she herself guessed as much, on being informed that she settled a dowry of five hundred thousand francs on the daughter of Madame de Genlis, when she contracted her in marriage to M. de Valence, etc. All the anecdotes by which the character of d'Amoville is distinguished, appear selected with the most marked affection from the literary life of M. de la Harpe, and this has hushed up the reports which gave occasion very unfoundedly for this celebrated scholar to be of suspected having shared in the writings and in the favours of Madame de Genlis.

Whatever may be our opinion on the different parts of this work, we cannot help acknowledging it to be in general the production of an easy and amiable mind. It leaves no lasting impressions ; when once we have read it we are little inclined to

re-peruse it; but with a paucity of ideas, of invention, and of images, there is a natural grace in the style which attracts and leads you on without effort. If the opinions of the author are at times revolting to the most indulgent criticism, her manner of expressing them seldom offends good taste, and is at times agreeable. If her pencil be deficient in warmth and energy, it is possessed of elegance and simplicity, and at times of a certain truth and nature which we cannot fail to admire. If Madame de Genlis is not intimately acquainted with the hidden springs of nature and of the passions, she is at least intimate with the little interests which actuate society; she has faithfully portrayed the forms and usages of the passing scene, and more than all she has caught the fleeting colours of those modes, of those opinions, and of those caprices which we are pleased to call the manners of the age.

June, 1784.

The public sitting held on the 5th of June at the French Academy, for the reception of the Marquis de Montesquieu, elected in the place of M. de Coetlosquet, preceptor to the Royal Family, and formerly bishop of Limoges, is a day of glory whose epoch will reflect eternal honor on our literature. The presence of the Count de Haga had collected in this temple of learning the most numerous and brilliant auditory. Men were anxious to enjoy the pleasure of seeing a King, whose name

a great revolution will render celebrated for ever, assist at a public assembly of a body instituted for the purpose of cultivating and doing honor to talents such as those by which at an early age he consolidated his own glory and the happiness of his subjects ; for it may be truly said that the eloquence of this worthy successor of Vasa had no less share in one of the most memorable events of our age, than his courage and the power of his genius. His partiality for our literature had already conducted him, when prince royal, into this sanctuary of letters ; but he could not receive, in a private assembly of the Academy, that testimony of esteem and respect which the numerous spectators, drawn together by his presence at this public sitting, offered to his feelings. From the eager applauses with which the Count de Haga was greeted on his first appearance in the tribune allotted to him, and the still more eager testimonies paid him when the two orators complimented him indirectly, this audience, become the organ of the whole nation, seemed to present the homage of all France to a King the friend of their own, who governs a country our most ancient ally, and who seems to draw the two nations yet more closely together by his taste for our arts, our language, and our literature. The joy inspired by the presence of his Swedish Majesty in all those who assisted at this interesting sitting, must have deceived him into a belief that he had been transported to Stockholm ; and if these people are considered by the rest of Europe as the French of the

North, the testimonies of our affection for his person on this ever memorable day, must have more than ever convinced him that the French are the Swedes of the South.

The little *éclat* attached to the very long life of the ancient Bishop of Limoges offered few resources to the talents of the newly elected candidate, condemned, according to custom, to make the eulogy of the academician whom he replaces ; the discourse of M. le Marquis de Montesquieu appeared in general more correct than elegant, and written with more discretion than delicacy of thought, but there reigned in it great purity of taste ; and is not this title sufficient to justify the admission of a courtier into this first of our literary societies ? He complimented the Bishop of Limoges less for his personal qualities, than upon the importance of the charge which had been entrusted to him in the education of our princes. The passage which defines the moment when it is necessary to chuse an instructor for a prince destined to reign, and the influence of this choice upon the fate of a whole nation, is the best conceived and best written passage in the whole discourse. It is that, also, which was the most applauded.

The orator represents to us the good Bishop of Limoges, torn from the pastoral charge in which Providence had wisely placed him, to fulfil, towards three princes successors to the throne, the station which a mighty empress wished to confer upon one of the greatest philosophers of the age, as the best

means of assuring a happy destiny to one of the most extensive empires in the world.

“ We then beheld the bright spectacle of public virtue alluring private merit from its retirement, and forcing it to come and purify with its hallowed influence the air which young and noble princes were to breathe.

“ What an awful moment to a philosophical observer, is that when a young prince, destined to fill the throne, is consigned into those hands which will improve or corrupt the work of nature ! Will they to whom this sacred task is confided be insensible to the hopes of avarice ? will they, without shrinking from their awful duties, feel them in their full extent ? will they possess either the energy of character which surmounts the obstacles inseparable from their great functions, or the persuasive virtue which softens them from the respect which it inspires ? Should the admiration conferred by the multitude on those rare qualities which captivate men, set the mind of a philosopher at rest upon the danger of the great passions which too often accompany them ? Can we hope that the love of celebrity will be ever subservient to the slow means of acquiring solid glory ? Will ambition never sacrifice sacred duties to the culpable desire of secretly paving the way for the success of its own views ? Will a whole age, in short, will three generations of twenty millions of men owe their blessings or their maledictions to him who is about to become

“ in some sort the arbiter of their fate ? This fate an
“ instant may decide ; and it is at this instant that
“ intrigue, under the veil of public interest, has so
“ often found the means of misleading the best in-
“ tentions.”

The result of the education consigned to the care of the ancient Bishop of Limoges leads naturally to the eulogy of the King, and of the princes his brothers.

“ The example of his august pupils is more
“ eloquent, in fact, than I can describe. Behold
“ them each passing through the stormy age of the
“ passions : the one reigning on one of the first
“ thrones of the universe, the two others on the
“ first step of this throne, without any passions
“ which could alarm the nation, unless at the mo-
“ ment when the younger of the three, retracing
“ to us the time of ancient chivalry, went in search
“ of danger, and supported the honour of the
“ French name at the extremities of Europe. Ob-
“ serve the difference of their characters, and the
“ unity of their virtues. Consider the affect-
“ ing picture of their unalterable union, see in the
“ firm principles of duty the first effect of virtue ;
“ observe on one side the moderation of power, on
“ the other the example of a devotion and grati-
“ tude, as respectful as tender, towards the Bishop
“ of Limoges, not for what he had taught them,
“ for virtue cannot be taught, but for what he had
“ inspired, and made them love. And, thanks to
“ his memory, we are enabled to oppose to the

“ eternal declamations on the contagion of vice this
“ great example of the communication of virtue.”

The auditory applauded truths acknowledged by all the world; but we are a little inclined to doubt whether the active youth of M. le Comte d'Artois had, like that of his brothers, *passed the stormy age of the passions without alarming the nation by yielding to their influence.* And even were it true, notwithstanding the assertion of the flattering orator, that this amiable prince had paid to nature the tribute which youth and the warmth of a brilliant and decided character too often devote to her, *the nation ought not to be alarmed,* since it has seen this young hero tear himself from the pleasures which surrounded him, to expose his person to the dangers of a grand military operation, and give by his presence a yet greater interest to a siege which rivetted at that time the notice of all Europe.

The eulogy of the King of Sweden, which concluded the discourse of M. de Montesquieu, lost its effect, because it was equally applicable to all princes whom *the love of public good has inspired to quit the walls of their palaces, to traverse countries where the pride of their rank is only sustained by the reputation which has gone before them.*

M. Suard, in the capacity of a director, replied to M. de Montesquieu, by a speech best adapted to the circumstances. He represented the extreme utility of the lustre shed by men of rank over the *belles-lettres*, the advantages which result from

their associating with men who cultivate them by profession, in determining and fixing a language which owes its grace and its clearness to the great sociability of the nation, and to the reciprocal communication of men of the world with men of letters. M. Suard displayed, in his discourse, good sense, philosophy without pretension, a number of new, sound and curious ideas, uniformly embellished with a natural and easy style. This reply obtained a success not common to these sort of discourses, which usually offer nothing but a tiresome repetition of eulogies, easily effaced by those which they precede.

M. Suard had the talent to add to the eulogiums bestowed upon the Bishop of Limoges; he praised him for a virtue rare and difficult to be preserved in courts, namely, his moderation, which was always inaccessible to intrigue and to the magic of ambition. He had the address, in giving an account of the last moments of a prelate *who had for some time survived his reason*, to excite an interest the most gentle, and the most consoling to humanity, in a casualty which seems to hurt him in our eyes, in despoiling him of the best inheritance he had received from heaven, and in leaving him scarcely the consciousness of existence.

“ At length,” says our orator, “ his long career ended in a death as tranquil as his life: he was prepared for it by this decay of his intellect and of his organs, which we are too apt to

“ regard as a misfortune and a degradation to hu-
“ manity. Is it not rather a blessing that nature,
“ in withdrawing us from the life to which she
“ called us, seems to imitate, if I may so express
“ it, the tender precaution of human justice, which
“ covers with a bandage the eyes of its victims, to
“ hide from them the moment that is to termi-
“ nate their existence ?”

The dignity, the religious style with which M. Suard spoke in full academy of this prelate, who was only distinguished for his episcopal virtues, is one of the greatest proofs of the progress of true philosophy ; it teaches us to respect and to celebrate those virtues which are most useful to society, and the Bishop of Limoges was never more justly praised in the pulpit of his own cathedral. We are informed that this triumph of sound reason over intolerance would not have been so complete, if the Marquis de Paulmy, chancellor to the academy, and, in virtue of this title, censor of the discourses of his brethren, had not obliged M. Suard to omit a phrase alluding to times which at this day it is wisdom and policy to consign to oblivion.

The eulogy of the newly elected candidate followed that of the academician to whom he succeeded. Nothing could be better felt, or more finely expressed, than the view which M. Suard took of the different kinds of literature, which he complimented M. de Montesquieu for having attempted in the

silence of his leisure hours : *devoted up to that time to the amusement of his friends, these essays had the singular merit of surviving the circumstances which gave birth to them.*

After speaking of the letters, the tales, the songs of M. de Montesquieu, M. Suard took occasion, in speaking of his comedies, to attack with as much address as courage, the style and success of the comedy, entitled *The Marriage of Figaro*. Three bursts of universal applause attended the reading of this passage ; though dealt by the same hands which lavish them even to this day, with an enthusiasm like that which we have witnessed at the thirtieth representation of this comedy, these applauses have not been the less consecrated to the good taste which has passed censure on it. We ought here to transcribe a tirade which contributed not a little to the general success of the discourse of M. Suard.

“ Taste for true comedy appears to be departing daily more and more from this theatre, which however offer many models of it. Molière composed his comedies from observation of the world ; the greater number of modern poets paint the world from comedies. Neither the incidents, the manners, nor the language of their pieces, recal the image of the society in which we live ; we take for *bon ton* a certain mannerism, often unintelligible, which has no other model than that drawn from novels ;

“ others pretend to imitate Molière in offering
“ to us with great waste of labour, complicated
“ intrigues, which were the first essays of ge-
“ nius in the infancy of the art, but which at
“ this day only prove its defects. May we not be
“ allowed to fear, since this abuse is always increas-
“ ing, that, we shall one day see the national
“ theatre vilified by base and corrupt pictures of
“ morals, which will not have even the merit of
“ truth ; where vice without shame, and satire
“ without circumspection, will only interest from
“ their licentiousness, and where success, degrading
“ the art by wounding public virtue, will rob our
“ theatre of the glory of being the school of good
“ morals and good taste for all Europe?”

The passage where M. Suard^{*} developes the influence, which the union of men of the world with men of letters has upon language, in order to shew how much this alliance serves to fix the principles of a language, and to maintain good taste, is not susceptible of analysis : we shall feel a pleasure in copying it entirely.

“ The progress of taste goes hand in hand
“ with that of language, and language like all
“ other human things, is in continual fluctuation,
“ tending either to perfection or to corruption.

“ In a nation where there reigns a constant
“ intercourse between the two sexes, between people
“ of all conditions and of various talents ; where the
“ first object is amusement, the first merit that of

“ pleasing ; where interests, pretensions, opinions
“ the most contrary are continually clashing one
“ with another, it is as necessary continually to
“ restrain the emotions of the mind, as the ges-
“ tures of the body, and to observe the countenances
“ of those before whom we speak, in order to re-
“ press every thing in the expression of our own
“ sentiments or thoughts, that might shock their
“ prejudices or wound their self-love.

“ From hence arises that style of treating
“ familiar subjects with elevation, and important
“ subjects with simplicity ; from hence that nice
“ observance of propriety ; from hence the discri-
“ mination observed in the respect we pay to sex,
“ to rank, to age, to dignity and personal distinc-
“ tion.

“ Men of science and of learning have obliged
“ the world by imparting to it their knowledge
“ and discoveries ; and the world in return has
“ contributed to bring their talents to perfection.
“ Subtile discussion on subjects of taste, and on the
“ discoveries made by science, have now become
“ the topics of conversation, and, in order to impart
“ their ideas to frivolous minds which revolt from
“ the labour of study, the learned have been com-
“ pelled to compose as it were a new language, in
“ which grace is united to clearness and precision.

“ From these concurring efforts we should
“ expect a language to result, simple in its forms
“ and precise in its expressions ; more varied than

“ impassioned ; expressing with neatness all that
“ the mind beholds abstractedly, united with the
“ greatest delicacy of sentiment, and all those fugi-
“ tive graces to which society gives birth. By an
“ affinity which at first sight is surprising, this lan-
“ guage is at one and the same time the language of
“ gallantry and of philosophy ; it is indebted mere-
“ ly to its own intrinsic merit for that almost uni-
“ versal empire which the Romans vainly attempt-
“ ed to procure for theirs by prescribing the use of
“ it to conquered nations.

“ All things lose in force what they acquire in
“ elegance, and languages especially. They lose a
“ greater number of ancient words than are sup-
“ plied by the new ones introduced into their
“ vocabulary, and only become rich in circumlo-
“ cutions.

“ Many words employed by Virgil had already
“ grown old in the time of Seneca. The lan-
“ guage of Racine would in like manner grow old,
“ and would perhaps soon be corrupted, were it
“ not for an institution unknown to the Romans
“ that watches over its riches and purity. This
“ deposit is entrusted to the French academy.

“ Languages, like laws, should be constantly
“ recalled to the principles whence they emanate.
“ Ours is indebted to its works of genius for its
“ force and abundance ; it owes a part of its graces
“ to the social disposition of the nation ; but it is
“ to the reciprocal communication between men of

“ the world and men of letters that it owes its
“ true character, and it is to their association
“ alone that the duration of these advantages
“ must be attributed.

“ It is doubtless the province of good writers
“ to maintain by their works the purity of the
“ language and to defend good taste against the in-
“ novations of others who would be original if they
“ had the genius to be so ; who mistake a forced
“ assemblage of incoherent figures for imagination,
“ and who fancy themselves the inventors of a
“ style when they hunt after obsolete and unusual
“ words, the use of which is puerile unless it arises
“ from necessity, in order to explain a new com-
“ bination of ideas.

“ It is the province of men in high life, whose
“ minds are enlightened by study and reflexion,
“ who know the principles, and who cultivate the
“ art of writing the language, to prevent, in the
“ sphere in which they live, the outrages to which
“ our language is exposed from frivolity, from ig-
“ norance, or from vain affectation.

“ Men of letters may have a more profound
“ knowledge of the principles of written language ;
“ men of the world are possessed of a feeling in
“ familiar language which learning can never sup-
“ ply. It is their part to distinguish, in the em-
“ ployment of certain expressions, that which is
“ usual from that which is fashionable, and the
“ language of the court from the jargon of private

“ *coteries* ; to fix the limits of that *bon ton* so
 “ commendable, so indefinite, which belongs not to
 “ wit, and without which a man of wit runs the
 “ risk of incurring ridicule ; which is not good
 “ taste, for good taste has principles more deter-
 “ mined and a more extended influence ; which
 “ embellishes wit and taste in the world, but which
 “ would clip the wings of talent, if it condescend-
 “ ed to submit the works of imagination and of
 “ genius to laws too fugitive and variable.”

* * * * *

M. de la Harpe afterwards read the second canto of his *Poem on Women* ; in this canto he celebrates their taste and aptitude for elegant pursuits. He there imagines that Venus,* wishing to detain Adonis near her person, who frequently leaves her for the pleasures of the chace, quits Cytherea, and flying to Parnassus implores the gifts of the nine sisters. This mythological allegory did not appear sufficiently original, and the transition which prepares it, seemed rather sudden and obtrusive. It appears however that the manner in which M. de la Harpe has conceived the fable of the second canto, was suggested for the purpose of lavishing on it that abundance and variety of images, the very soul and brightest ornament of poesy ; but colouring is

* When this Poem was commenced, M. de la Harpe was attached to the court of Madame de G. If she was Venus, need we add that Adonis was M. le Duc de Chartres ?

wanting to give effect to the picture; to give it animation it has need of that vivid imagination, ardent, sensible, stored with ideas, yet richer in expression, which gives form and motion to all that it conceives, which embellishes all that it touches, which animates with the divine breath of life all the objects that it describes, which surrounds them continually and artfully with a light and lively mist, and showers on them with full hands the variegated tufts of the most brilliant flowers; it is with this sentiment of poesy, a heavenly gift which belongs as much to sensibility of soul as to the fire of imagination, that it is proper to sing the arts, and the arts cultivated by the hand of the graces and embellishing beauty herself.

* * * * *

Such however is the fatality attached to the labour of this painter, that we have only been presented with grand actions recounted without enthusiasm, and an insignificant outline of the features which marked the greatest character of the age. This is the first instance that we have noticed in which verses recited after a speech in prose fell, couplet by couplet, from the lips of the poet, without obtaining the smallest tribute of applause. It is true the coldness with which the almost prosaic commencement of this canto was received, deprived M. de la Harpe of that talent which he possesses in a superior degree, of reading verses, and

more particularly his own verses : his self-love put to the torture appeared to have smothered his faculties, and his throat compressed by the re-action of humbled pride, as it advanced could only utter certain hoarse and inarticulate sounds which the sentiment of a silence, increasing in proportion to the progress of the poet in his reading, gradually stifled ; many fine verses were not even heard ; for which reason Madame P....., an old friend of M. de la Harpe, accosted him after the sitting, and with an indulgent frankness endeavoured to console him : *what was the matter, Sir, that you recited so ill to day ? how could you give the death blow to the finest verses in the world ?*

The national pride of the spectators could not but be wounded, in a meeting no less solemn than flattering for their country, at the absence of the only poet whose reading would have made the most lasting impression upon the Count de Haga ; but it was consoled for the success of this little intrigue, under favour of which the secretary of the academy had procured the absence of the Abbé Delille who had offered his services, for the purpose of substituting M. de la Harpe who affected not to desire it.

The Duke de Nivernois read, after M. de la Harpe, several of his fables, whose simple plot, natural and easy dialogue, and style analogous to this kind of poesy, present the most useful and amiable moral. The Count de Haga appeared

to be deeply interested in the reading ; the public, who read this sentiment in his eyes, took the liberty of calling for another fable with a loud voice ; the Duke de Nivernois read eight ; chance directed him to those, which, by honoring the character of the stranger before whom they were read, announce that he offers in his own person a model of those virtues which their moral inculcates on sovereigns.

The Count de Haga retired, after the sitting, to the private chamber of the Academicians, where the portraits of all those who have composed the Academy from its foundation to this day are suspended, together with the portraits of those great princes who have honoured it with their presence. The Count de Haga there saw his own by the side of the famous Queen Christina. He addressed all the Academicians who had assisted at this meeting ; he singled out all those who composed the Academy at the time of his first arrival ; hardly was there one to whom he did not say something flattering and polite on the subject of his works ; the most delicate manner by which a sovereign can praise men of letters. He enquired for Mr. Suard, and received him with a most affable and obliging air ; he was even seen to whisper something in his ear. What the Count de Haga said to this Academician is pretty well known ; the most secret words of Kings are never thrown away ; the very air which hears them in silence would be

enough to spread them abroad, even if those to whom they deigned to address them, did not confide them at times to their friends with the reserve of a respectful mystery. The Count de Haga wished to make M. Suard sensible that his indirect critique of the *Marriage of Figaro* had not escaped his notice : he said to him : *you do not hit gently, Sir, your blows pass for something.*—M. le Count will allow me to have the appearance of not understanding to what he alludes—*I understand you ; but I have not applauded that part of your discourse that I might not be deprived of the pleasure of seeing that comedy once more.*

Thus terminated a sitting which appeared to amuse a great King, and which those will never forget who had the happiness to see him honour by his presence the sanctuary of French literature.

The Works of Valentin Jamerai Duval, prefaced by Memoirs of his Life. Two Volumes in-8vo. with Plates. At St. Petersburg, 1784.

The most interesting and curious of all the works of M. Duval, is doubtless himself. It is well-known that for a long time he had no other instructors than his instinct and natural curiosity ; that he lived to the age of twenty-two, in the forests, employed as a herdsman to the monks of St. Anne near Luneville ; and in that solitude, left to himself, devoted to the most menial labours,

he yet acquired a taste for reading, and made an uncommon progress in geography, history, and heraldry. One day when sitting at the foot of a tree, surrounded by maps, he was perceived by the suite of the young princes of Lorraine, who asking him some questions, he inspired by his answers no less interest than surprise. Having obtained from the patronage of Duke Leopold the necessary succour to pursue and finish his studies, he had afterwards the honor of being attached to Duke Francis, who, on being elected Emperor, appointed him director of the imperial library and cabinet of medals at Vienna.

The memoir of M. de Koch on the life of Duval which is at the beginning of the first volume of the collection that we have the honor of announcing to you, is written with an affecting simplicity, and contains many curious anecdotes because they paint to the life the character and disposition of the hermit, who, when transported into the midst of a brilliant court, did not the less preserve under manners softened by an intercourse with the world, the primitive frankness, and, if I may so express myself, the primitive wildness of his manners: I will only instance one example. Having left the Emperor one day very hastily, without waiting to be dismissed; whither are you going? said that prince to him.—*To hear Gabrielli sing, Sire.* — But she sings miserably. — *I entreat your Majesty to say that in a low voice.*

—Why should I not say it loud?—*Because it is important for your Majesty to be believed by all the world, and if you say so, no one will believe you.*

There is something very natural in the history of the fortuitous and mechanical devotion which gained upon M. Duval at the hermitage of La Rochette, near the mountains of the Vosges; in the detail of his first studies at the hermitage of St. Anne, and particularly, in the description of the happiness which he enjoyed upon an oak in the forest which he had converted into a conservatory. The kind of battle which it was necessary to sustain against the religious inhabitants of St. Anne, who endeavoured to burn his maps and his books, and whom he very respectfully drove away to their own residence, as also the capitulation which followed this little warfare, present scenes that are truly original. The memoir in which he gives an account of the extreme agitation which the Opera of Isis, represented at Paris 1718, excited in him, forms an amusing contrast to that letter in which Saint-Preux pours forth so much bitterness and contempt on all the enchantments of this wonderful spectacle.

September, 1784.

At a sitting of the French Academy, on the festival of *Saint Louis*, M. Garat recited his eulogy of Fontenelle, which obtained the prize of eloquence. Forbearing to enter here upon a complete analysis

of the eulogy, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of submitting to our readers the following extract from it.

“ States defended by new ramparts ; seas covered by vessels that were unknown to them ;
“ the principles of war, and the power of empires,
“ thus changed at once by land and sea ; the Ocean
“ and the Mediterranean fathomed in all their depths,
“ and hidden rocks, on which navigators were formerly wrecked, marked out with precision as
“ stones to direct the traveller on his way ; springs
“ concealed in the sides of rocks bursting from
“ their hidden beds, and conducted by the art of
“ man to water cities, which had never been refreshed but by torrents from Heaven ; every kingdom
“ intersected by canals, by those rivers of which
“ man is the God, whose urn he holds, which he inclines, raises, diverts at will, as agriculture and
“ commerce require him to arrest or pour their
“ streams ; workshops, manufactures, cities, the
“ country covered from one end of Europe to the
“ other with new machines which man seems to
“ have animated with his intelligence, which execute with regularity and promptitude all the
“ labours imposed upon them, and are, if I may
“ so express it, slaves created by his genius ; the
“ vegetable tribes of all the universe collected
“ together in gardens where the temperature of
“ every climate is prepared to receive them ; our
“ fields shaded by trees, enriched with fruits and

“ flowers which nature had never sown ; that art
“ which watches over our days changed among
“ all the nations, and the lives of a hundred millions
“ of men who people Europe, entrusted to new
“ instruments and new remedies ; immense cities,
“ in which the human race are collected and press
“ upon each other with all their wants, and all their
“ passions, kept in peace, in harmony, and in abundance by new regulations the concealed springs
“ of which act in silence like those of the physical
“ world ; a new empire raising its head from the
“ midst of the ices and forests of the North, adorned,
“ at the very day of its birth, with all the arts and
“ all the discoveries which genius and whole ages
“ have brought to maturity under more happy
“ climates ; the globe on which man dwells ; man
“ himself, his might, his intelligence, his wants,
“ his pleasures, all is changed from one end of the
“ world to the other ; fifty men, in less than half
“ a century, have wrought these revolutions ; never
“ was it more clearly proved, that the greatest of
“ all power is thought ; never was the beneficence
“ of this power more generally felt and acknowledged.

“ The union of historical eulogies of a small
“ number of men is perhaps the only picture which
“ modern history can oppose to the wonders of
“ ancient ; all those wonders which legislation,
“ united to the fine arts, worked in antiquity, that
“ empire which it exercised over nature herself by

“ bending her to the wants of the people ; those
“ men, so simple and so sublime, so poor and so
“ happy ; all those phenomena are partly re-pro-
“ duced among the moderns by the sciences ; we
“ are compelled to say, that great souls, and great
“ geniuses, diverted from the high functions of
“ society by the form of our governments, have
“ directed all their powers to the scrutiny of nature,
“ and that the power of the human mind, which
“ cannot lie dormant, which among the antients
“ displayed itself in the arts and legislation, has
“ passed among the moderns into the sciences.”

Had the eulogy of M. Garat possessed more faults than those of which it is accused, should not the above extract secure to it the prize ?

What our panegyrist says of the moral character of Fontenelle, does not offer so many interesting details as we might desire ; but the following reflection on that subject appears to us very correct and affecting. “ Even the generosity of the phi-
“ losopher, says he, caught the character of his
“ soul ; when made the confident of wants or mis-
“ fortunes, he listened attentively, but appeared nei-
“ ther moved nor troubled.... one would say, that
“ having perceived with a general view all the ills
“ which are the lot of humanity, no misfortune in
“ particular could much surprize or affect him ;
“ that from the first view which he had of the
“ human race, his soul was for ever open to bene-
“ ficence, and waited not till pity should penetrate

“ by wounding it ; so much generosity did not appear to him even like a virtue, it seemed but as a debt which he paid to misfortune : this was due, he used to say, when he could not prevent the discovery of his benefits, too numerous to be long concealed. Hatred, which cannot be affected by any thing has pronounced that these virtues were not the offspring of a sensible heart. Well, then ! I will no longer argue to prove, that sensibility was their principle ; but what will the enemies of Fontenelle and of philosophy gain, if souls affectionate and tender cannot hear the recital, without being moved and melted ? ”

All the latter part of M. Garat's discourse was frequently interrupted by the most lively and universal applauses. This academical sitting remarkable for the interest of the works recited, was yet more so for the presence of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to the Great Frederic, who travels under the name of the Count de Oels who honored it with the most flattering attention, but who received only that mute homage of public enthusiasm which follows him in every place where he appears.

Are there any events sufficiently interesting to plead our excuse, for having so long delayed to speak of the irreparable loss with which the Royal Academy of Music was threatened at the end of last year ? The younger Vestris had returned from London with a sprain in the right foot, which,

without preventing him from walking, made it impossible to dance, or at least to dance with that grace, vigour, and precision which leave his rivals so far behind him. The last time that the Comte de Haga was at the Opera, in the Queen's box, her Majesty, desirous that the august traveller should have the pleasure of seeing yet before his departure, one of the most uncommon talents of this theatre, sent word to young Vestris that she entreated him to dance as well as he could, if it were only a single *entrée*; the Queen had been informed that he had rehearsed on that very morning, but it was not added that the rehearsal had augmented his malady. Whether his answers went beyond the bounds of stupid arrogance and impertinence allowable to a dancer, or whether the envy and malignity of his companions had exaggerated them, they gave such offence to the Baron de Breteuil, that this minister thought proper to send the Sieur Vestris to the *Hôtel de la Force*, until he should be in a state to appear again and to expiate his fault. At this news, what reports, what divisions took place at Paris! all the world believed themselves compelled to side with Vestris or the Court; but nothing can be compared with the consternation of the whole house of Vestris. *Alas!* said the god of dancing, with a heart wounded, and tears in his eyes, *this is the first squabble of our house with the family of the Bourbons!* To hear the public, or if I may be permitted to speak

in a style less elevated though with more truth, to hear our simpletons of Paris, we should think the honour of the whole nation compromised; forgetful of the distance between the first of dancers, and the lowest step of the throne, some had the folly to say that the young man had disobeyed the orders of the Queen, and deserved to be driven from the theatre and the kingdom. On the other side, the Vestris complained of injustice and calumny; the son declares if they do not restore him to liberty, or if they persist in demanding an ignominious apology, he will never appear again on the boards of the theatre; the father threatens to quit France with all his august house; pamphlets, sarcasms, caricatures pour down on all sides; at last after having seen the greatest powers of the world take part in this illustrious quarrel, the Queen herself had the goodness to allay the storm, to engage the Baron de Breteuil to take no further notice of the matter, and to restore this wild youth to liberty, who had in fact committed no other offence than that of refusing to present himself to the notice of the Comte de Haga, without a certainty of justifying the opinion which he had received of his superior talent.

The day on which he re-appeared for the first time, is a day for ever memorable in the annals of the Opera; never was an assembly more numerous or more agitated; all was trouble, confusion, and civil war. At the moment when he entered on the

scene with Mademoiselle Guimard, a moment waited for with all the agony of impatience, some applauded, others hissed and cried like madmen, *on your knees! on your knees!* In vain they had chosen for this *pas de deux* the affecting air of *monseigneur, voyez mes larmes!* and a pantonime analogous to the character of the air, the noise of the two parties was so overpowering that even the orchestra could not be heard. Our young man alone lost neither his presence of mind, nor his time, and never did he dance more divinely; orders had been given to the guard to permit the pit to make all the noise it thought proper, but to hinder blows from passing; the animosity of the two parties was however too lively to abstain from that extremity; the serjeant perceiving that, when oranges failed, they began to throw stones on the theatre, and that a number of champions in this noble quarrel seized each other by the hair, introduced his grenadiers into the centre of the pit, and the example of a few prisoners taken to the guard-house, soon re-established order.

The second time that young Vestris re-appeared, the Count d'Oels honored the spectacle with his presence. The scene was far more tranquil, and that day may be considered as the epoch of his reconciliation with the public, or rather with his brother dancers, who discovered that they should not be on the strongest side.

The Follies of a Day, or the Marriage of Figaro.

This comedy, famous even before it was acted, has just added to its many other titles of celebrity, the unheard of honour of attaining without interruption to its fiftieth representation.*

We do not scruple to say, that during this time the celebrated author of that celebrated comedy did not so much enjoy the success of his work, as the glory of having brought it forward in opposition to all the world, and, if I may so say, by the mere authority of his character, and his intrigues. We cannot suspect even M. de Beaumarchais of having foreseen that his comedy would not only produce a new æra in the history of our theatre, but also in the no less curious history of our fancies and entertainments.

This comedy has reached its sixty-first representation. M. de Beaumarchais, who has not yet thought it politic to publish it, and whom we have heard say, *that from his respect for the zeal of the actors he did not wish to put the printed work in opposition with that which was performed*, is preparing to prove, in a preface worthy of himself, that no comedy was ever written in which decency was more scrupulously guarded, and from which an impres-

* The *Timocrate* of Thomas Corneille was represented eighty times in succession, in 1656; but the receipts of these eighty representations could not be compared with those of forty representations of the *Marriage of Figaro*.

sion more favourable to good morals could be deduced. This paradox, which is curious enough to support, redounds infinitely to the capacity and ways and means of M. de Beaumarchais. After having endeavoured to represent the *Marriage of Figaro* as a comedy that breathes the purest morality, it only remained to convert it into a work of piety, and this he has done with the greatest imaginable success.

On perceiving that this piece bade fair to reach its fiftieth representation, he hastened to announce in the *Journal de Paris* that he destined the product of his part, as author, to a work of charity the most useful and interesting. Some days after he informed the public, by the same channel, that an individual who had just then attained by his credit a lucrative post, conceived that he could not more worthily express his gratitude than by putting into his hands five hundred louis, to be added to the sums which he destined to the enterprise he had announced. He invites all men in place, commissioned to distribute favours, to bring this kind of acknowledgment into vogue, and to require it of all those to whom they had done any favour. This work of beneficence has at length been made known, by announcing the fiftieth representation of *the Marriage of Figaro*, for the benefit of foster-mothers, to whom the whole produce has been consecrated, both by the players and the author. We are informed that M. de Beaumar-

chais would not have confined himself to a notice so simple and modest, if the police had been inclined to permit him to publish in the *Journal de Paris* a letter, in which he put no restraint on his strictures, both on the censors of his work, and even on the administration itself; the Lieutenant-General of Police thought it his duty to invite him to confine himself to the mere notice of the destination of the produce resulting from the fiftieth representation of the *Marriage of Figaro*, and this fiftieth representation was as numerously attended as the first. The Count d'Oels assisted at it; and paid at the entrance a note of three hundred livres. His example was not much followed; little more than the usual receipt was collected at the door when the theatre was quite full. Indeed we can hardly imagine that the impression made by the letter of M. de Beaumarchais, in which he proclaimed the French actors perpetual cashiers of the sums which the spectators should daily remit for the relief of mothers who nursed children, could have excited to a greater degree the sensibility of the public; persons who go habitually to the theatre are far more taken up with the pleasure which they there expect to enjoy, than with the poverty and even the sufferings of individuals, as interesting as difficult to assist in a manner proportioned to their real wants.

Whatever may be the motive of M. de Beaumarchais, we cannot but applaud the good work

he has performed, and the offer he has made of entirely consecrating the product of his own gains, which already exceed thirty-six thousand livres, to the relief of poor women who bring up children, if the public are willing to open a subscription for the same purpose. A woman condemned by her situation to ignorance of *Figaro* and of its success, and of the purpose to which the fiftieth representation of that comedy was to be applied, will be indebted wholly to chance for the portion which M. de Beaumarchais reserves for her. This woman, who lived in a hamlet at seventy leagues from Paris, had received into her house the child of a chorus-singer at the Opera, five years ago, to bring him up. She had been paid with some regularity for her trouble during the two first years; but afterwards, receiving neither any account of the money nor the money itself, she determined on coming to Paris with her foster-child. The father and mother had left that city three years before. Those who knew the object which this woman sought, directed her to make application at the Opera: she arrived there at the time of a rehearsal; she enquired for M. and Madame le Grand. She was answered that both of them, overwhelmed by debts, had been compelled to fly that part of the world, and no one knew whither they had gone. “*Well, well,*” said the woman, “*I suspected it; had it not been for my husband I would not have travelled thus far. Come, my*

friend," she added, to the child whom she held in her hand, "*let us return home, it is just as if we had done nothing.*" This woman was questioned: it appeared that she had brought up this child, whose parents she had come in search of to the Opera, for five years; but since no one knew where they were gone, she was going to return home with her foster-child, *who would not be worse off than if he had father and mother, if she herself had not eight other children to maintain.* These few words, said with that simplicity of virtue which considers itself only as doing a natural action without suspecting its generosity, interested very much all those who surrounded her; even the subaltern actors of the song and dance forgot for a moment their own necessities, to pour the little money which they had into the hands of this good woman. Some of them, informed of the approaching representation of the *Marriage of Figaro* for the benefit of foster-mothers, thought they could not better answer the intentions of M. de Beaumarchais than by directing this woman to him. And they were not deceived. She returns into her own country with a sum which will reward her cares, which will always prove to her that her husband was not wrong in making her undertake the journey to Paris, but which will never recompense the generous indifference with which, on hearing the impossibility of finding the parents of her foster child, she was

taking him back so contentedly into her village without repining, and almost without regret.

November, 1784.

I have never met the Baron de Tott in the world without wishing to be able to read his memoirs. Few men in Europe have had more advantages than him of making observations; not only has he lived long among the people whom he describes, but after having thoroughly learned the customs and manners of the country, he was intimately connected with persons at the head of the government; he has seen them in difficulties where his services have been of the greatest utility, where his interference rendered confidence indispensable, where that which statesmen might have the greatest interest in concealing could hardly escape his notice; in a word, in the midst of the cares and labours of a most active existence he has amassed those observations which he has just committed to print, in four volumes in-8vo, under the title of *Memoirs of Baron de Tott on the Turks and Tartars*.

These memoirs have been reproached with being too much or too little connected, that is to say, of failing in general in connection, and yet of affecting at times useless transitions, which, far from adding to the interest of the narrative, have no other effect than to retard it. They have besides been accused

of many negligences, many grammatical faults, and that not without reason ; it has been remarked that these faults, these negligences, were so much the more prominent, as the style of the author is not always exempt from emphasis and pretension. This criticism appears to be well founded : it has been remarked besides that the most interesting were confounded with the most insignificant details ; that a trifle was frequently related more circumstantially, and with more parade, than the most important or curious fact, and that in many places the story was defective both in precision and clearness. These remarks are at least severe ; but even were they better founded, they could not make us forget the instruction and interest which the work of M. de Tott offers. We have read nothing which can give a more faithful idea of the government and manners of the Turkish nation. We have not here dissertations on the forms of governing that empire, on the nature and origin of its customs, on the principles of its policy and religion ; but we are presented with precious anecdotes which all bear the impression of accurate observation, facts isolated indeed, but of very great importance, details unconnected in truth, but whose connection is useful in bringing forward the prevailing character of the nation. The author presents objects as they appear to his own eyes ; he paints only what he has witnessed ; but few travellers have had the same advantages of using their eyes as our author ; he is

an observer for ever in action, and frequently compelled to act a part of infinite difficulty and infinite delicacy. The interest which has guided him in his observations communicates itself to his recitals, impresses on them a more lively and animated motion, and frequently places him personally in the picture in an attitude new and graceful. Employed in the most intricate negotiations his presence of mind is never at a loss, his activity makes up for all, and when external resources are wanting he finds them in his own industry. Ambassador in a city where not a tolerable house was to be found, he turns architect and builds himself an hotel. Does he wish to make people declare war who are unprovided with artillery, he engages to furnish cannon himself, and with the aid of a few pages of the *Encyclopædia*, establishes a foundery, and surpasses even his own expectations ; he is indeed the Robinson Crusoe of politicians.

The first volume of M. de Tott's *Memoirs* contains the journal of his first residence in Turkey ; the second that of his residence with the Khan of the Tartars, and of the expedition made with him into New Servia ; the third, that of his sojourn at Constantinople : there we learn the services which he rendered the Porte, during the last war, for the defence of the Dardanelles, for the formation of a new corps of artillery, of a mathematical school, &c. The fourth volume is the journal of his last voyage to the ports of the Levant, whither he had

been sent by government to inspect the different establishments of French commerce. Although his description of Egypt is very short, it appears to us to throw a light on this country equally new and interesting.

January, 1785.

*The Meeting of two Friends; by the Chevalier
de B. . . .*

Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long time, met at the Exchange. "How are you?" said one of them.—"Not very well," said the other.—"So much the worse, what have you been doing since I saw you last?"—"I have been married."—"So much the better."—"Not so much the better, for I married a bad wife."—"So much the worse."—"Not so much the worse, for her dowry was two thousand louis."—"So much the better."—"Not so much the better, for I laid out a part of that sum in sheep which have all died of the rot."—"So much the worse."—"Not so much the worse, because the sale of their skins has brought me more than the original price of the sheep."—"So much the better."—"Not so much the better, for the house in which I had deposited the sheepskins and the money, has just been burned."—"Oh! so much the worse."—"Not so much the worse, for my wife was within."

On the 25th of January was represented, at the French theatre, *Abdir*, a drama in four acts and in verse, by M. de Sauvigny, author of the tragedy of the *Illinois*, of the opera of *Péronne Preserved*, and the drama of *Gabrielle d'Estrées*. The crime, to which is given the appellation of *Reprisals*, a crime which war and the barbarous ideas of the rights of men seems to authorise, furnished to M. de Sauvigny the ground-work of the tragic drama of which I have the honor to give you an account. It is an event which took place on the Continent of America during the last war. You can well remember the general interest which Sir — Asgill inspired, a young officer in the English guards, who was made prisoner and condemned to death by the Americans in reprisal for the death of Captain Huddy, who was hanged by order of Captain Lippincott. The public prints all over Europe resounded with the unhappy catastrophe which for eight months impended over the life of this young officer. The extreme grief of his mother, the sort of delirium which clouded the mind of his sister at hearing of the dreadful fate which menaced the life of her brother, interested every feeling mind in the fate of that unfortunate family. The general curiosity, with regard to the events of the war, yielded, if I may so say, to the interest which young Asgill inspired, and the first question asked of all vessels that arrived from any port in North America, was always an enquiry into

the fate of that young man. It is known that Asgill was thrice conducted to the foot of the gibbet, and that thrice General Washington, who could not bring himself to commit this crime of policy without a great struggle, suspended his punishment ; his humanity and justice made him hope that the English general would deliver over to him the author of the crime which Asgill was condemned to expiate. Clinton, either ill obeyed, or insensible to the fate of the young Asgill, persisted in refusing to deliver up the barbarous Lippincott. In vain the King of England, at whose feet this unfortunate family fell down, had given orders to surrender up to the Americans the author of a crime which dishonoured the English nation ; George III. was not obeyed. In vain the States of Holland entreated of the United States of America the pardon of the unhappy Asgill ; the gibbet erected in front of his prison, did not cease to offer to his eyes those dreadful preparatives more awful than death itself. In these circumstances, and almost reduced to despair, the mother of the unfortunate victim bethought herself that the minister of a King armed against her own nation might succeed in obtaining that which was refused to her King. Madame Asgill wrote to the Count de Vergennes a letter the eloquence of which independent of oratorical forms, is that of all people and all languages, because it derives its power from the first and noblest sentiment of our nature.

The two memorials which are subjoined merit being preserved as historical monuments.

Letter from Lady Asgill to the Comte de Vergennes.

“ SIR,

“ If the politeness of the French court will permit a stranger to address it, it cannot be doubted but that she who unites in herself all the more delicate sensations with which an individual can be penetrated, will be received favourably by a nobleman, who reflects honor not only on his nation, but on human nature. The subject on which I implore your assistance is too heart-rending to be dwelt upon ; most probably the public report of it has already reached you ; this relieves me from the burthen of so mournful a duty. My son, my only son, dear to me as he is brave, amiable as he is beloved, only nineteen years of age, a prisoner of war, in consequence of the capitulation of York-Town, is at present confined in America as an object of reprisals. Shall the innocent suffer the fate of the guilty? Figure to yourself, Sir, the situation of a family in these circumstances. Surrounded as I am with objects of distress, bowed down by fear and grief, words are wanting to express what I feel, and to paint such a scene of misery : my husband given over by his physicians some hours before the arrival of this news, not in a condition to be informed of it ; my daughter attacked by a fever accompanied

with delirium; speaking of her brother in tones of wildness, and without an interval of reason, unless it be to listen to some circumstances which may console her heart. Let your sensibility, Sir, paint to you my profound, my inexpressible misery, and plead in my favor; a word, a word from you, like a voice from Heaven, would liberate us from desolation, from the last degree of misfortune. I know how far General Washington reveres your character. Tell him only that you wish my son restored to liberty, and he will restore him to his desponding family; he will restore him to happiness. The virtue and courage of my son will justify this act of clemency. His honor, Sir, led him to America; he was born to abundance, to independence, and to the happiest prospects. Permit me once more to intreat the interference of your high influence in favor of innocence, and in the cause of justice and humanity. Dispatch, Sir, a letter from France to General Washington, and favor me with a copy of it, that it may be transmitted from hence. I feel the whole weight of the liberty taken in presenting this request. But I feel confident, whether granted or not, that you will pity the distress by which it is suggested; your humanity will drop a tear upon my fault, and blot it out for ever.

“ May that heaven which I implore, grant that you may never need the consolation which you have it in your power to bestow on

“ THERESA ASGILL.”

It was to this letter, that young Asgill owed his life and liberty. His mother was informed almost at the same instant, that the minister of the King of France had written to General Washington to procure the pardon of her son, and that his request had been granted. If any thing can convey an idea of the mournful sentiments, to which this parent was a prey during eight months, it is that sentiment which her gratitude inspires in the letter addressed to the Count de Vergennes, on hearing that she owed the restoration of her son to his interference; the greatest talents never produced any thing more noble or equally affecting.

Second Letter of Lady Asgill to the Comte de Vergennes.

“ Exhausted by long suffering, overpowered by an excess of unexpected happiness, confined to my bed by weakness and languor, bent to the earth by what I have undergone, my sensibility alone could supply me with strength sufficient to address you.

“ Condescend, Sir, to accept this feeble effort of my gratitude. It has been laid at the feet of the Almighty; and, believe me, it has been presented with the same sincerity to you, Sir, and to your illustrious sovereigns; by their august and salutary intervention, as by your own, a son is restored to me, to whom my own life was attached. I have the sweet assurance, that my vows for my protectors are heard by Heaven to whom they are

ardently offered. Yes, Sir, they will produce their effect before the dreadful and last tribunal, where I indulge in the hope that we shall both appear together; you to receive the recompense of your virtues; myself, that of my sufferings. I will raise my voice before that imposing tribunal. I will call for those sacred registers, in which your humanity will be found recorded. I will pray that blessings may be showered on your head, upon him; who availing himself of the noblest privilege received from God, a privilege no other than divine, has changed misery into happiness, has withdrawn the sword from the innocent head, and restored the worthiest of sons to the most tender and unfortunate of mothers.

“ Condescend, Sir, to accept this just tribute of gratitude due to your virtuous sentiments. Preserve this tribute, and may it go down to your posterity as a testimony of your sublime and exemplary beneficence to a stranger whose nation was at war with your own, but whose tender affections had not been destroyed by war. May this tribute bear testimony to my gratitude long after the hand that expresses it with the heart, which at this moment only vibrates with the vivacity of grateful sentiments shall be reduced to dust; even to the last day of my existence, it shall beat but to offer you all the respect and all the gratitude with which it is penetrated.

“ THERESA ASGILL.”

On Thursday, January 31, a public meeting of the French Academy was held, for the reception of the Abbé Maury in the place of M. le Franc de Pompignan. The Abbé Maury, author of a *Discourse on the Eloquence of the Pulpit* and of several panegyrics which are in much estimation, such as those of *Saint-Louis*, and *Saint-Augustin*, and especially that of *Vincent de Paul*, although still young, has long aspired to the academical palm; but the very efforts which he made to succeed only prevented his success. By attempting to secure to himself equally the suffrages of the Gluckists and Piccinists [for these two parties in sober seriousness divide the Academy] he was so unfortunate as to embroil himself with both parties, and to embroil the two parties yet further. The Piccinists however, with the exception of M. de la Harpe,* who considers himself personally offended, have pardoned him, and he is indebted for his seat in the Academy to

* M. de la Harpe accuses him of having engaged the Count de Schuwalof to write a satire against him; and he considered himself so philosophically bound to take vengeance on him, that, although confined to his house for some weeks by a cutaneous complaint, he ran the risk of increasing the malady for the mere pleasure of coming out to vote against the Abbé Maury. That which consoles M. de la Harpe, says Maury, for the little scourge with which he is visited, is that it appears in spite, of his cares to conceal it, to betray the secret kindness which Mlle entertains for him, who has had the caprice, I know not why, to disavow it.

their suffrages. The circumstance however which turned out most favourable to him, was the difficulty in which the Academy stood, from want of a preacher, since the Abbé de Boismont, who had hitherto exercised that function, had declared that age and infirmity prevented him from performing it longer. If we may judge of the Abbé Maury, by his sermons, we must allow few Christian orators of this day to be his equal; and none could be found more proper for election into the Academy.

The most prominent passages in his discourse are those at the commencement and the end.

“ If there be found in this assemblage a
“ young man, born with the love of letters, and a
“ passion for labour, but isolated, unassisted, left
“ in the capital to the discouragement of solitude,
“ and if the uncertainty of his destinies weakens
“ the spring of emulation in his desponding soul,
“ let him cast his eyes on me at this moment, and
“ open his heart to hope, by saying to himself, he
“ whom this day they receive into the sanctuary of
“ letters has borne up against all these trials.”

This is at once sensible and new, modest and affecting. And the eulogy which terminates the discourse was equally remarkable for a noble and majestic simplicity, worthy of the greatness of a King, on whom eloquence should seem long ago to have exhausted all the resources of eulogy.

Although it were desirable in the Abbé Maury

that he should do justice both to the literary and personal merit of his predecessor, M. le Franc de Pompignan, we could yet have wished that he had acquitted himself of this duty with a little less prolixity ; this kind of analysis is frequently deficient in rapidity, precision, and sometimes in taste, and presents no new light. It was no easy task to touch on the injustice done by M. de Pompignan to the Academy, that famous speech, in which at the instant of his admission into the sanctuary of letters, he took the liberty of openly insulting those who cultivated them with the greatest glory. If the manner in which the Abbé Maury has surmounted this difficulty is not very successful, it is at least circumspect and cautious.

In the discourse of the Abbé Maury we remarked a painful affectation of style, and many expressions that may be considered as too daring: we will content ourselves with citing one which was much applauded. That writer justly celebrated (he is speaking of M. de Pompignan) *enters this day into posterity.*

The answer of the Duke de Nivernois to the newly-elected member appeared in a style too careless and neglected ; but it is a negligence recommended by the noble air with which it is accompanied, because it offends no law of propriety, and gave occasion to introduce those happy thoughts which occur as it were of themselves by the way. We should be unpardonable if we passed over the

following in silence. *We owe truth to Kings, it is the only treasure in general wanting to them.*

A friend was talking to Mademoiselle Arnoud on the illness of M. de la Harpe, a malady very celebrated in antiquity. *Yes, said she, it is the leprosy, and this is all that he possesses from the antients.*

Of the Love of Henry the Fourth for Letters.
1 Vol. in-16.

This little work is by the Abbé Brizard, the destined successor of M. Chérin, genealogist to the King, who died a few days since.

Although all the anecdotes contained in it are not new, we re-peruse them with much interest ; many of them at least were very little known. I transcribe one of this description which appears to me too characteristic to be passed over in silence.

“ Henry when he was eleven years old, had been reading the lives of Camillus and of Coriolanus. La Gaucherie, his preceptor, asked him to which of the two he gave the preference, and which he had rather resemble ; the youth charmed with the virtue of Camillus, without hesitation gave him the palm. . . . and on calling to mind the exploits of the two Romans, he conceived as great an admiration for the generosity of the first, as indignation for the crime of the other. La Gaucherie, seeing him thus heated, said to him, *well then, you have a*

Coriolanus in your family; then the grave instructor recounted to him the history of the Constable de Bourbon.....During this recital, the youth was agitated, paced the chamber backwards and forwards, sat down, rose up, stamped with his feet, and shed tears of rage which he strove in vain to conceal; at length no longer able to contain himself, he takes his pen, runs to a genealogical chart of the House of Bourbon, which was on the wall, effaces the name of the Constable, and writes in its stead that of the Chevalier Bayard."

How can we forget that no less honorable sentiment, contained in a letter written by this prince at the age of twenty-four, to M. de Batz, who had offered him his castle of *Suberbye*? " Though
" thou beest amongst them of the Pope, I have
" not as thou mayest suspect, a mistrust of thee
" concerning these things. Those who follow
" straight forward their conscience, are of my
" religion, and, for mine own part, I am of theirs
" who are brave and good."

Nicholas Thomas Barthe, of the Academy of Marseilles, author of the *Letter of the Abbé de Rancé*, of the *Amateur*, of *False Infidelities*, of the *Jealous Mother*, of the *Selfish Man*, of the *Husband's Friend*, died at Paris, June 17, in consequence of a neglected hernia. He was only fifty-one years of age, and had just finished

a poem in four cantos, imitated from Ovid's *Art of Love*.

Born at Marseilles of honest parents who had made a considerable fortune by commerce, he was educated by the fathers of the oratory in the College of Juilly, and devoted himself at an early age to the taste which he had imbibed from reading the poets. From this pursuit he never relaxed but for the amusements of society, into which the pleasantry and vivacity of his wit would have given him a more general introduction, if the defects of his character had not too often interfered with the amenity which forms that great charm of society.

The burning climate in which he was born, by heating his head and his imagination, had a most disagreeable effect on his disposition: he was subject to fits of anger, which he could the less easily forgive himself, as their explosion was almost always more ridiculous for himself than hurtful to others. It was the impatience of a spoilt child.

If the love of letters and of celebrity was his favourite passion, this passion had three or four very dangerous rivals; a passion for gaming and for good cheer, and above all things a selfishness the most overbearing and at the same time the most comic that ever was represented on the stage; so much so that when his *Selfish Man* was performed, which met with but a moderate success, people did not fail to say: how can any one be surprised that he did not succeed better in this? The model was placed

too near the eyes of the painter to be seen in its proper light.

His peculiarities however belonged less to his soul than to his character and habits ; he was not naturally deficient in goodness, justice, or even in sensibility. He had friends whose indulgence he wearied out, but whose attachment he deserved to retain. Connected for a long time with the virtuous M. Thomas, he accompanied him in many of those journeys which were prescribed for the benefit of his health. When some good cream was brought in, he left, it is true, the smallest portion for his sick friend ; but notwithstanding this, he left, for his sake, all the amusements which attached him to a residence at Paris, and this friend, although absent at the moment of his death, was the last object of his solicitude. The expense which he most willingly incurred was that of giving a dinner ; but at the head of the list of guests, which he never failed to write with his own hand, the word *myself* was ever found. He was very near-sighted ; when he could not distinguish a dish from one end of the table to the other, he would say to his servant, *have I eaten of it ? quick, bring it to me. . . .* and after examining it at leisure he sent it back without ceremony, and requested the guest before whom it stood to help him.

Colardeau had been one of his friends, but latterly they had seldom met. On hearing that Colardeau was given over by the faculty, he flew to

his house, and finding him yet able to understand what was said to him, "I am shocked," said he, "to see you so ill, and yet I have a favour to ask of you; it is to hear me read my *Selfish Man*."—"Consider, my friend, said Colardeau, I have only a few hours to live."—"Alas! yes,—but that is the very reason that makes me anxious to know your opinion of my piece.".....He pressed the subject so much that the dying man was compelled to consent, and after hearing it through without interruption, "Your character, said Colardeau, is only deficient in one essential point." What is it? said the other.—"Yes, rejoined Colardeau with a smile, it only wants the power of forcing a dying man to attend to the reading of a comedy in five acts."—And yet this man so strangely egoistical at this moment, on receiving a visit from the Marquis de Villevieille the evening before his death, said to him with great tranquillity; "my physicians tell me I am better: I feel but too sensibly from the acuteness of my sufferings that I can never recover; but a truce to this subject, let me have the pleasure of seeing you, and give me news about the Opera."... Forgetful, to all appearance, of his own sufferings he talked of nothing but *Iphigénie*, and of the successes of Mademoiselle Dozon, whose talents in this part had interested him powerfully.

Though endowed with lively wit, for ever ready at a repartee, he hardly ever indulged in a plea-

santry which could inflict pain on others: not a single biting epigram has ever been laid to his charge; but when he thought he had said something good, by the help of a glass one of his large eyes never failed to look round the assembly and examine the success it had obtained. One day M. de Monticour, whose coolness was very provoking, observing this glass pointed towards himself, took him down most cruelly, by whispering in his ear with great politeness, *Monsieur Barthe, I am not laughing*.—This lesson he could never forgive, and he revenged himself by pourtraying in his *Jealous Mother* a portrait of M. de Monticour, which is malignant from its resemblance.

The real subjects of complaint against M. Barthe were his violence, his restlessness, and a certain provoking manner, though without gall or malevolence. He had been married, but his wife could not long live with him. When they had decided on a separation, she discovered that he had appropriated the greater part of her dowry to settling on himself an annuity for life; this was merely from a habit he had contracted of never thinking on any thing but himself. No sooner did he feel the injustice of such an appropriation, than he hastened to repair it with the best grace in the world.

His first attempts at poetry were, I know not why, heroic epistles and eclogues. During the time when this fancy seized him of devoting himself to a style of writing so unsuitable to his mind

and character, Dorat surprized him one day quite alone before the great fountain of the Luxembourg, stamping his foot, and wringing his hands like a madman. He accosts him—"Hey, what possesses you, my friend?" "I am enraged; here have I been standing upwards of an hour ogling the moon. You know how she inspired those confounded Germans; well, Sir! not a tittle has she imparted to me; I remain more cold and stupid than stone, and I catch my death. The deuce take the moon and all her poets by whose tenderness I am bewildered!"

The only one of his plays which has succeeded on the theatre is his *False Infidelities*; the plot is trifling, but handled with great dexterity; the dialogue is at once natural and full of wit; the reciprocal confidence of two lovers who believe themselves betrayed at the same time by their mistresses forms a scene quite new and truly comic. The *Jealous Mother* is not without merit; and there are scenes in the *Selfish Man* well conceived, with details that are truly delightful. The faults which have done the greatest prejudice to these two works are inherent in the choice of the subjects, the character of the principal parts is rather odious than comic, and the author is deficient in the art of contrasting them happily by means of ridicule and other adventitious circumstances or even by the light and shade of situations. It is a pity that the decency of our theatrical manners will not permit the representation of the *Husband's*

Friend; it is a picture which has ever appeared to us full of truth and life. The fugitive pieces of M. Barthe are rather dry, but are in a style peculiar to himself, they are concise, spirited, and have a sort of originality by no means devoid of grace and taste. The most elaborate of all his works, if we may judge by hearing it read in a private company, is his **Art of Love*, or rather his *Art of Seduction*. The versification of this poem is soft and brilliant: we discover in it all the features of modern wit, a style of poesy worthy of Ovid, the philosophy of Ninon, and at times a sensibility the most tender and affecting. We will cite but one thought as an example, taken from an episode on the loves of Laura and Petrarca; “the love which she inspired,” says he in speaking of this lady so tender and yet so severe, “was the only favor she ever granted.”

M. Barthe bequeathed to M. Thomas all his manuscripts; it is to be hoped that his health, which is never very good, will not long deprive the public of those which he may think will do credit to the memory of his friend.

* M. de Choisy after the recitation of this poem, addressed some verses to M. Barthe in which he styles him, *the Conqueror of Bernard and of Ovid*. “Ah! conqueror!” said M. Barthe, “that is rather too much—I must request you to alter that.”—“Well then, if you will have it so, I will put *Rival* in its place.”—The conversation then took another turn, when M. Barthe, after some moments of reflexion, approached him and said, in a most affectionate manner: *Conqueror is more harmonious*.

September, 1785.

The French Academy held, according to custom, a public sitting on the 25th of last month, the festival of St. Louis. M. Marmontel, perpetual secretary to the Academy, announced that the prize of encouragement was given to M. de Murville; that the prize for the work of the greatest public utility was reserved for the succeeding year when it would be consequently of double value; that the medal consecrated to the most virtuous action was decreed to M. Poultier, an appraiser, who deserved it by the disinterested manner in which he had declined a legacy of two hundred thousand livres, and exhorted the person who left him so large a sum, to divide it among his natural heirs. M. Poultier added to this disinterested action, by remitting the value of the medal, about 1,200 livres, to the porter of the house of M. de Villiers, for an action similar to his own, and even more sublime, but which the Academy could not reward because it was not performed within the year as the regulation of the founder expressly requires. This porter, whose name was Chassin, had formerly nursed and maintained for several months a person of the quarter who used to go on errands and was ill and destitute of a home. This latter, dying some years after, left his benefactor all that his industry had saved; but Chassin would not accept the legacy; he made enquiries which ended in discovering that the testator had relations in

Auvergne, and then this virtuous man remitted to them the sum of 600 livres, the amount of the legacy which had been bequeathed him. . . . M. Marmontel afterwards announced that the prize of eloquence the subject of which was the eulogy of Louis XII, father of the people, was delayed until the ensuing year ; that among the small number of works which had entered the lists for it, the Academy had found one which shewed some talent and sensibility,* but that the form of dialogue adopted by the author appeared hardly suited to the species of eloquence required in these discourses.

M. de Saint Lambert, who in quality of chancellor to the Academy, acted as president in the absence of M. de Buffon, read some *reflexions on the true object of the eulogies proposed by it*. He traced a sort of plan taken from the eulogy of Louis XII ; if this be not the most perfect which the orator should follow, it is at least a respectable outline of the reign and character of this prince. M. de Saint Lambert exhorted our young orators to avoid that prurience, or rather that abuse of philosophical research which for some time past appears to take a pride in substituting the subtleties of analysis to the effect of a grand whole, discussion to action, and which seeks to replace the very essence of the art of oratory, by an accumulation of sentences and thoughts destitute in general even of the merit of novelty. He added with much reason,

This eulogy was by M. de Florian.

that by dint of perpetual thinking, and analysing eternally all their thoughts, our new orators, thanks to this tiresome redundancy, appear to have no other object in view than to prohibit their readers exercising a faculty whose exclusive privilege they most probably would claim. These reflexions, evidently directed against the *eulogy of Fontenelle* were much applauded.

Speaking of the excellent administration of Louis XII, M. Saint Lambert had the courage to say that this prince reformed the discipline of all the great public bodies, and destroyed the shameful abuse which had been introduced into the tribunals of justice, of dividing the spoils of the condemned even before their condemnation. This assertion offended M. S****, Advocate-General of the Parliament, and one of the Forty; he arose at the end of the speech, and said to the orator, *That for the honor of the magistracy he deemed it incumbent on him to observe, that under the name of Public Bodies no allusion could certainly be intended to the Parliaments, who had never once divided any confiscated property among themselves.* The truth of history justifies the recantation here required, and which M. S**** was the first to demand in the Academy; it is well known that the commissaries divided among themselves the property of those whose condemnation the private hatreds of Louis XI. obtained; that this abuse, destructive of all justice, was reformed before the reign of Louis

XII, during the minority of Charles VIII, by the famous States-General of Tours, and that neither our parliaments nor any of our great magisterial bodies were guilty of so revolting an iniquity. But although the justice of the remark was universally applauded, and although M. Saint-Lambert did not feel it incumbent on him to answer it, the Academy could not see without vexation, one of its members contradict thus publicly the orator who presided over it; this formal challenge appeared scandalous, contrary to usage, and especially to the respect which this literary body appears so jealous of inspiring for the oracles which it pronounces.

The Archbishop of Aix had a greater respect for the Academy than M. S****; he contented himself with complaining in a whisper to one of his brother members of another sally which escaped Saint Lambert against the clergy, in that part of his speech where he spoke of the Council of Milan, which Louis XII assembled under pretext of reforming the church, but in fact for the purpose of deposing Julius II his personal enemy.

Authentic Memoirs to illustrate the History of Count de Cagliostro. A Pamphlet in-12mo. supposed to be printed at Basle.

As this singular production is not at present generally known, we are anxious to extract for your amusement the most curious parts of its contents.

“ The Count de Cagliostro was born without fortune, of an obscure family, with violent passions : he was desirous to try if fortune, who favours so many people of very moderate talents, would disdain to smile on him..... He began by conferring on himself a title; and that of Count appeared the lowest to which his merit ought to aspire. He sought in the houses of the worst fame at Venice a wife suited to his purpose. Unheard of misfortunes had brought a Genoese Marchioness into those asylums of misery, rather than of pleasure. A neat and slender figure, a sparkling eye, a neck that would well bear examination, a light step, sweet breath ; such were her natural advantages. Her acquired talents were not inferior to them ; wanton in language, profound in speculations, a calculator beneath the mask of whim and playfulness, incapable of any good sentiments ; in one word, a woman consummate in the arts of seducing, and deceiving, talking of virtue, but practising vice, and assuming an appearance that imposed upon the multitude.”

“ This well matched couple did not consider themselves adepts enough to try their first fortunes at Paris : *we are not yet sufficiently expert for that country*, said the Marchioness, *there the first swindlers in the world resort ; the court, the city, the clergy, the long robe, the finance can boast consummate practitioners. . . .* She turn-

“ ed her thoughts to Russia ; they wanted money ;
“ the Marchioness was commissioned to provide it.
“ A croud of English were at that time in Rome ;
“ she flew thither with designs upon their purses.
“ In one short month she realizes five thousand
“ guineas ; and although her expenses were also
“ considerable, enough remained for the purchase
“ of bad diamonds, and all the equipage of
“ quackery.”

Such is the outline of the portrait which the author has painted of his heroes. He first conducts them into Holstein, to pay the famous Count de Saint-Germain the homage of their desires to become *his slaves, his apostles and his martyrs, and to acquire some one of the fourteen thousand seven hundred secrets which he kept locked up in his bosom.* This celebrated proficient is not painted in more favourable colours.

“ The Count de Saint-Germain, who died some
“ years since, and is already forgotten, was a serious
“ madman, with very little wit, some trifling know-
“ ledge of chemistry,* endowed neither with the im-

* This portrait is untrue in many respects. The Count de Saint-Germain appeared to all who knew him a man of much wit. He was possessed of that natural eloquence which is most fitting to seduce ; he was very well versed in chemistry, and few people were his equals in history. He had the talent of citing in conversation the most important events of Antient History, and of recounting them as we recount the anecdote of the day, with the same details, the same degree of interest and vivacity.

“pudence which befits a charlatan, nor the elo-
“quence necessary to a fanatic, nor the seduction
“which enchants the half-learned. When at
“Chambéry he offered his chemical assistance to
“the Marquis de Bellegarde. They set them-
“selves to work : the crucible yielded a substance
“possessed of the colour and weight, though not
“of the ductility of gold. These operations were
“carried on in an estate where, in the course of
“seven months, the Count was thrice a father.
“The silver plate began to be missing ; he had run
“in debt on every side ; he was advised to depart
“from thence. At Paris the same adventure oc-
“curred, &c.”

The Count and Countess de Cagliostro made their appearance at Petersburg in the quality of physicians. There they displayed a rare disinterestedness ; this step met with complete success. The Countess was twenty years of age, and used to speak without the least semblance of affectation of her eldest son, who had for a long time been a captain in the Dutch service. “A phenomenon so
“extraordinary produced a discussion on her age,
“and it was found that a woman whose breath,
“bosom, teeth attested the freshness of extreme
“youth, already counted more than eight lustres.
“.... The ladies, as expert in diminishing the
“number of their years as the Countess in in-
“creasing hers, came to consult in secret the de-
“pository of the *Fountain of Youth*. The Count

“ distributed his waters and lotions ; treasures
“ flowed in upon him ; the ladies did not grow
“ young again ; but their lovers assured them that
“ they did, and Cagliostro was esteemed a God.”

A great prince became sensible to the charms of the Countess and lavished presents upon her. One day she received an order to appear before the Empress. The Countess gave a false account of herself, and lied with an address which convinced the Sovereign. The order to quit Russia was accompanied with a present of twenty thousand roubles. The question concerned a child which had disappeared, and another suppositious child ; the following are the particulars.*

“ A mother was on the eve of losing a beloved
“ child two years old. She promised five thousand
“ louis to Cagliostro if he could recover her infant.
“ He required eight days. On the second the ill-
“ ness became more alarming ; he intreated per-
“ mission to take the child away from home. On
“ the fifth day he announced a change for the
“ better ; on the eighth he pledged himself to the
“ cure, and in short at the expiration of three
“ weeks he returned an infant to the grateful and
“ tender mother. A certain rumour got wind of
“ a child that had been bought. Cagliostro con-

* All this again appears apocryphal. We know at least that a very great lady in Russia was much astonished to learn that a man who could not dupe the people who of all others are the soonest imposed upon by charlatans, should have so perfectly succeeded in making dupes in France.

“ fessed the infant that he returned to be suppo-
“ sititious, that the true child was dead, and that
“ he considered it an act of kindness to deceive the
“ grief of the mother for a certain time. Justice
“ demanded what had become of the corpse of the
“ first ; Cagliostro confessed that he burned it to
“ make an experiment of regeneration. The five
“ thousand louis were required back ; they had dis-
“ appeared.”

On leaving Russia, the Count went to Warsaw. The laugh was, at present, by no means on his side. He modestly took up his residence at Strasburg ; but he changed his plan, and enlisted on his side the priests and the poor. It was to no purpose that the gazettes denounced him to the small number of reasonable men. One of the principal men in the city appeared to credit the public reports ; Madame de Cagliostro found the means of dissuading him, and at the same moment immolated and saved her husband.

Paris was the theatre on which Cagliostro was destined to make a figure. He there announced himself as the reviver of Egyptian Free-masonry, and as one who was prepared to restore to his brethren the mysteries of Isis and Anubis. “ In
“ an instant the seventy-two lodges spread over
“ that capital were all expectation. All the world
“ knows that there is a Free-masonry of women, a
“ literary, a reformed Free-masonry, and a Free-
“ masonry of children. This institution, consecrated

“ of old to friendship and to charity, has been
“ metamorphosed into academy, lyceum, club,
“ ball-room, grand suppers.....Struck with these
“ abuses the Count Cagliostro brought with him
“ the regulations of Egyptian Free-masonry, which
“ Cambyzes took in the temple of Apis, when he
“ gave orders to sacrifice to that capricious god.”

The beauty of Madame de Cagliostro made almost as much sensation as the Egyptian Free-masonry. Among a crowd of adorers she distinguished the Chevalier d'Oisemont. She then became acquainted with Madame de la Motte-Valois :
“ You have a lover, said this latter lady, who is very
“ assiduous ; he is a young man ; do not let his assiduities appear in company. She who aims at celebrity should banish from about her those titled caterpillars....If, as I rather suspect, marriage is hard of digestion to you, take a man of distinction.
“ I can give you a prince * of a fine figure, although
“ rather broken by excesses ; rich, but avaricious ;
“ full of spirit ; insolent, but amiable ; discreet, by

* This is another circumstance which should call in question the veracity of our historian. Madame de la Motte had certainly no hand in giving M. de Rohan to Madame de Cagliostro ; her husband had infatuated the mind of the Cardinal long before he had any connexion with Madame de la Motte, and we are assured that a document was found among the papers of M. de Rohan which clearly proved more than a hundred thousand francs to have been given by his Eminence to the Count de Cagliostro.

“ no means sentimental, but a man of more than
“ mere words.”.....Madame de Cagliostro at first
objected that her husband had the secret of being in
many places at the same time, and of making him-
self invisible wherever he was.

While M. de Cagliostro was making the dead
sup with the living, his wife, worthy of her hus-
band, was playing another farce. The women,
curious to excess, were dejected at not being ad-
mitted to those mysteries, and entreated Madame
de Cagliostro to initiate them. She very coolly
answered the Duchess de T***, who was commis-
sioned to make the first overtures, that when she
should have found thirty-six adepts, she would be-
gin her course of magic. On that very day the list
was filled up. These were the preliminary con-
ditions.

1st. That each of the initiated should furnish
a hundred louis.

2d. That during nine days she should abstain
from all intercourse with her fellow creatures.

3d. That an oath should be taken to submit to
every thing prescribed them.

The 17th of August was the grand day. Every
woman on entering was obliged to take off the
greater part of her dress, and to put on a white
levite with a coloured girdle. There were six in
black girdles, six in blue, six in scarlet, six in non-
descript. They were then conducted into a temple
lighted up, surrounded by thirty-six arm chairs

covered with black satin. Madame de Cagliostro, arrayed in white, was on a sort of throne, escorted by two tall figures so artfully arrayed that it was difficult to decide whether they were spectres, men, or women. The light of this room insensibly grew dim, and when objects could hardly be discovered, the high priestess issued an order to uncover the left leg up to the thigh. After this discipline, she commanded them to raise the right arm, and rest it against the next column. Then two women, each armed with a sword, entered, and receiving from Madame de Cagliostro some silken chains, tied the thirty-six ladies by the arms and legs.

The grand priestess then explained to the initiated that the state in which they then were was the symbol of that slavery and dependance in which men endeavoured to keep them in society :—" Let us leave them," she added, " to reduce to order the chaos of their laws ; but be it our part to govern opinion, to purify morals, to cultivate wit, to maintain delicacy, to diminish the number of the unfortunate. These cares are quite as important as those of deciding on foolish quarrels."

The bands were then untied, and certain trials were announced. The candidates were divided into six groups, and each colour was shut up in one of the six apartments which corresponded with the temple. It was declared, that those who yielded to the trial should never enter the doors again. Soon after

certain men entered each apartment, and employed every art of seduction. “Neither reasonings, nor
“sarcasms, nor tears, nor prayers, nor despair,
“nor promises had any effect, to such a degree do
“curiosity and a secret hope of sway influence
“women. All again entered the temple as immaculate as the grand priestess would have desired
“them.” . . . After a quarter of an hour’s silence, a sort of dome opened, and on a large golden ball descended a man, naked as Adam, holding in his hand a serpent, and bearing on his head a dazzling flame. “He whom you are going to hear,” said the grand priestess, “is the celebrated, the immortal, the divine Cagliostro;* depository of all that has been, of all that is, and of all that shall be known by the earth.”—“Daughters of the earth,” he exclaimed, “strip off that profane cloathing, and if you wish to hear truth, shew yourselves like her.”—In an instant the whole assembly was naked as your hand.

If we may believe the historian, the pretended *genius of truth* counselled them to abjure a deceitful sex; “*Let the kiss of friendship*,” said he at the close of his extravagant discourse, “*announce what passes in your hearts!*” and the high priestess instructed them what was meant by the kiss of friendship.

* The translator has omitted a sentence more honoured in the omission than the citation.

Such mysteries were very well adapted to bring the Count and Countess de Cagliostro into fashion. He laid hold of the moment when enthusiasm was at its highest, to lay the first stone of Egyptian free-masonry. He announced to the *lights* of the *mighty East* that we could only labour under a triple vault, that there could be neither more nor less than thirteen proficients, that they ought to be as pure as the rays of the sun, and respected by calumny itself, without wife, mistress, or any other source of indulgence; should possess an income of fifty-three thousand livres, and particularly that kind of knowledge rarely found with large revenues.

Some notes make this pamphlet yet more curious. The different classes of our alchymists are there also described.

“ The unknown chemists retire to the *fau-*
“ *bourg* Saint-Marceau. Their mania is to give
“ out that they are persecuted by the police. Some
“ make gold, others fix mercury. Some blow,
“ and double the size of diamonds, others compose
“ elixirs. Some fabricate powders, others distil
“ waters; all possess treasures, and yet all die of
“ hunger. Their language is unintelligible, their
“ exterior is that of misery, their habitation is
“ filthy and dark, and when curiosity draws you
“ for a moment into one of those miserable holes,
“ you perceive in a corner a vicious looking wretch
“ who has the appearance of a sorceress, and who
“ guards the laboratory while the chemist is look-

“ ing abroad for dupes. . . . The more celebrated
“ adepts have superb laboratories, furnished with
“ costly instruments and vessels of much value.
“ Two or three apprentices appear as if they were
“ working, and when the stranger arrives then the
“ director displays the hope of realizing the most
“ important secrets ; he shews him the most *fortu-*
“ *nate beginnings* : he promises him that the third
“ moon will *see—to see* is a term of art which says
“ a hundred times more than can be expressed. . . .
“ There are, however, some beings who confound
“ incredulity itself. They have neither estates,
“ nor contracts, nor incomes, nor family, nor
“ trade, and yet they live, and keep up a certain
“ expense ; strangers to stock-jobbing, to the in-
“ trigues of women, where could they find such
“ constant supplies ? The inspectors of coins agree
“ that a sort of gold is brought to them which has
“ been made by human hands. In one word,
“ there are things too clear to be disbelieved, and
“ too obscure to be adopted.”

The patriarch of literary men, the Bishop de Burigny, born at Rheims, member of the Academy of Inscriptions, has just terminated his long career. He lived nearly a century without affliction, almost without infirmity, and it is difficult to say whether he were most to be envied for an existence so happy and peaceful, or for a death so sweet and tranquil. He felt no more pain at the ap-

proach of death than at that of slumber; he disposed himself to die, as he would arrange his pillow to support his head when inclined to sleep. The only uneasiness which he felt in his last hours, was the fear of not having ceased to live before the return of his friend Madame de la Ferté-Imbault, at whose house he was residing; she was in the country, and he earnestly desired to spare her the sorrow and embarrassment of his funeral procession; even this last wish was accomplished. Sleep and death are in the *Iliad* termed brothers. M. de Burigny might have said like the old Gorgias, who, when at the point of death, answered one of his friends who enquired how he felt, "*Sleep is on the point of giving me over to the custody of his brother.*"

In the works which M. de Burigny has left behind, we discover more learning than wit or talent; but his first production, his *Treatise on the Authority of the Popes*, produced at the time of its appearance a considerable sensation. We have from his pen a *History of Pagan Philosophy*, a *General History of Sicily*, a *Treatise on Porphyrius*, the *Revolutions of Constantinople*, the *Life of Grotius*, that of *Erasmus*, and that of *Bossuet*, &c. He was one of the most humble and devoted servants of Madame Geoffrin, but without ever being much in her good graces. When she suffered two days to elapse without scolding him, he believed himself lost and forgotten, and these were,

I believe, the severest trials which his philosophy had to undergo, during the course of a long life. He was naturally good, timid, and laborious; but he laboured rather from taste than ambition; and this kind of occupation, which employed him without fatigue or exertion, could hardly ruffle the calm and serenity of his soul.

Memoirs of the History, Sciences, Arts, Manners, Usages, &c. of the Chinese; by the Missionaries of Peking. Vol. X. in-4to.

This volume contains a succession of celebrated Chinese portraits, a long letter of M. Amyot, in which we find some curious details on the administration of Kien-Long, and on the submersion of ~~the~~ isle of Formosa, May 11, 1782, with a collection of thoughts extracted from different Chinese books, by M. Cibot, missionary of Peking. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing some of these thoughts.

“ All the virtues which the Prince acquires
“ are disgraces to the wicked.”

“ Raillery is the lightning of calumny.”

“ How near are two hearts to each other when
“ there is no vice between them.”

“ He who has ten leagues to travel, should
“ count nine for the half-way.”

“ Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat
“ your desires as children.”

“ What has been most truly the age of philo-

“ sophy? That in which there were not yet any
“ philosophers.”

“ To sacrifice conscience to ambition, is to
“ burn a picture to get possession of its ashes.”

“ In vain does wit try to go further than the
“ heart, it never goes so far.”

“ Never have we so much need of wit as when
“ we have to do with a fool.”

“ To what is vice reduced when we cut off
“ from it that which does not belong to any virtue.”

This last thought is perhaps more subtle than profound; would it not be more simple to say that a man who should unite all the virtues would never have any interest in being vicious? For it is perhaps only for the purpose of supplying the deficiency of virtues, more particularly of those whose practice demands exertion, that men can find any advantage in giving themselves up to vice, as a method more commodious of attaining to the end which they propose.

We have long known that the publication of this work was owing to the care of M. Bertin; but we were ignorant until now of his motive for publishing it. We subjoin it.

Louis XV, who, as M. Schomberg used to say, was the greatest philosopher in his kingdom, was perfectly sensible at times that all did not go on well in France. In a conversation one day with M. Bertin, on the necessity of reforming so many abuses, he concluded by saying that it was impos-

sible to succeed without entirely new moulding the mind of the nation, and entreated him to consider how that could with certainty be effected. M. Bertin promised to give the subject some consideration, and at the end of a few days he told the King that he believed he had at last found the secret of satisfying the paternal wishes of his Majesty.—“And what is that secret?”—“*Sire, it is to inoculate the French with the Chinese character.*”—The King thought this idea so luminous, that he approved all that his minister had suggested for its execution. At a great expense certain young literati were imported from China; they were carefully instructed in our language and sciences; they were afterwards sent back again to Peking; and the collection of which we have the honour to announce to you the tenth volume, is taken from the memoirs of these new missionaries. The national mind does not, in fact appear to have undergone the happy revolution which this ingenious decree of M. Bertin was intended to produce; but we can yet remember the time when all our chimney-pieces were covered with Chinese porcelain, and when the greater part of our furniture was in the Chinese taste.

February, 1786.

Never do we remember to have seen a public sitting of the French Academy more brilliant, or more numerous, than that of Monday the 13th, for the reception of the Count de Guibert. In de-

fiance of the newly established order, more than a hundred persons were reduced to stand ; and in this crowd, as closely pressed as in the pit of the play-house, were to be found many blue ribbands and court-ladies. At this meeting the Ambassadress of Sweden had the pleasure of assisting at the spectacle, and we shall soon perceive that she could not have chosen a circumstance more favourable ; she was in a tribune with Madame de Beauveau, the Countess de Crillon, the Marshal de Castries, and the Marshal de Ségur. A day was expressly chosen when these two ministers might be at leisure to attend.

Although the discourse of M. de Guibert exceeded by far the ordinary limits of these discourses (it lasted nearly one hour and a half), the auditory did not appear fatigued ; and it was not until it was read in print that it was discovered to be tedious. This difference of judging the length of a work is easy to be explained. When we hear an orator pronounce what he has to advance with fire and interest, we are doubtless more susceptible of the sentiments which he wishes to inspire than when we coldly criticise him in silence and in solitude, or in a circle of frivolous society, more disposed to be amused with our objections, than to partake our admiration. That which, when recited, appeared but the developement necessary to the idea of the speaker, now appears diffuse ; you were hurried away by some figure which then appeared sublime

or natural, but which you now reproach with affected emphasis or exaggeration ; the discourse remains the same, but you are in a different disposition ; and the more true eloquence may belong to the orator, the more difficult will he find it to secure himself from the injustice of our judgments.

M. de Guibert, after speaking modestly of himself, hastens to confer on the memory of M. Thomas the honours which are due to it, and his imagination comprehended so clearly the extent of the duty imposed on him, that he certainly was right in seeking no other subject.

“ Elysium,” said he, “ opens before me. I feel myself urged on by those great men whom M. Thomas himself eulogized with so much skill ; their grateful shades surround me, they cry to me, acquit our debt, we are there to pity or applaud you.”

This burst, whose boldness belongs not less to the orator than to the poet, conducts him naturally to speak of the first works which distinguished the talent of M. Thomas from those academical eulogies which have now become models in a style of literature tiresome in itself, but whose success, more or less deserved, has for twenty years invaded all our literary domain. This sad reflection is not, as you may easily conceive, made by M. Guibert, but it is only too true.

Among the eulogies of M. Thomas, that which his successor recals with the greatest inte-

rest, is the *Eulogy of Descartes*; and this doubtless is the essay in which we discover the most beauties and the fewest faults, the most eloquent philosophy, and the most philosophical eloquence, the grandest ideas and images, a subject best considered, and a style most suitable to the subject.

In the *Essay on Women* M. de Guibert praises a character of eloquence more sober; and *sober* in fact appears the very epithet which is most suitable to the colouring of this writing. Embarrassed in his attempt to account for the partial success of the piece, he conquers the difficulty as follows. “The cause of this partial success is this: he had
“on his side the suffrages of men alone, which
“usually are only marked with the impression of
“esteem: the women were not of his side: and
“their opinions assume the character of enthusiasm: they found the suit against them too
“seriously pleaded, and women prefer that their
“power should be felt rather than judged.” This last phrase has been strangely parodied, and the ladies by no means appear to approve it.

One work of M. Thomas, which, to avail ourselves of an expression of our orator, left no one in suspense, and compelled even vice and mediocrity to display a hypocritical admiration, is the *Eulogy of Marcus Aurelius*. The dramatic character given to that eulogy is certainly a fine invention.

“What an admirable address does he display,

“ in recalling the remembrance of all the grand
“ actions of that prince, by deputies from all the
“ nations who had been witnesses of his glory and
“ beneficence ! And how naturally is each of these
“ deputies painted ! How exactly the German,
“ the Spaniard, the African, the inhabitant of
“ Asia have each their costume and physiognomy ! ”
..... The author here clears M. Thomas from
the reproach of exaggerating the grandeur of his
heroes.

“ It is, said he, the province of history to
“ weigh the merit of great men, and to analyse
“ their glory ; but a day should come when each
“ should be eulogized with energy and freedom,
“ and it belongs to eloquence to pay them this last
“ tribute. Yes, eloquence may on that day give
“ the reins to her enthusiasm, and embellish without
“ being accused of imposture. In one word, elo-
“ quence, which when devoted to the living is too
“ often only flattery, assumes the form of glory
“ when, affecting and sublime, she descends from
“ heaven to scatter honors on a tomb.”

The work which crowned M. Thomas with
the greatest success, is his *Essay on Eulogies*. M.
de Guibert did not pass it over in silence ; but
perhaps it is the only work which would have
merited a longer analysis ; this book, which, as he
observes, we might entitle *The History of Elo-*
quence, is doubtless, one of the best works of

modern literature, and nevertheless it is only within a few years that justice has been done to its merit.

After speaking of what the public knows of M. Thomas, “ It remains for me (continues our orator) to shew the greatness of his loss. He was composing a poem on *Peter the Great*, and six cantos of this poem, which would have been extended to twenty-four are almost finished. I have sometimes heard the choice of his subject blamed.... But as M. Thomas was determined to choose his subject from modern history, and consequently precluded himself from the advantages of the marvellous and of mythology, could he do better than seek at the extremities of Europe for a nation and a hero rudely drawn by the hand of nature? He makes his hero traverse countries that he saw, and many that he never visited : a poet has this privilege... Thus in his first travels to France, Peter finds Louis XIV. at the pinnacle of his glory, and Europe in silence before his arms ; he witnesses those memorable festivals, those heroic carousals which recruited his mind from the images and triumphs of war ; Versailles brilliant from the creative hand of its founder ; Paris becoming more ornamented, like Salentum, under the magic wand of Idomeneus. It is at a hunting party, in which Peter assists incognito, and where he kills with his hand a wild boar, which

“ like that of Erimanthus, spread around him
“ death and terror, that the hero of the north is re-
“ cognized by the French monarch. At the cere-
“ mony of his public audience in the gallery of Ver-
“ sailles, Louis points out or presents to him, with
“ suitable remarks on each character, all those
“ great men by whom he is surrounded, and who
“ put us in mind of that grand circle of demi gods
“ painted by Homer around the sovereign of
“ heaven.”

“ In another canto, the Czar arrives again in
“ France, and all is now changed. No longer
“ does he see Louis XIV. surrounded by the great
“ instruments of his glory, and proud of a flourish-
“ ing family. It is Louis almost alone in his
“ palace, and having no other support than the
“ cradle of an infant: it is Louis XIV. after the
“ peace of Utrecht, whose star has grown dim,
“ but whose soul yet bears up against his reverses ;
“ it is Louis XIV. with grey hair, and instructed
“ by adversity, who now recounts to him his re-
“ verses as he once recounted his prosperous affairs.
“ He confesses his bad choice: he deplores his
“ errors. He gives the Czar a grand lesson of
“ corrected pride and of a character rising superior
“ to misfortune.”

*Portrait of a Man of Letters who aspires only to
the enjoyment of a momentary reputation.*

“ This man for ever sacrifices the duration to

“ the lustre of his popularity, truth to effect ; he
“ produces without ceasing, because he wishes the
“ public to talk of nothing but himself, and no-
“ thing ripens in his hands, because he is devoured
“ with the impatience of gathering. For ever rest-
“ less, for ever touchy, he passes his life in listen-
“ ing around him to the noise which he believes
“ himself to excite ; he lays down rules, he makes
“ distinctions, he assigns limits, forgetful that
“ genius sometimes overleaps those barriers with
“ success. He turns pale at successes, and analy-
“ ses them by reducing them to his own level. Un-
“ fortunate man ! as if merit could not exist but
“ at his own expense ; as if the career of glory
“ were not a common country, an inexhaus-
“ tible field, whose harvests succeed each other in
“ succession ; as if it were not more honourable to
“ rise to eminence in the midst of rivals whom we
“ honor, than to soar above mediocrity, and tyran-
“ nize over a desert ! ”

May, 1786.

We all remember the great revolution which M. Bertin meditated when he very seriously proposed to Louis the XV to inoculate the French with the Chinese character. Without suspecting any one of our present ministers of a similar project, shall we not be tempted to believe that some genius as enterprising as that of M. Bertin has been engaged during some years with the means of inoculat-

ing us with the English character, and that it has even succeeded tolerably well? It is at least certain ; that the taste not only for the fashions, but for the customs and manners of this rival nation, has never been carried further than in France. To believe it, we have only to look around. To be yet more sadly convinced of it, we have only to consult during ten or twelve years the balance of our commerce with England. We shall then see what the mania for horses, carriages, furniture, stuffs, and trinkets of all sorts which arrive here from all the ports of Great-Britain costs to this kingdom. The only foreign language which we cultivate with any application, the only one which enters essentially in the plan of education or of fashion is the English language ; the only foreign books which we deign to translate are English books.

But this is not all ; these are trifling objects, which vary and leave only weak impressions ; but there are others which have a much more powerful influence on the manners, and even on the basis of the character. That which during many ages has modified in the most characteristic manner the genius of the nation, is gallantry, the spirit of society, and the taste for the toilet ; this last article, if we reflect at all on the subject, is of the greatest importance from its close affinity with the two others. Well ! the English mania and its frightful progress, threatens equally the gallantry of

France, the talent for society, and their taste for the toilet.

It is unusual at this day to meet in the world people who can be called dressed. The women are in dishabille, the men in a frock and waistcoat. I allow it, this manner of dressing is very convenient, it is not wholly destitute of grace; but has it the grandeur, the dignity suitable to a nation, which has so long enjoyed the noble privilege of serving as a model and example for all others? Can that nation practise with equal success that attention, that taste, that extreme desire to please, whose habit is so desirable to contract, even in little things, because it afterwards applies without effort to greater, to the customs of society, to the culture of the mind, to the chefs-d'œuvre of the arts, to genius and imagination?

How shall the spirit of society preserve itself in the midst of so many tastes calculated to estrange us from it, more and more every day; how be upheld in the midst of so many new institutions which seem to be imagined only to destroy it! The spirit of society is only formed in those circles, where men and women associating freely together, are mutually inspired with the desire of appearing amiable, and where this desire to please, in calling forth wit, and imagination, in permitting nothing offensive to taste or decency, give to the ideas as well as to the language more grace and delicacy, and often even

more propriety and sweetness ; for if the ideas of an uncultivated mind have more originality, those which have been softened by the attention due to society are more generally correct, or at least, more universally applicable. But where shall we find henceforward those circles so well calculated to maintain the national character, if we continue to follow the bent our manners and customs appear to have taken ?

Men and women doubtless yet meet at times, but dare we say that they see each other ? Since the establishment of private-boxes, hardly any but intimate friends can expect to find ladies at home. If the box is not really occupied, it is at all events a good excuse to shut the door against society, and only to leave it open to the friend of the day, of the past evening, or of the morrow. *Twenty years ago*, said Mademoiselle Clairon to me the other day, *a lady who should have appeared more than three or four times a month at the theatre would have been posted in the most indecent manner over the city.* Thanks to the invention of private-boxes, they now go there with impunity every day, and are never found at home, excepting at the time of supper ; of course, the private circle does not begin till ten o'clock at night ; in those houses where they do not gamble, they sit down immediately to table ; but the ladies are in general left to themselves ; the men, even those who are young, no longer sup ; they remain in the drawing-room to play or talk among themselves ;

how should they sup when they have dined at the English hour of four or five o'clock ? The hour for the theatre not being put back like that of the dinner, and the rage of frequenting public amusements becoming more universal than ever, they sally out from the houses where they have dined, as they would from a tavern ; the time which should be devoted to conversation is lost no less after the dinner, than before the supper.

The philosophy of the age is so convenient ! It has taught us that no loss is more irreparable than that of time ; we strive then to save it in every respect as much as possible. Thanks to this calculation, the desire of enjoying has replaced that of pleasing ; what was called before a fortunate adventurer in gallantry exists no more ; few successes are now known but those which have been purchased, or which circumstances put, without trouble, in your reach. The number of female candidates has so increased that no one can complain of scarcity. They have arrived at such precision in calculating the value of cares, attentions, and other testimonies of politeness, that it would be quite ridiculous to shew marked attentions to a woman, without a certainty, at all events without a hope, of speedily possessing her, and successfully publishing the good fortune. This would be no other than to assume the air of the old court, which we all know to be the very worst air in the world. The little attention and constraint which

reign in the highest societies have introduced into the lowest a familiarity equally stupid and indecorous. Many of our courtisans have been raised by their fortune to a level with women of rank. Amusement, pleasures, extreme licence, every kind of seduction having attracted to their houses men of the first fashion, women of character find themselves reduced to the cruel alternative of either assuming the part of these dangerous enchantresses, or of seeing themselves utterly abandoned. What a stab inflicted on decency, particularly on the dignity of true love, on the amiable gallantry which stamped the manners of chivalry! By a necessary consequence of this new order of things, from the little time which we are compelled to bestow on the cares of gallantry, men are accustomed to live much in each others society. Thence the prodigious success which the establishment of clubs in the English fashion have met with; we see them spring up everywhere, the political, the military clubs, the saloon of the Italian Comedy, and of the arts, the chess club, and that of the Americans, &c. These are very numerous assemblies, composed of persons almost unacquainted, but who have consented to meet in the same place without incurring any mutual expenses of wit, attention, or complaisance; to give yourself no trouble, is, if I may be allowed the expression, the only sort of politeness vigorously imposed on these societies. You arrive there at your own hour, you de-

part at will; you may appear there without any kind of dress, in the figurative as well as in the natural sense of the word. There reigns in these assemblies an easy sort of equality, but totally without confidence, activity or interest. You may doubtless find there some individuals whose conversation is amiable and instructive; but the general tone of which these circles are susceptible is not adapted to form or keep alive the social disposition.

Among the number of these new institutions there are but two to which women are admitted; the Olympic society and the Lyceum. The first is an association of free-masonry, whose almost exclusive object is amusement, there is music, there are occasional festivals; but, with the exception of days consecrated to this destination, the Olympus of the Palais Royal is positively deserted.

With regard to the Lyceum, it is an establishment which ought to be distinguished from all the others, and which appears to us worthy of the greatest encouragements; it is a real academy for women, and for people of the world, and might, I should think, successfully contribute to repair the innumerable errors of our public and private educations. The philosophical spirit which has presided over the present formation of the Lyceum, the sciences there professed, the choice of literary men commissioned to teach them, the interest which they have woven into their instructions, permit us

to conceive the warmest hopes. No public college will bear a comparison with them, none of them fulfil the same object. Here grown men are addressed with more interest and liberty than children, and the desire of making the lessons agreeable to women, to people of the world, furnishes the lecturer with resources which he had never found without such a motive; this mode of instruction becomes more useful and more necessary, more particularly in a country where the education of young people destined for military employments, for posts in the magistracy and at court, ends if I may so say, at the point where it should begin. But some people object that only superficial knowledge and ridiculous pretensions will be derived from this institution. I grant it in the case of a large number of hearers but by no means for all. Ridiculous pretensions! "All pretensions," as M. de Condorcet observed in a discourse with which he opened his mathematical lessons at the Lyceum, "all pretensions arise equally from the ignorance of the man, and from the yet greater ignorance which he supposes in those before whom he displays them. Thus I conceive that the best way of diminishing the number of pretenders to excellence is that of diminishing also the dupes whom they make, or wish to make.....Superficial knowledge is superior to ignorance, provided this superficial knowledge is widely expanded; it is only when it is scarce

“ that it can inspire the pride of setting up for a
“ judge, or the vanity of tricking ourselves out in
“ the little that we know. All real knowledge,
“ however trifling it may be, is useful when it is
“ common, and there is no degree of it which
“ may not become hurtful, while in the exclusive
“ possession of a small number of men.”.....

We return to ordinary Clubs, and however agreeable this institution may be for idle men, or for those who, either from fortune or circumstances, are not in a situation to see much of the world, it must be owned that one can hardly imagine an establishment more contrary to the interests of society, and above all to those of women. If our happy fickleness did not permit the hope that the fashion would not be eternal, surely there would be reason to fear, that the taste for clubs would cause insensibly a very marked revolution in the mind and in the manners of the nation ; but the disposition which we possess from nature of growing weary of every thing, prevents us from being alarmed at our follies, as it ought also to moderate the vanity which we would draw from our most sublime projects.

In spite then of clubs, of whiskies, of jockeys, of black frocks, and of all that the magazine of Sykes offers of vases and charming furniture, we dare still predict, that we shall not become more English than we are become Chinese ; however in-

genious may be the measures taken by M. Bertin, to effect his admirable metamorphosis. To this I say Amen ! so be it.

M. Garat on the Pyramids of Egypt.

Without intending to adopt the opinion of the author we think the manner in which it is discussed deserves the attention of our readers, and is calculated at the same time to convey to them some idea of the interesting instruction offered by the new establishment of the Lyceum.

“ The climate most favoured by heaven has yet its inconveniences, and that of Egypt pays by great evils the miraculous fecundity of its lands. That sky, which lies near the tropic, is yet more ardent than the torrid zone in the other parts of the globe. Those frequent rains, those beneficent hurricanes, which every where temper and refresh the heated air of the tropics, in Egypt are utterly unknown. Hardly ever does a cloud interpose between the sun and the earth, and the rays of that fiery star, darted almost perpendicularly, concentrated and reflected by the two chains of mountains which follow the course of the Nile, form, from the centre of the Thebaid and the Heptanomid, as it were a vast burning mirror which spreads at a distance flames and conflagration ; and while the fire pursues you every where, the earth offers no shelter. Egypt is entirely destitute of large trees ; she has

none of those forests whose undulations are as it were the ventilators of the burning zones, whose lofty and shaded summits arrest the sun, and maintain an eternal freshness at their feet, while the conflagration rages at their heads. The earth, penetrated through its entire depth by the waters of the Nile, is fertilized by this raging heat; but living beings are consumed and devoured by it: there are moments in the year when the flocks and herds which feed in the enclosed plains of the Thebaid and Hep-tanomid, burned as in a barn which has caught fire, fill the air with their roaring, and precipitate themselves into the waters of the Nile, where they remain plunged night and day. The buffalo, the swine, the horse, the ox there become almost amphibious; there are times when we can hardly conceive any other animated beings to exist in Egypt excepting fish. This it is that gave occasion to a Frenchman in Egypt, who wrote that singular work the *Tellimiad*, to conceive the idea of deducing the origin of all animals, even of man himself, from fish. Men indeed, and even women, live there very much in company with fishes in the waters of the Nile. Multitudes of children, spread over the banks of this river and the canals, swim across them and sport continually in the waters; young girls are also very expert at this exercise, and display in it as much courage as the men, and more grace. At the time of Herodotus and Thales, they were seen coming

forth from the waters, surrounding in a circle the boats which ascended and descended the Nile, and accompanying them with songs, and we may attribute to this spectacle the origin of the charming fable of the Nereïds. Homer had seen it ; the genius of Homer is in part composed of what nature offers to the view in Egypt. But this climate has something yet more terrible than its burning heat ; it is a scourge from which the waters of the Nile do not offer a protection, and which frequently makes it impossible to seek in the river a refuge against the fires of heaven. Winds of the greatest violence rush from the sandy deserts of Africa and of Arabia with which Egypt is surrounded ; in an instant the heaven, the earth, all the atmosphere is covered with a sand, which appears red with fire, and which penetrates through the smallest interstices of walls and partitions. Houses afford no shelter, and frequently entire families are buried in their beds by these fiery torrents of sand ; but one certain refuge remains against this scourge, and this is the entrails of the earth, and the inhabitants of Egypt, and in general of Africa, have ever sought for safety there. The Egyptian and the African have ever lived more beneath than above ground, and these subterraneous places, these dismal dwellings which appal our imagination, are the residences which they prefer, and their most delicious asylums. Through almost the whole extent of Africa the climate has rendered these habitations

necessary and always agreeable. When Hanno sailed from Carthage to make discoveries in the seas, like Cook in our days, on coasting the Western side of Africa, by night he always beheld fires lighted, he heard joyous strains, the sound of instruments and dancing; by day, when the sun re-appeared in heaven, all again was silence; he neither saw nor heard a human being; one would have pronounced the whole of that coast of Africa to be a desert, given up to the sands and waves of the sea. All the people on that side of the Peninsula had fled to caverns and subterraneous abodes. At the opposite extremity, on the Eastern coast, we have seen the Ethiopian Icthyophagi remain wholly lost in their stupid ignorance unless when roused from it to seek and choose for themselves caverns impenetrable to the sun; we have seen them build, with sea-moss and sand from their river-banks, artificial rocks whose form resembled that of a rude pyramid. Over the whole of Upper Ethiopia, above and at the borders of the cataracts, the country is laid open by deep excavations which the inhabitants have hollowed for the purpose of fixing their residence within them. There it is, that the Ethiopian priests were accustomed to offer up their sacrifices and initiations, and some of them passed their life under-ground without beholding that sky, that sun and those stars which they adored. The Ethiopians, when they emigrated from Egypt preserved their taste

for these dwellings, which became even more necessary to them among the calcareous rocks of Arabia and Lybia. Thebes renowned for its hundred gates began with being a subterraneous city; the first street at Thebes, and its first houses were hollowed out in parallel rocks to the right and left of that capital. What were termed the tombs of the Theban kings, were, if I may use the expression, subterraneous countries in which an entire people was enabled to spread itself abroad, and in which were all the conveniences and ornaments of market-places, galleries, peristiles, saloons, palaces, and temples. I do not hesitate to believe that these excavations were the tombs of the kings; but I have an equal regard for history, from whence I learn that the first Theban kings resided within them, and we should endeavour to reconcile ourselves to the idea, that the same houses lodged frequently together the living and the dead. A number of temples in Egypt were scooped out of the rock.....See in Diodorus Siculus the detailed description of the tomb of Osimander, you will there find vestibules and peristiles, where a whole city is capable of extending itself under shelter from the fires of the sun; squares in which a whole people could assemble, a temple of justice in which a nation could be judged, palaces where kings might be the judges, a library where they might become enlightened, and temples in which they and their subjects might adore the gods. Such

are the just notions presented to us by his description, and which the appellation of tombs has rendered obscure. But in truth we may plainly see that many other edifices of Egypt, which bore different names, resembled the tomb of Osimander : such among others was the labyrinth, the most famous of Egyptian structures, which are all famous, and of which Herodotus speaks from having seen, and entered it. This labyrinth was appropriated to the assemblies of kings when they they were to the number of twelve in Egypt, to assemblies of priests and of the nation when they deliberated on public concerns. What is remarkable, is, that the labyrinth, whose apartments above ground were innumerable, had the same number beneath. Herodotus wished to penetrate them, his conductors opposed his desire, and all that he could learn, was, that in those vast caverns were the sacred crocodiles, and the sepulchres of the kings who had built the labyrinth," &c.

From all these considerations, put together, M. Garat concludes that these immense dwellings were destined, in fact, to shelter the people in public ceremonies, whether political or religious, from the devouring fires of the sun, and from those whirlwinds of burning sands which penetrated into the interior of all the other edifices.

“ More than half, he adds, of the pyramids was subterraneous, and even that part which rose to the height of six hundred feet, formed of im-

mense rocks from thirty to forty feet in thickness, almost hermetically sealed in the whole circumference, was yet, if I may so say, a cavern elevated in the air. We there find some perforations, which were no doubt intended to renew the air of the pyramid in those seasons and hours when that of Egypt was less heated. There it was that the priests of Egypt were accustomed to retire to meditate on their gods, and add to their number, and take measures against the usurpations of some of their sovereigns; and no doubt for the purpose of celebrating those famous mysteries, those initiations in which they exposed to so many trials, strangers who wished to become acquainted with Egyptian wisdom. These dark dwellings were very well calculated to carry terror into the soul of the candidates. These edifices which were elevated so high and descended to such a depth, were admirably contrived to persuade the initiated that he was raised to heaven, or precipitated to hell. Those long channels, those galleries in which the report of a pistol is repeated in a series of echoes twenty times, like the report of a cannon, were wonderfully constructed to make the initiated hear the reverberations of thunder; in one word, every thing persuades me that these pyramids were applied to a great number of uses in society, as well as all edifices of the same kind.....There were two Egypts, the one above, the other below ground, and the pyramids partook of the one and the other;

they descended beneath the earth, they were elevated in the air, but in both cases, they afforded to the Egyptians a retreat against the two great scourges of their climate, the burning aridity of the heavens, and the whirlwinds of scorching sand. I know not whether this explanation will be approved, but it is taken from the nature of the climate, the general style of Egyptian architecture, from their taste, or rather from their passion for subterraneous habitations, from the rites of their religion, from all that history recounts to us of the prodigies of their initiation. Other conjectures attribute these grand edifices to a trifling cause; my conjecture attributes them to all the causes which most powerfully influenced a whole nation."

Death of Sacchini.

Antonio-Maria-Gaspard Sacchini, born at Naples in 1734, one of the greatest musicians who have reflected honor on Italy, died at Paris, October 8. At ten years of age he entered one of those colleges established at Naples and at Venice under the name of conservatories, where that crowd of virtuosi and composers are formed, who, destined to spread over all Europe the glory of an art born, like all others, in the bosom of the beautiful Italy, are serviceable to the interests of their country, by the considerable sums which they yearly carry home.

Sacchini employed the first years of his

studies, in the conservatory of Loretto, in perfecting himself on the violin. He acquired an extraordinary skill on that instrument, and it was perhaps to this first success, that he was indebted afterwards for the happy facility of giving to the instrumental part of his compositions those brilliant, ingenious, and varied designs by which they are distinguished. Nature however invited M. Sacchini to a talent more uncommon than that of execution. One of the greatest masters of counter-point that ever existed in Italy, who was to be numbered with the Pergolesis, Piccinis, Guglielmis, Traettas, &c. the celebrated Durante, heard some airs that Sacchini had composed in his leisure hours. Strong character, new thoughts, which required only to be embellished by those regular forms never attainable but by good principles, led that great man to augur the perfection which such a pupil would attain; in consequence he made him give up the violin to direct his attention solely to the study of counter-point. Sacchini soon became acquainted with its elements, and, what is more difficult, he caught, with yet greater readiness, the design, the succession, the progressive connexion of musical phrases, qualities which alone constitute the elegance of song and purity of harmony. Sacchini left the conservatory in 1750, and gave, in 1756, at Naples, a comic opera, his first work, whose success announced those which he was destined to obtain in the serious style, a style to which his

taste, and his personal character appeared to attach him from choice. He composed successively, for the theatres of Rome, of Naples, and of Venice, the operas of *Semiramide*, *l'Artaserse*, *il Cid*, *l'Andromaca*, *il Creso*, *l'Ezio*, *l'Olympiade*, *l'Armida*, *l'Adriano*, &c. He was invited to Brunswick, a court in those days celebrated for the splendor of its festivals, and the successes which he there met with during four years were the same as those which he had obtained in Italy. The love of his country recalled him to Venice; he was there master of the conservatory of the *Ospidalletto*. In this school designed exclusively for the education of young girls, Sacchini developed that talent which he owed to the lessons of Durante, by the manner in which he treated the chorusses of more than thirty oratorios, which he composed, and taught this conservatory to execute; it is in possession of them to this day. Sacchini then quitted Venice for Rome; in that city he met the celebrated singer Guarducci, who was returning from London; he it was who engaged Sacchini to go to that country, which pays exorbitantly for those arts it affects to like. Sacchini remained twelve years in England; he there composed, among other operas, those of *Tamerlane*, *Antigono*, *Perseo*, *Montezuma*, *il Creso*, *l'Erifile*, &c.; and these are the compositions which the proximity of the country he then inhabited introduced to the notice of the French. He earnestly

desired to visit that country of the fine arts, in which, it is true, none of them were born, but where they are idolized, and, with the exception of music, brought to perfection. Sacchini made a little excursion to Paris, in 1780; there he met Piccini the companion and rival of his successes in Italy; he saw at Paris that celebrated composer, then at war with the partisans of Gluck, who still pertinaciously disputed his claims to applause from *Roland*, *Atis*, and *Iphigénie en Tauride*. Piccini engaged his countrymen to try his talents, on our lyric theatre; to attach this great talent to his new country and support the cause which he defended with all the strength of this new combatant, he introduced him to a Queen who is ever disposed to protect an art to which she herself condescends, at times, to bestow all the charm which beauty and the graces can inspire. Sacchini, far more affected by the kindness with which her Majesty condescended to receive him, than by a pension of 6,000 livres which she liberally secured to him, consented to leave London for Paris. There he soon gave his opera of *Renaud*. The success of that work, doubtful at the three first representations, ended by a decided triumph. Piccini triumphed; he saw in the success of his friend's first composition another argument in favour of Italian music, and could not foresee that the *Gluckists* would discover, in the success of Sacchini, a mode of avenging themselves on his own successes. He knew not yet that the men

of letters who had declared against him, had principles which would never permit them to pardon him, for having destroyed, by facts, their assertions against the process of Italian music, although Gluck himself had frequently employed the same modes, and with the greatest success, in his best compositions. This justly celebrated man, to whom the revolution, which he has brought about on our lyric theatre, assures a glory which we should to no purpose contest, had at that time been attacked with several fits of apoplexy; his partisans could no longer expect from him any new compositions, which were so necessary to re-awaken public attention which began to be a little tired of admiring his master-pieces. *Roland, Atis, Iphigénie en Tauro-ride*, daily became more popular; the worship paid to Gluck ceased to be exclusive, and Piccini was menacing his calumniators with the opera of *Dido*. Such repeated successes proved too much against the doctrine of those who in an authoritative manner had pronounced that the Italian music was not and could not be dramatic; they thought the honor of their opinion, more than that of Gluck, concerned in opposing to the rising success of his rival, a man whose talent might offer to his sect objects of comparison, and more particularly new resources for railing and objection. This man they could not find among the national composers; the success of *Renaud* which had then justified the great reputation of Sacchini, had a far greater influence than

their own taste in presenting them with arms against Piccini. Sacchini was soon surrounded with admirers. His weak mind, rather susceptible than jealous, permitted itself to be convinced that his countryman, the friend of his youth, who had invited him to France, and determined him to reside there, was envious of his successes, and sought to depress him; from that moment he estranged himself from Piccini. To this schism we are indebted for a third sect, that of the Sacchinists, a sort of tamed Gluckists, who only entirely belong to this sect by their jealousy of Piccini. Thus it is that in circumstances far less important, without doubt, the different factions which divide an empire, never cordially unite except in their hatred against that faction which threatens to obtain the superiority; but those little manœuvres, the fruit of that party-spirit, which, from the days of Charlemagne to our own times, has divided the French on the kind of music which is analogous to their language, without ever teaching them to compose good music, were absolutely useless to the merit of *Climène* and *Dardanus*, brought on by Sacchini to succeed his *Renaud*. He had the weakness to think of propping their success by the credit of the cabal, and they the folly to believe that its success was due to their influence. But this imbecility of character should by no means distinguish the glory which M. Sacchini has gained by the three works composed for our lyric theatre. His opera of *Œdipus*

at Colonna, represented only on the theatre of the Court, and which is impatiently expected on that of the capital, must make us yet more regret this great man, who was engaged in a new work, which he had not entirely finished, when death deprived us of him.

M. Sacchini died of the gout in his stomach, which was long treated as a malignant fever. How have we to regret that the ignorance of a physician has deprived us of a talent so superior when it had attained to its utmost energy! We will not try to make the eulogy of a man whom the different theatres, enriched by his productions, will long lament. It belongs to great masters in the art to praise with discrimination those who, like themselves, have added to its glory. This Piccini has accomplished in his eulogy of Sacchini, which he published in the *Journal de Paris* some days after his death. After having called the attention to the manner in which Sacchini excelled in rondos, he adds, “ that it was on the opera of London that
“ he had the opportunity of developing all the re-
“ sources of his art, and all the riches of his ge-
“ nius in chorusses connected with the action, and
“ of the highest elevation; in those finished pieces
“ of harmony and song, where the four parts are
“ so well disposed, where we discover no indolence,
“ where all tends to the same object, where we do
“ not find one single useless measure, where, in a
“ word, each part forms separately a song, so well

“ connected, so well modulated, that even, when
“ isolated, it becomes a master-piece.

“ In all the productions that have come from
“ the pen of M. Sacchini we cannot too much
“ admire that easy progress, that melodious song,
“ that character at one time serious, at another gay,
“ brilliant, pathetic, amorous, sombre, and always
“ well connected ; this enchanting manner of con-
“ necting and linking together his musical phrases,
“ without once offending the ear, even in the most
“ violent transitions, which he employs so much
“ art to prepare and to resolve ; that exact precision,
“ where you can neither add nor take away, and
“ where all is finished ; lastly, the richness of his
“ accompaniments, so well distributed, adapted
“ with so much address as to do no violence to the
“ vocal part, which he always regarded as the
“ principal, and treated with as much grace as
“ grandeur.”

What can we add to a definition so just and precise of the great talent of M. Sacchini ! We will only remark that his person was above the middle size ; that his figure was as noble as interesting ; of a character habitually soft and tranquil, but which gave you an insight into a soul ardent, and devoured with passion. Love, that sentiment of which all his works bear so lively an impression, exercised over him a despotic mastery. An inclination so imperious has sometimes damped his desire for labour and for glory, but he repaired these

errors by that prodigious facility which distinguishes, in a particular manner, the masters of his school. Among many features of his life which might justify the truth of this observation, we will confine ourselves to calling to mind what happened to him at Milan. He had been invited there to compose the first opera. There he fell in love with the first singer; her charms effaced from his mind the object of his journey and his engagement with the manager of the Opera.

Some days before the opening of the theatre, he called on Sacchini, to settle with him the day of the first rehearsal of his opera. Sacchini avowed to him that he had not composed a note. We may easily imagine the despair of a man at a piece of negligence which threatened him with ruin; he fell into a sort of fury against the careless and amorous Sacchini; but the lady, in whose arms he had forgotten that he had an opera to compose, arrested the violence of the manager: "*Shut us up,*" she said to him, "*with two copyists, and I answer for it that Sacchini shall not stir from hence before his Opera is finished.*" In short, without being separated for an instant from his Arnida, he set himself to compose with such rapidity that the two copyists could hardly keep pace with him; in a fortnight the opera was copied, learned by heart, and brought on the stage; and this opera which is his *Olympiade*, is one of his most perfect works.

January 1787.

Letter on the Confessions of J. J. Rousseau.

Jean Jacques professes to have written his Memoirs for the purpose of exhibiting to the eyes of men the whole length portrait of a *Man*. He hopes to present them to the throne of God, and defies all other men to enjoy a like confidence: he assures us, that not a person can be found who is not infinitely inferior to himself, and has no hesitation in even pronouncing God of his opinion.

He was born at Geneva in 1712. His father had married the daughter of the minister Bernard, sister to the engineer Bernard, who had distinguished himself in the service of the Emperor. Madame Rousseau died in child-birth of Rousseau: he had had an elder brother, who, at a very early age, fled from his paternal roof; and, as little pains were taken to recover him, he was never heard of after.

The instant that Rousseau could read, his father employed him in his shop, in reading to him while he worked, sometimes heroic romances, sometimes *Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men*. This employment, as Rousseau confesses, did him much harm and much good. The father of Jean Jacques had a quarrel with a Genevese, one of that class who have gained money and honour at the expense of the French, and who, in consequence, have built houses in the high streets. The two citizens had a meeting for the purpose of settling their differences with the sword; the syndic of the Republic, who

lived in one of the high streets, ordered the clock-maker Rousseau to go quietly to prison, and was content with putting his neighbour of the high streets under arrest. The clock-maker, a partisan of republican equality, refused obedience to the syndic unless his adversary was subject to the same treatment.

The syndic obstinately contended for the privileges of the high streets, and M. Rousseau banished himself from his country. He was a good citizen, but addicted to pleasure. Retired to Nyon, he paid his addresses to the young girls of their country, and forgot poor Jean Jacques: he was then about eight years old: he was put out to board in the country near Geneva, at the house of a minister named Lambercier, with his cousin Bernard, son of the engineer. Their mode of life was very agreeable. M. Lambercier, however, perceiving it to be necessary to act with severity, condemned them to be whipped, and the instrument of correction was put into the hand of his sister, Mademoiselle Lambercier.

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† The Confessions of Rousseau alternately adorn, and sully with unpardonable blemishes, five volumes of the most elegant French. Some are admirers of his *Heloise*; others, of his *Emile*; in the latter, we only hear, read, and see Rousseau; in the former, the author appears for ever: in the impassioned letters of *Saint Preux*, we read only the passions of Rousseau; in those of *Julie*, we trace none of the easy graces, the *air d'abandon* which form the charm and character of the female pen;

Rousseau was at first happy in this house; he had made some progress on his studies, but M, Lambercier took it into his head to inflict chastisement on the two children for a fault of which they

Rousseau is for ever on the stage, for ever behind the chair, for ever whispering to her what to say; in all that falls from her, we recognise the pen of Rousseau. But this finished egotist, not content with thinking, talking, and writing of himself, in these two romances, conceived the project of dedicating himself wholly to himself; when he speaks of the luxury of solitary rambles, and solitary musings, I believe him sincere. The intrusion of a strange or even of a friendly face diverted him for the time from the pride and pleasure of thinking of *himself*, of confessing *himself* to *himself*, of admiring *himself*, and considering by what means he could make *himself* admirable to that poor, contemptible, unreasonable, insensible, and grovelling class of beings, the whole world beside. To this incessant and unrelenting self-collection we are indebted for his extraordinary *Confessions*. In this book, he tells us, *I robbed, but I was more honest than the rest of the world. I was a glutton, but I was less selfish than other people. I bore false witness, as in the case of the servant-girl, whom my testimony ruined—yet whose conscience is half so clear as mine? I was unclean in thought and in actions, but who is half so spotless?* Here is no longer *Ego*, but *Egomet*. He pulls off all the decent drapery of life; he is naked, and his nudity is indeed far from that of the Indian, it is only that of the prostitute. The *Confessions*, however, with these great deductions, form the very best of his writings; for when does the enthusiasm of an egotist so completely burn his paper as when he writes on that delightful subject, *himself*? They are indeed curious, entertaining, and whimsical, as their hero. Their principal adventures are here summed up with spirit, and I translate the abridgment for the purpose of evincing to the English admirers of Rousseau, the opinion which all good Frenchmen entertain of their idol.—T.

were innocent, and attempt extorting from them a confession by dint of punishment.

Rousseau, irritated by this injustice, conceived an aversion for the master and for learning; he ceased to labour; he was removed from the boarding-school; and was placed in the house of a registrar, with the design of making him a practitioner. At the end of ^{four} ~~three~~ weeks, the registrar declared that he would be ^{high} ~~fit~~ fit for any thing better than using a file, in consequence of which Rousseau was bound apprentice to an engraver in metals. During this engagement, Rousseau went occasionally to see his father at Nyon: there he became acquainted with a Mademoiselle Goton, of about his own age, who studied and gratified his taste in all its refinements on depravity. The caresses of Mademoiselle Goton, no doubt, appeared to Rousseau worthy the attention of the Universe, and of being presented before the throne of the Almighty.

The master of Rousseau was a mere brute, totally devoid of education; and he would beat the boy black and blue, and compel him to leave the table at the dessert, and always took care to dismiss him to the shop whenever he had company. Rousseau, humbled by this treatment, became gradually debased, turned liar, glutton, and even thief: he assures us, that he could never break himself of thieving, not indeed money or precious metals, but any trifles that fell in his way, merely to satisfy his immediate necessities. Thus it was that he served

his master, from whom he stole fruits, drawing-paper, tools, but never any of the plates of gold or silver that were entrusted to his hands.

Rousseau, however, conceived a taste for reading, but he read at random, and without an object in view, the books which the librarian let to him, according to the custom of Geneva, where the servants and journeymen hire books to amuse themselves on the Sunday.

f. dedicat.

Rousseau had been beaten more than once for forgetting the hour when the gates were closed, and not having entered the city until Monday morning, he was threatened with a more serious correction, if he again committed the same fault. One Sunday evening, he was yet at some distance from the city, when he heard the bell announce the shutting of the gates; he runs with his companions, arrives at the gates; but, unfortunately, the commanding officer of the day took it into his head to shut them sooner than usual, and Rousseau was only four steps from them before they were closed in his face, without being able by tears or cries to obtain any favour. He throws himself on the glacis, bites the earth with rage, swears never to re-enter Geneva, and bids adieu to his companions, who, either more patient, or not fearing to be treated so severely, tranquilly awaited the hour of opening the gates.

In the morning, Rousseau wrote to his cousin Bernard, who had retained a friendship for him, al-

though the conduct of Rousseau, and his condition of journeyman, had a little estranged them. Bernard came to see him, brought him some money, a little sword, some few necessary articles, and bade him farewell.

At the period when Rousseau quitted Geneva, he had forgotten the little Latin which he had learned with M. Lamercier; the romances which he had read, heated his imagination, but he had been more struck with the adventures than the sentiments of their heroes; his head had become romantic, his soul was that of an ill-conditioned vagabond. He had initiated himself under his master's roof to the habit of thieving, but had not made it sufficiently a profession to subsist by it. After some days, the Savoyard peasants, to whom he had applied for a shelter, directed him to a certain vicar, who, they said, would give him a hospitable reception: this was a Savoyard gentleman, from the same place as one of the gentlemen of the escalade. Rousseau, who had heard at Geneva, that all those people had made a covenant with the devil to destroy the holy work of the Reformation, was curious to see how one of their descendants was formed. He found a very pleasant kind of man, who kept him to dinner, and made him drink some good wine, accompanying every bumper with an argument in favour of the real presence. Rousseau, who knew but little of theology, preferred drinking to answering, and the vicar thought him wavering, but not feeling

himself sufficiently strong to achieve a conquest of that importance, he proposed to him a journey to Annecy to complete his conversion, under the direction of a respectable devotee, who, like himself, had formerly been lost in error. Rousseau took a letter for her, and departed.

He had not changed his opinion on the subject of the Catholic religion, was not shaken in the little that he knew of the tenets of his communion; neither had he the least wish to make a sale of his conversion. He set out, however, for Annecy, only with a view to procure sustenance, and to see the country. On arriving at Annecy, Rousseau calls on Madame de Warens (this was the lady's name to whom he was directed); they tell him that she is gone out to vespers, that he will meet her on the way; he runs with the letter in his hand. The name of a respectable devotee had terrified him. At his approach, Madame de Warens turns back, and Rousseau is motionless with love and admiration. She was about thirty years of age, short, rather inclined to be fat, but fresh, animated, with an air of goodness, and (what Rousseau did not yet discover, although he had already felt its effect) the look of a woman at least not over-rigid. She bade him return after vespers, gave him supper, a bed, a dinner on the morrow; and Rousseau would have felt himself happy to have been converted by such a woman.

. Rousseau here informs his readers, that Madame

de Warens, descended from one of the first houses of the Pays de Vaud, in consequence of a rupture with her husband and her family, occasioned by certain multiplied adventures, had thrown herself at the feet of Victor Amadeus, while he was on a journey in Savoy. Victor received her with kindness, took her to Turin, converted her, but, a short time after, dismissed her with a pension of two thousand francs, which she was squandering at Annecy. She devoted herself to all sorts of projects; chemistry, finance, politics, manufactures, commerce, nothing came amiss to her.

The confusion in her head originated, according to Rousseau, in the facility with which she adopted the opinions of her lovers, which, considering their multiplicity, must have caused a great derangement in her ideas. It may perhaps appear extraordinary to vulgar souls, that Rousseau impresses reflections of this kind on a woman who supported him during so many years, and to bring whom to misery he contributed not a little by his own expenses. But as his memoirs were intended to be presented some day before God, Rousseau thought it incumbent on him not to conceal from him the peccadilloes of Madame de Warens.

This lady would not take upon her the conversion of Rousseau, but decided on sending him to the religious hospital of Turin. The Bishop of Annecy furnished money for the journey. She entrusted Jean Jacques to the care of one of those

projectors in whom Madame de Warens was so interested, who was setting off for Turin. They travelled on foot, and the man of sublime projects arranged matters so skilfully, that, on arriving, Rousseau had not a sol in his pocket. He presented himself at the hospital, and when he heard the heavy gates of this melancholy mansion close upon him, he began to reflect on the step which he had taken, and its probable consequences.

M. Rousseau, the father, had become acquainted with the flight of his son; he travelled in search of him as far as Annecy, and arrived on the very day, or the day after his departure. As he was mounted, he might have come up with his son, who was travelling on foot with the projector and his wife; but he spared himself this trouble. He had pursued with equal diligence his eldest son, at the time of his flight. It appears that paternal affection was not the prevailing sentiment of this family.

Jean Jacques, imprisoned in the religious house, was submitted to its usual instructions. He witnessed the arrival of three neophytes, who had the appearance of arrant thieves, and their looks were by no means deceitful. They called themselves at that time Slavonians, and pretended that they were desirous of being baptized. But one of them confessed to Rousseau, that they had been already baptized three or four times; but they found this manner of gaining their subsistence more

agreeable than labour. From another door came forth some young women, whose figures and squalid appearance sorted marvellously with the look of the thieves. One alone of the number was very pretty. Rousseau hoped to get acquainted with her, but the men and women never were permitted to hold any intercourse but at the hours of instruction.

This girl had been already for a long time in the hospital ; the priests did not yet think her sufficiently converted. But, a little time after the entrance of Rousseau, she became so tired of her confinement, that she declared positively to the priests her intention to leap down the walls of the house, if they did not permit her to depart, whether converted or unconverted ; and they were compelled reluctantly to admit her abjuration.

Rousseau had no desire to become a Catholic, but dulness overcame him, and, partly to amuse himself, partly to put off his conversion, or to make it more brilliant, he set himself strenuously to dispute ; cited at random some scriptural passages which he knew by heart, and some arguments which he had heard the ministers employ.

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Here Rousseau details an adventure of the very worst description, in a manner that would hardly be expected from an author who has painted the loves of Emilius and Sophia. The consequence of this

adventure was a determination to become a convert, for the purpose of effecting a speedy escape from so profane a house. One of the Sclavonians had been baptized a week before Rousseau's abjuration ; and the ceremony in the former instance had been more pompous, for they pay so much the more honour to the neophytes, as the road which conducted them to Catholicism was the more tedious and thorny. The ceremony of Rousseau's baptism, however, was grand ; before him marched two men, each of them carrying a large copper bason, on which they struck with a wand. The pious threw their alms into the bason. After this abjuration they brought Rousseau back to the hospital in procession ; they then proceeded to take off from him his habit of ceremony, and returned his own ; they gave him twenty francs, the produce of the collection, and turned him out of doors. Jean Jacques had imagined that the conversion of a Genevese would have a far greater effect at Turin ; he lost sight in an instant of all the romantic ideas which had lulled him to sleep, and fortunately found a woman who, for a sol per night, afforded him an asylum. He lived on bread and milk : his hostess, to whom he recounted his history, and who was a woman of good sense, promised to look out for some place for him, and advised him to make the best of his talent for engraving. In short, he circulated proposals for engraving arms and cyphers upon plate and trinkets on very low terms, and found some customers ; among others

Madame Basile, the young and pretty wife of an old jealous shopkeeper, who, on setting out on a journey, had left Madame under the care of a brutal clerk. This man was in proportion incapable of deceiving his master for the benefit of others, as he was desirous that the lady should deceive her husband for his own advantage. Rousseau fell violently in love with Madame Basile ; he had one day the happiness of passing half an hour on his knees upon the mat on which she used to set her feet ; intoxicated with the pleasure of gazing on her, his head fell between the knees of Madame Basile, his mouth was fastened to her hand, and all this was done in silence ; but presently the clerk was heard to arrive. Rousseau, when he wrote this history, fifty years after the event, had not forgotten the most trifling circumstance of it, and termed it one of the happiest moments in his life. The husband's arrival interrupted this connexion, to the great regret of Rousseau. Madame Basile however appears never to have had very serious intentions. The woman who lodged Rousseau, procured him by her credit, the advantage of entering as footman into the service of the Countess de Vercelis, a woman whose style, Rousseau, who served her as a secretary, compares to that of Madame de Sévigné. She seemed however very little sensible to the merit of her new footman, evinced no desire to be made acquainted with his adventures, contenting herself with very short answers on his side to some questions which she put to him

by way of shewing him some attention; and, at her death, three months after, she left him nothing by her will. Rousseau appears hardly to have recovered from his surprise at the time of writing his Memoirs. Nevertheless, when he entered into her service, Madame de Vercelis was dying of an incurable complaint, and her manner of thinking would have rather disgusted than reconciled her with a little vagabond of Geneva, who had just made himself, by way of whim, a Catholic at Turin. At the death of Madame de Vercelis, her nephew and heir, the Count de la Roque, dismissed all her household. In the packing up, a rose coloured ribband trimmed with silver was discovered to be missing; the niece of the chamber-maid, to whom it belonged, complained of it, and searched the parcels of the servants, and the ribband was discovered in one of Rousseau's pockets. Rousseau, surprised, maintained that he had not taken the ribband, and that Mary had given it to him. Mary was a little Savoyard girl, very pretty, and very innocent; Madame de Vercelis, who in the latter part of her life had no longer any need of a cook, had taken her to make her broth. The Count de la Roque insisted that Mary and Rousseau should be confronted before him in the presence of all the family. Mary appeared very calm, and very afflicted; she protested her innocence with tears. *Ah! M. Rousseau*, was her bitterest reproach, *I should never have thought your charac-*

ter so bad ! Rousseau continued to accuse Mary with an *infernal* effrontery (I think this is his very expression). The assembly appeared to take part against Mary ; this also appears to have been the opinion of M. de la Roque, since he afterwards presented Rousseau to one of his friends. He would not however decide, but driving the accused from his presence ; *Be gone*, said he, *I give the guilty over to the reproofs of conscience*. Rousseau says, that after a lapse of fifty years since this adventure, at night, during his wakeful hours, he seemed to hear the voice of the Count de la Roque. But it should seem that his remorse did not begin to torture him for a long time after the event, when, finding himself at Paris in that society for which he afterwards entertained such marked contempt, he began to feel some honourable sentiments. During his residence in Turin, and indeed the whole time passed in Savoy, we do not discover that he took the least trouble to become acquainted with the misery which his calumny had entailed upon Mary, nor did he seek to redress it. Even in those pages of his *Memoirs* where he insists upon the misfortunes which may have hence befallen the girl, and on the remorse which that idea inflicts on him, he does not evince the least sorrow, or the least desire of repairing the disasters which he might have caused her, or even to conceive that his duty demanded of him this effort. Rousseau returned to his lodgings ; he became

acquainted with M. Guème, preceptor to the children of M. Mélarède, who gave him excellent advice, endeavoured to make him sensible to some moral principles, and strove to elevate his mind. This is one of the two persons from whom he took the portrait of the *Savoyard Curate*; but the second, who was a priest of the seminary of Annecy became a vicar after his intimacy with Rousseau, and was put under an interdict for having a child by one of his fair neighbours. Rousseau attributes this adventure to an old Savoyard, whom he declares, in his *Emile*, to be under the protection of M. de Mélarède: which gives occasion to Jean-Jacques to testify his gratitude to the preceptor of M. Mélarède's children, by attributing to him, in his *Emile*, an adventure which he never met with.

Rousseau was beginning to despond, when one day the Count de la Roque sent for him, and announced to him, that, on his recommendation, the Marquis de Villefranche (as far as I remember) of the house of Solar, would give him a place in his house. Rousseau lost no time in appearing before the Marquis de Villefranche. He found him a venerable old man, of profound wit, and of much sense and goodness. He gave Rousseau a friendly reception, and proposed to him the place of footman in his house. Rousseau did not expect this degradation. He did not however refuse; the old Marquis declared to him, that he should not

wear a livery; that he should not mount behind his carriages, nor be attached to the service of one person in particular.

Hardly was Rousseau established in the house but he fell in love with Mlle. de Solar, granddaughter of the Marquis; he never left her antichamber, where he was accustomed to wait whole days for the pleasure of seeing her pass by; and the sight of her so infatuated him, that Mlle. Solar having one day dropped her glove, Rousseau had not resolution enough to pick it up, and had the mortification to see another footman attract the eyes of Mlle. Solar, and receive her thanks. In waiting at table, he used to watch every occasion of serving her, and, with his eyes fixed upon her, sought to anticipate her wishes, for Mlle. Solar never addressed herself to him. In short, one day when a Piedmontese nobleman, who pretended to know French, took it into his head to find a fault in the orthography of the motto of the house of Solar, *tel fiert qui ne tue point*, and to say that it should have been written *fier*, Rousseau could not help smiling; the Marquis de Villefranche ordered him to speak; he proved clearly that the word *fiert* was correctly written, because it came from the Latin word *ferit*. His explanation succeeded to a miracle, and Mlle. de Solar had the kindness to order him to bring her something to drink. Rousseau, transported to the highest degree, spilled on the plate and over Mlle. Solar half the glass,

and, to complete his misfortune, the young Solar, asked him, *why do you tremble in obeying my sister's commands?* Mlle. Solar blushed, and on the morrow her mother forbade Rousseau to remain in her daughter's antichamber.

About this time, the Abbé de Solar returned to his father's house ; he conceived a regard for Rousseau, employed him sometimes in copying political memoirs, sometimes dissertations on Italian literature, and, on finding that he did not understand Latin, took upon himself to give him a lesson every day, Rousseau did not make the best of this part of his education ; but, as the Abbé Solar was well acquainted with Italian literature, and more particularly its poetry, and as Rousseau had occasion to write, under his direction, a number of remarks on these subjects, he conceived a taste for them which has never since forsaken him.

The friendship of the Abbé de Solar ameliorated the lot of Rousseau ;—he no longer waited at table, was no longer treated as a servant. It appears that the family of Solar, engaged in the intrigues of the Court of Turin, and aspiring to employment in the diplomatic line, were desirous to secure to themselves a man of talent, and who should owe his rise entirely to them. They had cast their eyes upon Rousseau ; but Rousseau had got acquainted with a dirty Genevese of his own age ; who, like himself, had fled from his country. The society of this ill character made him neglect his instruc-

tions; he was reproached, and the door of the house was shut against his friend. In a word, Rousseau still persisting in his ill-behaviour was dismissed; but before going away, was compelled to have an interview with the young Solar. This young man talked in so sensible a manner of his wildness, and of its evil consequences, and counselled him in a manner so superior to his age, and general style of talking, that it was easy to perceive that his discourse was the fruit of his grandfather's lessons, or those of the Abbé de Solar. It concluded by a proposal to take him back again and to forget every thing, if he would promise to renounce his connexion with the little Genevese, and continue to labour at his own improvement. Rousseau had already arranged his journey with his friend; they were to travel together over Piedmont and Savoy, with a Heron fountain which they were to exhibit for money: he answered haughtily, that he would not expose himself to be twice dismissed from the same house. He departed, and M. de Solar shut the door against him rather rudely. After this adventure, Rousseau went away, without even taking leave of the Abbé de Solar, and without thanking him for his Latin lessons. Some days after the Heron fountain broke. Rousseau perceived that his friend was a worthless fellow, and they parted without regret at Annecy, whither Rousseau returned to the house of Madame de Warens, who received him with great kindness.

They may whisper what they like, she said to her chamber-maid, *I will keep him here*. They gave him then a pretty little room, which looked out upon an agreeable meadow, and now behold him an inmate with Madame de Warens.

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Rousseau remained for some time happily with Madame de Warens, violently in love with her though without her knowledge. She was very gay ; and they passed their time in such amusements as are common to boarders at a convent. Madame de Warens however, was too much taken up with projects not to have formed some for the future condition of Rousseau. At first, she decided on making him a priest. This compelled him to leave the house, and go to a wretched seminary to learn Latin for the third time. The superior was a good man. He was a little old man with one eye, hideous in his appearance, a friend of Madame de Warens, who had conferred on him in her house the function of lacing her stays ; a function which he discharged with great gravity, while Madame de Warens was playing sometimes with Rousseau, sometimes with some other friend, and drew him after her still faithfully holding the lace. The first master under whom Jean Jacques was placed, displeased even to giving him the vapours ; the second was a very good man, and a character perfectly in

unison with that of the *Savoyard Curate*. But he had not yet learned Latin, and was declared incapable of entering into holy orders, as he had before been declared incapable of being made an attorney. Rousseau was at that time a tolerable Catholic, and implicitly believed in the god of Madame de Warens. He knew not yet what sort of an agreement she had made with her god either on articles of belief or of morality. It was, I think, some time after his leaving the school that Rousseau became witness to a miracle. A fire broke out in the city of Annecy, and threatened the church of the Cordeliers. The house of Madame de Warens was near the spot. Rousseau assisted in removing the effects, and afterwards returned to the garden, to pray God that he would extinguish the fire by the side of his good *mamma*. The bishop, who ran to the spot with the ceremonies of the church, prayed to him yet more fervently. The wind changed, the church was not burned; it was extolled as a miracle, and Rousseau believed it one in earnest. He was not even disinclined to believe that he had some part in the miracle, such fervour did the presence of Madame de Warens and the circumstance of the night and the garden impart to the prayer. It is this miracle which he attested ten years afterwards, late indeed for his honour, when they wished to make a saint of this poor Bishop of Annecy. Fréron discovered this testimony, and inserted it in his pages when the

Letters from the Mountain appeared. Rousseau had the candour to acknowledge that it was an excellent piece of pleasantry.

As Madame de Warens could not turn theology to the interest of Jean-Jacques, she wished to make a trial of church-music. His master was a sprightly fellow addicted to drunkenness; he now and then supped with Rousseau at the house of Madame de Warens. It is about this time, I think, that Rousseau recounts at length, that, having left home one morning to see the sun rise, he found on the brink of a river near the house, two young ladies on horseback, one of whom was from Annecy and the other, born in Switzerland, had been some time established in the house of her friend. They were from sixteen to seventeen years old, and Rousseau was about nineteen. The horses would not pass the brook; Rousseau takes one by the bridle, walks into the water up to his knees, and conducts the young ladies to the other side of the river. They invite him to accompany them some leagues further, to a farm belonging to the parents of the lady of Annecy, to which they go to pass the day. Rousseau accepts the offer, and mounts behind one of them. Here Rousseau asks pardon of the court-ladies for having rode on the crupper behind this damsel without taking any liberties. They arrive; the day passes off very pleasantly; the young girls were very innocent and gay; Rousseau was extremely awkward, and very amorous,

but without clearly knowing which of the two had inspired the tender sentiment ; he was ever inclined to make a declaration to her with whom he found himself left alone for an instant, and was always interrupted by the other before the first sentence was arranged. He had however, in these tête-à-têtes, the pleasure of kissing the hand of one of these damsels, who hardly seemed to perceive the liberty. Rousseau then thought his happiness about to be completed ; but the companion arrived. When they separated in the evening, the young ladies made an agreement that one of them should accept Rousseau as an admirer, and that the other should act the part of confidant. This jest, which Rousseau was inclined to take seriously, ended in nothing ; but in writing his memoirs, he appears to think it hardly possible that two young girls could have treated with levity a scholar in music, and one who was hereafter to become Jean Jacques Rousseau. He made no great progress in this study, because his master, who was old, subject to attacks of apoplexy, and whose whole property consisted of his collection of masses, of motets, &c. wished to turn them to profit, to assure himself a livelihood. He had nothing to expect from the gratitude of the chapter of Annecy, and much to lament in the pride of the canons, who could never conceive that a man of plebeian extraction had a right to take offence at any treatment he might receive from a person who could prove his right to several quarterings in his arms. He resolved then on quitting Annecy ;

but the canons with whom he was under engagements, would have prevented his departure, or seized his music. He set off secretly for Lyons, the music did not travel in such haste. The poor musician determines on telling his adventures to the Count de Lyon, and to a Cordelier. Both of them betrayed the musician, and informed the canons of Annecy. The music was confiscated. What makes this adventure the more amusing is, that the same Cordelier arrived in Savoy, and was in company with Madame de Warens some time after, and Rousseau describes him to have been a very honest man. *It is true, he betrayed the secret of poor Le Maître, and this, it must be confessed, was, upon the whole, the noblest action in the life of Father Caton.*

M. Le Maître, some days after his arrival at Lyons, was seized in the street with an apoplectic fit. Rousseau was with him; the people crowded round him. Rousseau tells those who are near him, the address of Le Maître, turns the corner of a street, and sets off for Annecy, leaving his master and friend in the hands of the populace. At his return, he was received by Madame de Warens, as if he had not committed a most wicked action (I am not clear that he confessed it to her); he lived with her some time longer. After this Madame de Warens was compelled, in consequence of her projects, and for affairs which always remained a secret to Rousseau to quit Annecy for Turin, and to go from Turin to

Paris, and from Paris to Chambéry, where she fixed her abode. She began by commissioning Rousseau to conduct her chamber-maid to her parents at Fribourg. She was rather pretty, and Rousseau, during the journey, slept in the same chamber; he does not believe that the good girl would have made much resistance, but he had not the courage to make any advances. After restoring this young woman to her friends, Rousseau passed by Nyon, where he saw his father, who had married again. He was well received; his father gave him excellent advice, a supper, a bed; but neither spoke of prolonging his visits, nor finding any place for him. He set off then he knew not whither, and without enough money to procure him a bed for a few days.

In this journey through Switzerland, he twice slept in inns, and passed some time in them without paying. He has since reimbursed these good folks. This subject leads him to extol the generosity of the poor. We see, from what follows in his history, that he might with equal justice have said a word on the generosity of the rich; but not a syllable in their praise escapes from his lips. We find that he regarded a rich benefactor as a man who had the superiority over him; whereas he himself was the superior when he honoured with effusions of his gratitude some wretched keepers of village-inns. I know not whether it is from the distress in which he then was, that speaking of his independence, of his want of foresight, of his in-

difference which exposed him incessantly to extremities, he uttered these memorable words which I have treasured, and which good editors will not have the malice to suppress: “as for my subsistence, why should I be anxious about that? *I might have begged or stolen.*” I underline these words, because they are in the memoirs, (*totidem verbis*) *begged or stolen.*

From Nyon Rousseau goes to Vevay; there he stops, establishes himself in an inn, gives out that he is a Parisian, a great musician, composes for the city concert a cantata without the least notion of the rules of composition, has it executed in the midst of bursts of laughter from the musicians and spectators, and concludes by being entirely unmasked by a gardner, a real Parisian, who discovers, that, so far from being born at Paris, he had never been there.

Madame de Warens had left Annecy without informing Rousseau of her intentions. He wanders in Switzerland, and meets, in an inn, a sort of Grecian Bishop, who said that he was commissioned by the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem to collect alms through all Christendom. He spoke Italian but not French. Rousseau joins him to serve as interpreter in Switzerland, intending to follow him afterwards into his diocese. When arrived at Soleure, the bishop goes to pay a visit to the ambassador of France, accompanied by his interpreter, who passed for a Frenchman. Unhappily, M. de Bonnac, at

that time ambassador in Switzerland, had been so also in Constantinople. He had some knowledge of Grecian Bishops, and when Rousseau wished to depart, it was signified to him that the ambassador's orders were to detain him in the hotel. He was brought before M. de Bonnac, who declared that the Greek prelate was a swindler, and that, finding him to be a French subject, he had availed himself of his powers for the purpose of preventing his ruin, which would attend the service of such a man. Rousseau was then compelled to own that he was not French ; he confessed his misery and part of his follies. M. de Bonnac pitied him ; promised to interest himself in his fate, proposed to give him a place in his own house, and to employ him in his office, until he should have discovered what sort of situation would be most suitable to his talent ; told him, that, to keep him out of harm's way, he would detain him until the Greek Bishop should have left Soleure, when he should immediately regain his liberty.

Rousseau was for some time employed in the office of M. de Bonnac ; but whether from disgust at remaining in a subordinate situation, he neglected to labour, or whether he appeared to his protector more adapted to literature than to business (for, after the example of the first secretary of M. de Bonnac, a man of letters whose name I forget, he had turned poet) M. de Bonnac thought it better for him to procure an education at Paris,

than to keep him in his office. He proposed to him to take charge of the nephew of a Swiss officer, by name Godard. M. de Bonnac furnished him with money to defray his expenses to Paris, and, as his mission did not succeed, he farther defrayed his journey back to Switzerland. Madame de Warens had left Paris before Rousseau discovered the street in which she lodged; he then set off for Lyons, where he remained until he could learn in what city his protectress had gone to live. Almost moneyless, he brought himself to sleep in the street that he might make the most of the little that remained. Here an adventure befell him which we again omit.

* * * * *

Rousseau heard at length, that Madame de Warens was at Chambéry; he went to join her; she was at that time lodged in a miserable house which she rented very high; but this house belonged to a minister, who could hardly find any one to take it, and Madame de Warrens had taken this step that she might no longer be exposed to chicaneries on the subject of the payment of her pension. She received Jean-Jacques with the tenderness of a mother, and soon found means to get him a clerk's place in an office instituted at Chambéry to make a valuation of property in Savoy. Instead of the register, Jean-Jacques devoted his time to music, and left his employment to set up for a singing-master. He had male and female scholars, and be-

came violently in love with the latter according to custom. Among others was a Mademoiselle Lard, who resembled a marble statue, and whom her father compelled to learn music for the purpose of giving her some animation. There was no occasion for such an arrangement with regard to Madame Lard; she had taken a liking to Rousseau, and, at every lesson that he gave the daughter, she obliged him to receive five or six kisses applied in a most animating manner to his lips. Even the presence of M. Lard was no obstacle to her. Rousseau did not fail to acquaint Madame de Warens with his little adventures; he told her of Madame Lard's kind dispositions, and of the passion that one of the principal sempstresses of the city had taken for him, who to be sure was rather old and ugly. This sempstress had kindly charged herself with his letters to a young lady to whom he was making proposals. Madame de Warens then saw the danger into which Rousseau was falling. A first connection sometimes decides the fate of a whole life; he might make a bad choice; the greater was his innocence, the greater was his danger. She resolved to choose for him, to rescue him from the dangers of ignorance, and deliver him from that wish of getting a certain species of information which might end in loss of reason.

A few years after her marriage, Madame de Warens had connected herself with a Count de Favel, who had the misfortune to be an atheist, and who had inspired her with certain principles

on the article of conjugal fidelity of which he afterwards availed himself. She soon left this first lover, but remained faithful to his principles ; and when she turned Catholic, she continued to regard her favours as a possession of which she had a right to dispose. At one time they were the means of attaching to herself friends, at another they were the reward of friendship or of services. Her natural temperament, in Rousseau's opinion, had no share in this dispensation. This point of morality was not the only one in which the opinion of Madame de Warens differed from that of the ecclesiastics : the eternity of punishment, grace, the mysteries, were treated with the same levity ; and all that the priest obtained of her was an act of implicit submission to the decisions of the church, of whatever nature they might be ; after which she made no scruple of criticising each decision by itself. Since her residence at Chambery, she had considered the zeal and virtues of Claude Anet, her footman, deserving the sweetest recompense that she could grant. At the same time she had raised him to take the superintendance of her botanical garden ; he it was who used to seek among the Alps those herbs which were necessary for her laboratory. Rousseau was acquainted with the source of the connection of Madame de Warens with this poor youth. One day when, in a fit of anger, Madame de Warens called him a booby, the poor young man poisoned himself. He was seasonably

succoured by Rousseau; and Madame de Warens, in her extreme agitation at this circumstance, could no longer keep her own secret.

Some time after, Madame de Warens conducted Rousseau into a botanic garden which she had without the city; in this garden was a pleasure-house, into which she led him. There, after having shewn him the danger which his morals and his health would run if he were left to follow the impulse of his senses and his inexperience, and after explaining to him the principles of continence, Madame de Warens proposed to her pupil to instruct him herself in what he then was ignorant of, and took upon herself to calm his senses, and deliver him from the state of anguish and torment to which the excess of his continence had reduced him. She then proposed to him certain conditions to which he was called on to swear, allowed him a week for reflection, at the end of which time he was to return to the garden to declare his refusal, or ratify the treaty in due form. Rousseau loved Madame de Warens tenderly; however, the effect of this discourse was to inspire him with a mortal panic. Far from impatiently expecting the end of the week, he never so lamented the rapidity of time. The fatal term arrived. Rousseau trembling betook himself to the garden, made the stated oath, of which he has not thought proper to give us the details, (although they were surely well worth presenting with the rest before

the throne of God). He received with docility the lessons of Madame de Warens, the good Claude Anet became a confidant. This *respectable* youth had an attachment, a veneration for his mistress, which prevented him from complaining at the innovation. On the contrary, he gave Rousseau much salutary advice on the line of conduct which best pleased Madame de Warens. Claude Anet died some time after, of a pleurisy, which he had caught in herborising among the Alps. He was much regretted by Madame de Warens, who had succeeded in the project of the establishment of a botanical institution at Chambéry, a school of which Claude Anet would have been the first professor. Rousseau lamented him as if he had not been his rival. He speaks with regret of the delicious scenes that passed between them three, when Madame de Warens assured them that both were equally necessary to her happiness.

After this new arrangement, Rousseau studied French literature. M. Simon, chief justice at Chambéry, had a well-assorted library, collected new books, and failed neither in instruction nor in taste. This M. Simon was, in other respects, an epitome of absurdities: a large head on a dwarf's body, long thighs, and legs whimsically turned, arms that reached below his knees, a wig that reached to his heels: such was the exterior of M. Simon. But, with these blemishes, he was gallant with the ladies, spoke with complacency of his for-

tunate adventures, and assumed all the airs with which success in these matters usually inspires a fool. After this portrait, Rousseau assures us *that he was a good sort of little man; and I thought myself called upon to evince to him in this place a testimony of my gratitude.* About this time Rousseau read the *Philosophical Letters*; he confesses that this work first gave rise to his taste for philosophy, *although*, he adds, *it is far from the best work of Voltaire.* He saw at Chambery a number of French officers, who were passing and repassing to and from the army of Italy, among others M. de Senneterre, of whom he speaks highly. The King of Sardinia was then an ally of the King of France; Rousseau, who saw none but French and their allies, sided with the French, and has ever maintained the same prepossession: the defeat of that nation always caused him the most lively grief, and their victories the greatest joy. Rousseau, however, while he was at Annecy, had been visited with a dream; he seemed to be transported to a small house, situated amidst a fine landscape where he passed some delicious moments with a charming woman. He resolved to realize this dream with Madame de Warens; she hired a country-house, whither they retired in the summer. Rousseau there found himself happy; he divided his life between rural occupations (of which he had no knowledge), study, and Madame de Warens. No importunate persons came thither to trouble

him, except two Jesuits, of whom one was a confessor. Rousseau, however, entertained at that time some doubts about hell; these doubts fearfully perplexed him; it would be in fact very disagreeable to go thither merely for having believed that there was no such place. Jean Jacques then bethought himself of a method by which he might clear up his doubts. He placed himself opposite to a tree, with a stone in his hand, and being prepared to throw the stone, after a fervent prayer, he said, "*If this stone hit the tree, I will believe that there is no hell; if it miss, I will believe in a hell.*" Happily, he had taken the precaution to choose a large tree, and to place himself very near it; the stone struck the tree, and Rousseau remained convinced all his life that there was no hell.

Now then we have a picture of Rousseau *tête-à-tête* with Madame de Warens, in her little abode at Charmettes, dividing his time between love, study, and rural occupations. He became hypochondriac from mere happiness, and, what is very pleasant, in writing this part of his history thirty years after, he appears astonished at it. These vapours became very violent. One day when seating himself at the table, he had an extraordinary sensation; his heart seemed ready to bound from his breast, and his vessels felt as though they were about to burst. From that moment, his constitution underwent a change: no more peaceful nights, no more regularity in the pulse; an almost incessant

palpitation of the heart accompanied him through life, and the change in his constitution produced another in his character, which thenceforth became more passionate and ardent.

The fortune of Madame de Warens was so small, and she had formed so many projects, protected so many people, that her pension of 2,000 livres, frequently seized by her creditors, were barely enough for subsistence. Nevertheless, although she had a house in town, she took another in the country, out of complaisance to Rousseau, and that country-house, far from being an object of economy and income, was one that augmented her expense. This introduced some scruples into the mind of Rousseau, who began to suspect that it was not over-moral to reduce a woman to beggary who had sacrificed her all to him. These scruples only ended in some journeys undertaken by him in search of employment, which were all made in vain, and for which Madame de Warens was at the expense of equipping him, which increased yet more their common distress.

At length the vapours became so violent, that Madame de Warens thought herself obliged to advise Rousseau to leave the house at Charmettes, where they had no other company than two Jesuits, their confessors; and to go for advice to Montpellier. He set off, and hardly had he left this delicious sojourn before he felt almost recovered. After travelling some days, he fell into company with

a young and lovely woman, and an old Marquis who was travelling for his health, and whose raileries were rather severe. This Marquis bethought himself of supposing on the very first day, that Rousseau was in love with the lady, but that respect prevented him from shewing all his passion; and gave him to understand, that, with less respect, he would be more approved. This style of pleasantry so intimidated Rousseau, who imagined that he had become the subject of ridicule, that the young lady was compelled, during the afternoon sleep of the Marquis, to lead him out of the city (Valence or Montelimart) into a little wood, where she explained herself in the most clear and unequivocal manner upon the proof of love on which she should place the greatest reliance. Rousseau found her infinitely more ardent than Madame de Warens, and thought her, on the whole, far preferable. He availed himself of the opportunity for some days, and promised this lady, who lived at Bourg-Saint-Andéol, to come and pass the winter with her. It is right to know that, during all this journey, Rousseau went by the name of Mr. Dunning, an Englishman, although he did not know a word of that language, and the lady of Bourg-St.-Andéol, who is yet alive, will learn in reading these memoirs that the English Dunning, whom she almost violated forty years ago, is the illustrious Jean-Jacques. Rousseau has put his name at full length, apparently from grati-

tude, or, perhaps, from fear that God, to whom he destines this noble book, may not be able to guess it.

He remained some months at Montpellier. He informed Madame de Warens that he should pass the winter at Bourg-St.-Andéol, *that he might be nearer his dear mamma*. This piece of gallantry is not in the memoirs, but in his printed letters. Remorse however here assailed him; he thought it unjust to expend the money of Madame de Warens in diverting himself with another. Besides, the lady of Bourg-St.-Andéol had a charming daughter, with whom Rousseau was certain of being enamoured. He determined then to return to Chambery, without thinking it necessary to inform the lady of Bourg-St.-Andéol that he had changed his mind. Rousseau sets off then for Chambery, announces his arrival, and expects, according to custom, that Madame de Warens had prepared a festival for his reception. No such thing. All was tranquillity in the house. He goes trembling up into her room. *Ah, my little man, so you are returned! I am glad of it*, was her greeting; she was not alone. A barber's boy was with her; Rousseau had already met him in the house, at that time he was established there, and Rousseau learned from the good Madame de Warens, that he had succeeded Claude Anet. Rousseau began to present a remonstrance on the sacredness of love. . . . *But my friend*, said Madame de

Warens, *you were absent !* She then proposed to him to live as he did in the reign of Claude Anet, but to this Rousseau could not submit. He threw himself at the feet of Madame de Warens, assumed the tone of a hero of romance, declared that he would not, by an unworthy division, dishonor the altar on which he had sacrificed, and vilify the object of his adoration and his love. Madame de Warens, compelled to choose, preferred the hair-dresser. It is at this epoch that Rousseau exclaims ; “ *heavenly soul, who art at present in the bosom of God, pardon my revealing thy weaknesses ! be assured that if women more chaste exist, at least there never was a soul more pure.*” The idea is far better expressed, but such is the true sense of the words. Some time after Rousseau was placed at Lyons as instructor to the children of M. de Mably, brother to the Abbé de Mably : here he had the care of the cellar. In this cellar was some excellent wine of Arbois which became thick ; Rousseau undertook to clear it, and failed in his endeavour. But the wine which was spoiled to the taste of others, was not so to him ; he stole from time to time some bottles of it, which he secretly drank, while he eat cakes and read romances. For however excellent stolen wine might be, it was impossible, he thought, to drink it without cakes and books. The bottles accumulated in his chamber betrayed him ; they took away the key of the cellar. Some time after, having had

the happiness to discover a new mode of pricking down music, he left M. de Mably, and having consulted with Madame de Warens, whom the peruke-maker had nearly ruined, he came to Paris to present his work to the Academy of Sciences, not doubting but it would prove to him a mine of riches and honours.—Such is the life of Rousseau to his thirtieth year. It would be difficult, in reading it, to divine that it was the commencement of the history of a moral philosopher.

It may be easily imagined that an event so memorable as the assemblage of the *Notables*, convened for the 29th of this month, at present engages the attention of every one. Good citizens, even those who had ventured to shew some prejudices against the character or views of the minister, now augur most favourably of them; they recognise in the intention which projected this measure one of the noblest impulses of the beneficent and patriotic soul of our young monarch. The sneerers who have imposed on themselves the melancholy law of believing neither in goodness nor virtue, are yet compelled to allow that the minister who conceived the plan could not have made a party-hit more happy, if not for the purpose of strengthening his credit, at least to give it more lustre, and secure to himself a more glorious retreat. Nothing but the grossest ignorance, the prejudices of party spirit, or the most determined mistrust could possibly witness with any pain the

meeting of such an assembly. However this may be, it has been thought right to secure all opinions, by circulating the subjoined note, which, without having the authenticity of a public document, has, doubtless, been approved by government.

“ The assembly of the Notables of the kingdom, which had not been convoked for nearly two centuries, will be a very interesting event for France. The king does not summon them to obtain succours in money ; on the contrary, he acts as a beneficent father who wishes to consult his people on a vast and wise plan, projected for the happiness of the nation. Among the results of this plan, we may reckon, first, the abolition of more than fifty millions of imposts on the poorest class of the people ; secondly, greater equality in contribution to the state ; thirdly, a considerable diminution in the expenses of tax-gathering ; fourthly, the abolition of discouragements to industry, and rights without end with which the kingdom is over-burthened, as well as a great amelioration in the excise on salt.

“ From this assembly will result likewise a national sanction of the public debt. The sketch which will be presented, will offer a proportion between the receipt and the expense, although to the latter must be put down the reimbursement of sixty millions annually, which, in twenty years, will no longer exist, as also of annuities, the extinction of which may be effected by an equal sum in the same

lapse of time. This event will be one of the noblest and most affecting in the reign of our monarch, and will display the sagacity and superiority of his minister of finances."

However consolatory may be the hopes which this view of affairs offers to the wishes of the nation, we should shew ourselves very little acquainted with the people, if we imagined that these expectations could repress that malignant gaiety which sports alike with the public happiness and misery. In France, the best of kings would not be less exposed to its sarcasms than the worst of tyrants. Couplets, sneers, witticisms of every kind, are, at all seasons, the baubles of this childish people. Do it a good or an injury, to laugh is a matter of primary necessity. The Frenchman swears, and complains, and forgets all in some merry ballad.

Have we not seen placards, in which it is announced that the *grand company of M. de Calonne will give, on the 29th, the first representation of False Appearances, or Debts and Mistakes?* Have we not seen that, if the actors hesitated, the author himself would prompt them? Did they not say, that one of the most curious objects of the approaching assembly would be a discourse of the Duc de Chabot, on Economy, translated into French, by the Duc de Laval. The Duc de Chabot is known in France for the profusion of his expenses; the Duke de Laval, for a jargon very original, because, with much wit, his ideas and expressions do not go

hand in hand; and he therefore is noted for making the most ridiculous blunders. The society of Madame de la Vallière is accustomed to give him annually, as a new year's gift, some handsome presents in needlework. Did not some person send him, last year, a table, in the middle of which are two or three large cats, surrounded by animals of every kind, decorated with mitres, with ribbands, with surplices, and engaged in making broth? Some one wrote the other day to the Duchess d'Enville: "What think you of the assembly of Notables?" Her answer was: "For my part I do not augur well of a choice which is not my own." These words are taken from *False Magic*.

They represented lately, at Versailles, at the theatre of the city, the play of *King Theodore*, an opera of Paësiello, which the privileges of the Royal Academy of Music do not permit us to see at Paris. At the moment when Theodore expresses so naturally his distress, and the embarrassments of his situation, a voice from the pit, exclaimed aloud to him: *Why do you not assemble the Notables?* Some persons wished to take the man into custody, who had dared to utter so indecent a raillery; but the Queen, who was present at the spectacle, had the wisdom and goodness to prevent their giving more consequence or attention to such an impertinence, by punishing it as it deserved.

Every day we hear some new witticism of this kind related; but these follies become harmless

from their frequency. The good that is intended, progressively advances ; the nation does not lose its habit of laughing, and, whether with or without [reason, laughter is always good for something.

Fragment of a letter from the late M. Diderot to his friend Mademoiselle Voland.

From Grand-Val (a country-house of the Baron d'Holbach), 23d October, 1760.

At about seven o'clock the company sat down to cards, and M. Le Roi, Grimm, the Abbé Galiani, and myself, amused ourselves with talking. Oh, for this once, I will give you an insight into the mind of the Abbé, whom, perhaps, you have only hitherto considered as an entertaining companion. He is more than that.

A discussion took place between Grimm and Le Roi on the genius which creates, and the method which arranges. Grimm detests method : he calls it the pedantry of letters : those who can only arrange would do as well to let their pens lie still ; those who cannot gain information but from subjects arranged in order, had better remain in ignorance.—But it is method which sets off a good idea—And which spoils it too.—Without it we should not derive instruction from any thing.—But by incurring great fatigue, and that would be only so much the better.—Why should so many people know more than their trade?—They said a number of

things which I omit to mention, and would have continued to discuss the point if the Abbé Galiani had not interrupted them as follows :

My friends, I remember a fable, listen to it ; you may perhaps think it rather long, but it will not tire you.

One day, in the middle of a forest, there arose a dispute between a nightingale and a cuckoo, relative to their respective modes of singing. Each extols his own talent.—“ What bird,” says the cuckoo, “ has so easy, so simple, so natural, and so measured a song as myself ? ” —“ What bird,” said the nightingale, “ has a note more sweet, more varied, more brilliant, more airy, more affecting, than myself ? ”

The Cuckoo. “ I say but little, but that little has weight and order, and is easily remembered.”

The Nightingale. “ I love to speak, but I am ever new, and never tire my hearers. I enchant the forests ; the cuckoo saddens them : he is so attached to the lesson of his mother, that he dare not venture a single turn which he has not learned from her. For myself, I know not the use of a master ; I laugh at rules, and am never so much admired as when I infringe them. How can his tiresome *method* be compared with my happy deviations from all *method* ! ”

The cuckoo strove frequently to interrupt the nightingale ; but nightingales sing for ever, and never listen ; this is one of their faults. Our bird,

led on by his ideas, followed them with rapidity, without attending to the answers of his rival. Nevertheless, after some assertions and contradictions, they agreed to refer their dispute to the judgment of a third animal. But where can they find that third, of equal impartiality and skill, who shall decide on their merits? It is difficult to find a good judge. They look for one in every direction.

They were crossing a meadow, when they happened to perceive an ass, one of the gravest and most solemn of his species. Ever since the creation, not an ass had been seen whose ears were so long. Ah! said the cuckoo, we are really too fortunate; ours is a dispute which has a reference to ears, there is our judge; he was made expressly for us.

The ass was busily browsing; little did he think that one day he should be called on to decide on musical pretensions; but Providence amuses itself in divers ways. Our two birds descend before him, compliment him on his gravity and judgment, explain to him the subject of their dispute, and entreat him very humbly to hear them and decide. But the ass turning away lazily his heavy head, and not losing a single bite, made them a sign with his ears that he was hungry, and that he does not on this day hold his bed of justice. The birds insist; the ass continues to browse; by browsing, his appetite is appeased. Some trees were planted on the

skirt of the meadow. Well ! said he, go thither, I will betake myself to the spot. You will sing. I will digest, listen, and then give you my opinion, The ass follows them with the air of a president in a round bonnet, traversing the halls of a court of justice ; he arrives, stretches himself on the earth, and says ; begin, the court listens to you.

The cuckoo then spoke : my lord, not a word of my reasonings is to be lost. Catch the character of my voice, and particularly have the goodness to observe its artifice and method ; then puffing out his throat, and flapping each time with his wings, he sang ; cuckoo, cuckookoo, cuckoo, cuckookoo, cuckoo ; and having combined these notes in every possible manner, he was silent.

Then the nightingale, without preface, opens his voice, ventures into the boldest modulations, falls into strains the newest and most exquisite, and cadences and swells that no breath could follow ; one while the listener heard the sounds descend and murmur at the bottom of his throat as the river wave loses itself among the flints ; then the voice rose, was gradually reinforced, filling the extent of the air, and remained as it were suspended ; it was by turns sweet, playful, brilliant, pathetic, and painted to the life every character that it assumed ; but his style was not made for all the world.

Carried away by his enthusiasm, he was yet singing ; but the ass, who had already frequently yawned, stopped him, and said ; I conceive that

what you have been singing is mighty fine, but not a syllable of it do I comprehend ; it appears to me, whimsical, confused, unconnected ; perhaps you are more learned than your rival, but he is more methodical than you, and I am for method.

Then the Abbé, addressing himself to M. Le Roy, and pointing to Grimm, " There," said he, " is the nightingale, you are the cuckoo, and I am the ass who decides the cause in your favour. Good night."

The tales of the Abbé are good, but he acts them in a superior manner ; we cannot forbear laughing. You would have laughed heartily at seeing him stretch out his neck in the air, and mimic the high note of the nightingale, puff out his chest, and assume the hoarse note of the cuckoo, prick up his ears, and imitate the clumsy and stupid gravity of the ass, and all that naturally and without the least effort. He is pantomime from head to foot.

M. le Roy thought that the best thing he could do was to praise the fable, and laugh at it.

March, 1787.

Philosophical Tour to England, in the Years 1783 and 1784, in the form of Letters. Two Vol. in-8vo.

Poetical sketches of the aspect of mountains ; detailed notices of the most remarkable buildings in London and its environs ; philosophical views of the government, manners and customs of the

country, its manufactures, commerce and finances ; critical observations on the present state of letters and the arts in England ; curious portraits, and shades of national character in the different states and situations of life, moral tales, sentimental anecdotes in the manner of Sterne ; minute information on the high roads, gates and inns, which must be of great utility to travellers ;—there is no species of information which these two volumes do not contain. But that which is most remarkable is the union of two advantages which until this time were considered as incompatible, much manner in the style, sometimes even ridiculous affectation, together with a great fund of candour and truth in the ideas and the sentiments. The author, whom we do not personally know, but who, after reading his book, we must allow to possess much wit and sensibility, has been seduced by the fancy of imitating a model which suited neither the nature of his talent nor the genius of his language. If, however, we pardon him his new words, and sentimental conceits, you will find in his manner of observing men and things, much discernment, interest, and very frequently a truth of observation at once natural and simple.

All that we have been able to learn of the author is, that he is a M. de Lacoste, and that he travelled in England in the suite of the Duke of Chaulnes, of whom he had doubtless strong reason to complain, since there are many passages in the

book wherein this nobleman is very roughly handled; I send you the last sketches of him with which he has chosen to present the reader.

“ In the same hotel at Dover, lodged a great man both in name and arms. This man, too well known, had brought from London a girl carried off from some chairmen of Covent Garden; the caprices between two lovers of this character cannot be among those amiable little disputes which are so many links in a chain of flowers. . . At the conclusion of one of these frolics, a kick in the stomach having thrown down the fugitive damsel, that proud beauty raises herself, seizes a broom, and with an arm kept in exercise under the porticoes and beer cellars of her quarter, falls upon her august lover. A man of quality, a peer of France, to caper under a broomstick was really hardly to be endured; he runs to his pistols, the princess alarmed flies away, leaps down the staircase, and gets into the street crying for “ help;” her lover with bewildered eye, mouth open and foaming, tongue paralysed, pursues her with a pistol in his hand, and without opposition reaches the door; but, oh! fatal reverse of fortune! some sailors who were assembled and talking before the inn are indignant at seeing a man pursue a feeble being without defence; one of them leaves the group, comes across the stranger, and offers him combat. The Duke looks at him, calculates his force, and not deeming the challenge advantageous to himself, presents his pistol. This determination

was rather ducal ; the Englishman, who did not perceive in him any thing above a man, believes himself disengaged from the laws of duelling, puts aside the fire-arm with the back of his arm held up for his defence, and with a kick in the stomach, sends into the gutter the heavy mass of his adversary. The young girl had time to disappear ; the conqueror seeks her with his eyes, cannot find her, looks coolly on the vanquished, who tumbles in the mud, and then slowly joins the circle which he had left. The grandee having nothing further to fear than the hisses of the spectators, who notwithstanding did not deign to attend his retreat, picked up his pistol, his false toupee, and counterfeit teeth, re-entered his inn, went up into his apartment, passing before several groups of English who smiled disdainfully, and of French who cast down their eyes, humiliated at the ignominy with which he had covered their countrymen."

Instead of here making a collection of observations by our new traveller, which would lose much of their value if detached from the sort of picture which serves to set them off, and at least gives them the greatest interest, we prefer recalling to our readers an abridgment of the reflexions of the Baron d'Holbach on England, such as we have found it in a letter of one of his best friends.

" Think not " (says that friend,) " that the division of property is unequal only in France. There are two hundred English noblemen who pos-

sess each six, seven, eight, nine, up to eighteen hundred thousand livres *per annum*; a numerous clergy which possesses, like our own, a quarter of the property of the State, but contributes in proportion to the public charges, which ours does not; merchants of an exorbitant opulence; judge how little remains to the other citizens. The monarch appears to have his hands free to do good, and bound to restrain him from doing evil, but he is in reality as much, and yet more the master of all, than any other sovereign. In other countries, the court commands and forces obedience; in England, it corrupts and does what it pleases, and the corruption of subjects is perhaps in the long run yet worse than tyranny. There is no public education; the colleges, sumptuous buildings, which may be compared with our Palace of the Tuilleries, are filled by rich idlers, who sleep and lounge during one part of the day, and employ the other in grossly fashioning some dull apprentice ministers. The gold which flows in upon the capital, from the provinces and from all the countries in the globe, raises manual labour to a very high price, encourages smuggling, and injures the manufactures. Whether from the effect of climate, or of strong beer and liquors, of gross food, of continual mists, of the smoak from coal which constantly surrounds them, the people are heavy and melancholy. The gardens are cut into close winding walks; everywhere you trace the character of a people who wish to be alone. In

one part you find a Gothic temple, in another a grotto, a Chinese room, rains, obelisks, tombs. A rich individual is planting a large track with cypresses; he has arranged between these trees the busts of philosophers, sepulchral urns, antique marbles on which we read, *Diis Manibus*; what the baron styles a Roman burial-ground, this individual calls an Elysium. But that which more than all characterises the national gloom, is their manner of passing their time in those sumptuous edifices erected to pleasure. You might there hear a mouse creep; a hundred women, starch, and silent, walk round an orchestra built in the middle, where most delightful music is played. The baron compares these windings to the seven processions of the Egyptians around the Mausoleum of Osiris. They have public gardens which are but little frequented; in return, the people are not less crowded together in the streets than the tombs are in Westminster Abbey; a celebrated building where are monuments to all the illustrious men of the nation. It was a charming and acute observation of our friend Garrick, *London is good for the English, but Paris for all the world*. When the baron paid a visit to this celebrated actor, he conducted him to the border of the Thames, beneath a sort of grot, where he found a cupola raised on columns of rich marble, and, under it, the statue of Shakespeare in white marble: "behold," said he, "the tribute of gratitude which I owe to a

man who has been the cause of my distinction, my fortune, and my talents...The Englishman gambles; he gambles for immense sums; he plays without speaking, and loses without complaining. He exhausts in a moment all the resources of life; nothing is more common than to find a man of thirty become insensible to riches, to the table, to women, to study, and even to beneficence. Satiety cloyes them in the midst of pleasure and leads them to the Thames, unless they prefer the pistol, &c."

After this, see how little two travellers agree. Helvetius returned from England mad with English notions. The baron has returned quite undeceived.

April 1787.

Anecdote extracted from the Letters of Diderot to Mademoiselle Voland, in 1760.

Some one relates [to us, I think it is Doctor Gati, the following anecdote. You must know that the senators of Venice are the most unfortunate of slaves to their own greatness; they cannot talk with a foreigner without risk of losing their lives, unless they formally accuse themselves, and say that they have accidentally met a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, to whom they have spoken. It is a capital crime to enter into the house of an ambassador, from whatever court he may be deputed. A senator happened to be in love with a woman of his own rank, who received his addresses. Every night,

almost at midnight, he went out, wrapped up in his cloak, alone, without even a single attendant, and hastened to pass one or two hours with her. To reach her house, he was compelled to make a large circuit, or to pass through the hotel of the French ambassador; love is blind to danger, and successful love counts every lost moment. Our amorous senator did not hesitate to take the shortest way; he frequently passed through the house of the French ambassador; he was at length detected, denounced, and taken. He is interrogated: with a word he might tarnish the honour and expose the life of her whom he loved, and preserve his own. He was silent, and was beheaded. This is heroic; but was the lady, whom he loved, justified also in keeping silence?

France and the United States, or the importance of the American revolution to the prosperity of France, the relations of this kingdom with the United States, the reciprocal advantages which they may derive from their commercial intercourse, and from the present situation of the United States. By E. Clavière and J. P. B. de Warville: London. One Volume in 8vo. with this motto, taken from the speech of the Marquis de la Fayette before Congress:

“ The past assures the alliance of France with the United States; the future but increases the perspective, and we shall see those relations multi-

plied, which an independent and advantageous commerce will produce, in proportion as it becomes better appreciated."

Such is the title of a work which M. Brissot de Warville and M. Clavière have just published ; the first known by a *Journal of English Literature*, which has not succeeded, and by a *Criticism of Travels in America by the Marquis de Châtellux* ; the second, unhappily famous for the part which he played in the last troubles which agitated Geneva, his country, whence he was banished, after having shamefully abandoned the party of which he declared himself the leader ; and no less famous for the disgraceful part which he has sustained in our stock-jobbing concerns, in which he was a principal actor, and one of the first victims.

This work appears to have been composed to answer that which Lord Sheffield directed to be published in London, at the time when England had just signed the treaty which separated her for ever from her American colonies. This book, entitled *Observations on the Commerce of the Americans*, was not the only one by which an attempt was made to console the nation for the losses which it then sustained. Messrs. Chalmers, Champion, Edwards, and Anderson, wrote also on the same subject, and their works, as well as that of Lord Sheffield, tend to prove that England will always continue to be the staple of American commerce ; that the Americans, attracted by the ex-

cellence of her manufactures, the acknowledged good faith of her merchants, and the long credit they alone can afford to give, would not long delay in effacing from their minds the injuries and resentments which had compelled them to separate from the mother-country. The lapse of five years since that revolution, has but too well justified the truth of these assertions. France, who expected to find the consequences of this event a great increase of commerce, and, in the benefits of this commerce, a sort of indemnity for the immense sums sacrificed to that object, yet beholds England, as before, furnish the Americans with the greater share of merchandise which this vast continent of the new world draws from the ancient. The same origin, the same religion, the same language, a conformity of yet greater influence in tastes, and customs, all have contributed to unite in commercial relations two nations whom their political interests had separated. Nothing but the ruling principle of every commercial transaction, *the best price and best commodities*, could engage the Americans to purchase preferably from a nation which had contributed to make them independent. It is but too well proved, that gratitude, even when allied with political interest, has never been, and will never be, one of the commercial virtues, more especially when it opposes its principal and perhaps its only object; that which does not answer its views of gain, is always foreign from it. With this principle is connected

the unhappy trial which America made of French productions during the course of a war, which cut her off from all communication with England ; the commodities which France clandestinely sent to the insurgents, through the agency of the *Sieur Pierre-Augustus Caron de Beaumarchais*, were so defective, that their agent at Paris, in spite of risks and the high price of assurances, did not hesitate to employ the subsidies which the French government furnished him, to purchase even in London the very muskets, the cloth and linen of which America was in need to shake off the yoke of her tyrants. This want of faith in our first transactions with the United States has cast a discredit on our national productions, which time together with a superiority in manual labour which yet remains to be acquired, will only be enabled to destroy. Opinion has a durable influence on common things which hardly appear susceptible of it, and almost always decides on the preference which we give them. The good faith, the mercantile talents of the agent whom the French government did not disdain to employ in the articles which they secretly sent out to the insurgents, were not calculated to dispose this opinion in favor of our manufactures. It is too well known that *M. de Beaumarchais* sold very dear to our administration the almost unimportant right which it reserved to itself of being able to disown its agent, and that France owes the cessation of

almost all commercial intercourse with the United States, to the choice of a man which this ridiculous motive determined. Hence it was that, when peace was concluded, the Americans again restored their confidence to merchants who had proved themselves not unworthy of it. It was not to be believed that we should wean the Americans from English manufactures by sending them the refuse of our fire-arms, and our damaged cloths and linens. This was, doubtless, by no means the method of inducing them to grant us that preference of which our government was ambitious. Commerce knows no other law but the interest of convenience, and Messrs. Brissot de Warville and Clavière have endeavoured to demonstrate, in the book which I have the honour of announcing to you, that this motive, which so many concurring circumstances have tended to counteract until this day, is wholly in favour of the French merchants.

*Copy of a Letter from the Prince de Ligne to
Baron de Grimm.*

Moscow, July 3, 1787.

“ You are very much beloved, my dear Baron; you are much talked of, but does any one write to you? Catherine, the great *Emperor* (for she will make posterity commit a grammatical error), has not perhaps the time to write. Perhaps these little details which I have just dictated will give you an idea, although a very faint

one, of what we have seen; it is *indignation that dictates* the account; for I am indignant to observe the low jealousy which in Europe is every where conceived against Russia. I could wish to give a lesson to that small part of Europe which endeavours to dishonour the larger part; if it would take the trouble of travelling, it would discover where lies the greatest barbarism. It is extraordinary that the Graces should have leaped over our sacred empire with feet conjoined, to come from Paris and establish themselves at Moscow, and two hundred wersts further yet, where we have found charming women, attired in the best taste, dancing, singing, and loving, perhaps, like angels.

“ The emperor has been very agreeable during the three weeks that he has passed with us. The conversations of two persons, who have sixty millions of subjects, and eight hundred thousand soldiers, must have been interesting in a carriage. I availed myself of it by interrupting them frequently by some nonsense, at which I was the first to laugh myself, and then the others joined with me in the laugh, for we have always enjoyed that liberty which alone constitutes the charm of society; and you know the simple style of that of the Empress, whom a mere nothing diverts, and who never ascends to the elevation of the sublime but when grand objects demand it.

“ Really, Baron, we must return here together; this will procure me a more favourable re-

ception. Not that you are under the necessity of putting the Empress in mind of all your amiable-ness ; for when absent she sees you, but she would be very happy to add, present, I find him. You will make some delightful acquaintances ; M. de Momonoff, for instance, is a subject of great hope, he is full of wit, of diverting manners, and of knowledge. You imagine the gaiety which the Comte de Ségur has infused into the whole journey. I am quite in despair that it is almost ended.

“ I have built a temple, dedicated to the Empress by an inscription, near a rock, on which the Temple of Iphigenia stood ; and I have erected an altar to friendship, as a tribute to Prince Potemkin, in the midst of the finest and largest fruit trees that I ever saw, on the border of the sea, where all the mountain torrents unite. This little estate, which the Empress has given to me, is called *Parthenizza*, or the Cape of the Virgin, and is inhabited by fifty-six Tartar families, who are not so much Tartars as the goddesses and kings who used to require cruel sacrifices, as all the world knows. I know no situation more delicious ; I might say, with reason,

“ In old Idalia’s fortunate retreat,

“ Where Europe’s plains and happy Asia meet.”

For thence we discern the mountains of Natolia. It is rather singular, that when I was on the coast of the Black Sea, in perfect tranquillity, and living in the midst of infidels, I learned that the faithful

subjects of the House of Austria had revolted on the borders of the ocean. I hardly expected more security in my estates on the Euxine Sea, than in those of Flanders.

Would you have the kindness to send this parcel to its address, and to receive the assurances of the distinguished consideration which I entertain for you, jointly with all those who know or have heard you mentioned ; permit me also to participate with your friends the tender attachment which you so readily inspire, and with which I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) THE PRINCE DE LIGNE.

Moscow, July 3, 1787 (new style.)

It is two months on this day since we departed from Kiovia, and we are all just arrived here in good health from a journey the most interesting, the most triumphal, and most magnificent that was ever performed, without the least mal-adventure, or the smallest accident. I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of acknowledging how much we have been amused with the papers which have been so good as to honour us with their attention. To raise the spirits of so many well-intentioned persons, I will tell them, that, after a delightful navigation on the Borysthenes, we have found ports, armies, and fleets, in the most brilliant condition ; that Cherson and Sebastopolis surpass all attempts to describe them, and that every day was marked by some extraordinary event ;

sometimes it was the manœuvring of seventy squadrons of regular troops, in superb array, who charged in line of battle; sometimes a cloud of Cossacks, who exercised around us in their manner; sometimes the Tartars of the Crimea, who lately rebelled against their Khan Sahin-Guerai, because he wished to convert them into regiments, had formed corps of their own accord to come and meet the Empress. The sort of desarts which we had to traverse for two or three days at the places from whence her Imperial Majesty had driven the Nogai and Zaporovian Tartars, who, about ten years ago, ravaged or menaced the empire, were adorned with magnificent tents for dining and sleeping, and these encampments of Asiatic pomp, with the air of festival which, by land and water, has every where followed us, presented the most martial spectacle. Let not these desarts alarm the well-intentioned, such as the gazetteers of the Lower Rhine, of Leyden, the *Courier de l'Europe*, &c.; they will soon be covered with wood, and with villages. They are already building military villages, which, from being the habitations of regiments, will soon become those of peasants, who will establish themselves there on account of the fertility of the soil. If these gentlemen learn that in every municipal city the Empress has left presents worth more than a hundred thousand crowns, and that every resting day was marked by donations, balls, fire-works, and illuminations, to the extent

of two or three leagues around, they will no doubt be alarmed for the finances of the empire. Unhappily, they are in a most flourishing state; and the national bank, being under the direction of Comte André Schuvaloff, a man whose capacity and knowledge are an inexhaustible source of advantage to the sovereign and the country, ought to give them more confidence. If, from motives of humanity, they are disturbed for the happiness of the subjects, let them know that they are no farther slaves than in not possessing the power of doing harm to themselves and to others, but at perfect liberty to enrich themselves, which they often accomplish, and which we may witness by the richness of different costumes in the provinces we travelled over. As for foreign affairs, I could wish to refer the well-intentioned to the Empress herself; she laboured every day on her journey, in the morning with Comte Bezborodkow, a minister of the greatest merit; and let them know, besides this, that the Prince Potemkin, a man of the most extraordinary genius, endowed with a mind the most comprehensive, formed to act on the largest theatre, perfectly seconds the views of the Empress or anticipates them, whether in capacity of head of the war-department, or as governor of many provinces. The Empress, who is not afraid that people will accuse her of being governed by any one, confers on him and on all those whom she employs, all possible confidence and authority. She only prevents people from doing

harm. She justifies her magnificence by saying, that to give money is the surest mode of receiving it, and that it is her duty to recompense and encourage; her creation of employments in the provinces, she says, gives circulation to specie, raises fortunes, and obliges the noblesse to live there, rather than come and crowd each other at Petersburg and Moscow. She has expended a large sum of money in building two hundred and thirty-seven towns of stone, because, she says, that villages built of wood being frequently consumed by fire, the expence of rebuilding them is greater in the end. She has a superb fleet on the Black Sea, because Peter the First was very fond of the marine. Thus it is that she ever finds some modest excuse for all the great things which she performs. You can hardly conceive the happiness which all experience who are in her suite. We travelled fifteen leagues in the morning; we found, at the first relay, a breakfast an elegant palace built of wood, and afterwards dinner at another. Fifteen leagues further, was a larger palace, more beautiful, and furnished admirably for sleeping; nothing could be finer, unless it were in municipal cities, where the governor-generals have every where superb residences built of stone, with colonnades, and every other superb decoration. There are rich merchants in all the cities, with much commerce from Kremenschuk, Kawrsk, Orel, Toulâ, to this place, and a surprizing population, by whom the Empress is adored. In the statistical account, which

is sometimes reported in the public papers, the males only are numbered, and in other countries all are taken into the computation. If the well-intentioned (for I only write for them) think the Tauris an insignificant acquisition, let them be consoled by learning that after having traversed some spaces abandoned by Tartar families, who are now petitioning to return thither, you enter on a most rich and cultivated country; that there are superb forests on the mountains, that the coasts of the sea are fringed with cities in form of an amphitheatre, and all the valleys planted with vines, pomegranates, palm-trees, fig-trees, apricots and all sorts of fruits and rare plants of inestimable value. Let me add, that not only is it a pleasure to follow the Empress, and not only are her subjects happy, but I doubt not that the gazetteers, and those who give credit to them, must doubtless be happy in learning as much. They must I think feel eternally obliged to us for having satisfied them so far, and I can say further that they may promise on our part a recompence of a thousand louis to any person who can disprove one tittle of our statement; a statement which has been made wholly for their instruction, and must therefore prove to them that we have not been so careful of saving our time as our thousand louis.

Panegyric of Trajan by Pliny, which has been lately discovered. Translated from the Latin into Italian by Comte Alfieri d'Asti, and from the

Italian into French by M. de S. . . . , of the Royal Academy of Florence. Pamphlet in 8-vo. with this motto, taken from Tacitus: "The happiness of those times is uncommon, in which you may think what you please, and speak what you think."

We need not of course inform our readers, that this new panegyric has been found in no other place than the head of Count Alfieri.* He is a writer already known by some tragedies, not deficient in elevation and in warmth, but written in a style which must be unpleasant to ears accustomed to the harmonious warble of the verses of Metastasio. The object of this new panegyric is to prove to the emperor Trajan, that the best determination to which he can come, for his glory and the happiness of his country, is to abdicate the supreme power. "I have not made the least eulogy (says the writer) of the great and brilliant actions by which you have signalized yourself; but it appears to me, Trajan, that I have silently offered you an eulogy more worthy of you, when I imagine you capable of the only action, the very first attempt of which

* Alfieri is a Piedmontese nobleman, who has given up to his sister the greater part of a large fortune, that he may expend the remainder agreeably to his fancy. His prevailing passions are verses and horses. We know that he has for some time been under the thralldom of the Countess of Albany. If we pay attention to this writer, it should seem that, in France and Italy, we have, to this day, remained ignorant of the art of writing tragedy. We have conceived, that it should be written with tears; it should, on the contrary, be written with blood.

would redound more to your honor than the accomplishment of all the others."

There is no great depth of ideas in the means which the orator employs to determine his hero to this sublime sacrifice, but some of these means appear to us presented in a happy manner. "We ardently desire liberty, and this desire gives us a claim to its enjoyment. Do not imagine, that to the word liberty we attach any other idea than that of always obeying Trajan, that is to say, the laws of which he is the observer and defender."

And what was the result of this fine discourse? Here it is—"They say that Trajan and the senators were moved even to tears, that this circumstance did great honour to Pliny, but that Trajan preserved his imperial power, and that Rome, the senate, and Pliny himself remained enslaved."

This calls to my mind an answer of the king of Poland to Comte Rzewski, who said to him one day—*Sire; were I in your place, I would abdicate. —You might have reasons for it; but believe me, my dear Count, however near a man may be to a throne, he never views it from below, as he would were he seated upon it.*

October, 1787.

In 1766, madame Feydeau de Brou, daughter of a keeper of the privy-seal of France, and abbess of the convent of Villancourt, at Abbeville, sent for the chevalier de la Barre, her nephew, a

young officer, grandson of a general, whose father had squandered away his property. She lodged him on the outside of her convent. A person by name Belleval, lieutenant of a little jurisdiction of that town, was in love with the abbess, and she was compelled, for the purpose of discouraging his addresses, to turn him out of her house. Belleval did not doubt but that her conduct proceeded from her having conceived an attachment for her nephew, and immediately devised a method of destroying the chevalier de la Barre. He knew that this young officer and a certain sieur d'Etallonde, who was hardly eighteen years of age, had passed before the hoste without taking off their hats ; that some unknown persons had damaged a wooden crucifix placed on the bridge of Abbeville, and he resolved to avail himself of these circumstances for destroying his pretended rival. The bishop of Amiens, to whom he announced these facts, published admonitory addresses, and ordered a solemn procession in honour of the mutilated crucifix, which did not fail to inflame all the heads of his diocese. The accuser Belleval assembled at his house footmen, servant-girls, and working-people, to engage them to bear witness against the youth ; but in defiance of all these insinuations, he obtained no deposition which could formally prove that these youths had been seen to mutilate *the blessed symbol of the salvation of mankind* ; the only crime of which they were duly convicted, was the having sung some

immoral songs, and spoken with too much delight of *Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary*. The judges of Abbeville, nevertheless, conceived themselves bound to condemn them to have their tongues and wrists cut off, and to be burned by a slow fire. The sieur d'Etallonde escaped from punishment by flying to Prussia, where the great Frederic received the unfortunate youth, and gave him a commission in his army. As for the chevalier de la Barre, who was already in prison, the parliament of Paris, which takes cognizance of all matters within the jurisdiction of Abbeville, confirmed his sentence, in opposition to ten of the most celebrated pleaders of Paris, who adduced proofs of his innocence. It only diminished, in some respect, the rigour of the punishment (if the ordinary and extraordinary fortune to which it condemned him, may not be said to aggravate it) by sentencing him to be beheaded before he was thrown into the flames. What is truly frightful in their last sentence is, that, of twenty-five judges who composed the chamber, fifteen judges voted, for a long time, for acquitting the unfortunate young man, and they only acceded to the opinion of the ten others from an observation then made, that, at a time when the parliament was attacking the Jesuits, it was of the first importance for the bishops to shew themselves the zealous supporters of a religion, whose ministers they found themselves compelled to arraign.—Thus it is to the bull *Unigenitus*, and to the weakness of Louis XIV. in giving his sanction to it, that

we owe the unhappy quarrels which have troubled almost the whole reign of Louis XV.—that we owe the attempt made on the person of this king, and the assassination committed by the laws on the unfortunate Chevalier de La Barre.

This lamentable history forms the subject of *Augusta*; a tragedy by Fabre d'Eglantine, which met with no success on the French theatre.

The Life of Saint Vincent de Paule, Institutor and founder of the Priests of the Mission, and the Filles de la Charité Paris. 2 vol. in-12, each vol. more than 500 pages.

If Saint Vincent de Paule has become the fashionable saint, since the panegyric of the Abbé de Maury, we apprehend, however, that the history of his life, in two large volumes, will frighten many readers. We here find some curious details, but involved in a prolix style, and defaced by numberless puerilities more suitable to our antient legends; one of the most original is that perhaps of the inconsiderate zeal of the missionary Guérin.

On being told by some one, the evening before his departure, that he was going to get himself hanged in Barbary—*That*, said he, *is a trifle; I would not go if I thought to be quit so easily; I hope that God will grant me the favour of being impaled or of suffering something yet worse.* This doubtless, is mad enough; but hardly more absurd than the reflexion of the Chevalier de Crussol, who, when looking at a steep declivity which it was ne-

cessary to climb over before mounting the breach, exclaimed, *who the d—l would choose to mount there, if he were not to gain some bullets by it?*

January, 1788.

France has deeply to regret, in the person of the Chevalier Gluck, deceased at Vienna, the 17th of November, 1787, a composer, whose name will mark an interesting epoch in the history of music. We do not wish here to recount either the revolution which the Chevalier Gluck has made on our lyric theatre, nor the unjust ridiculous quarrels of which he was either the real or ostensible cause: we will neither speak of his works nor of his successes; what eulogy of ours can equal the homage which M. Piccini has paid to the glory of this great man?

In a letter inserted in *the Journal de Paris*, after praising the author of *Alcestes* which could only be done by the author of *Dido*, M. Piccini proposes a subscription, not for the purpose of raising a bust to the Chevalier Gluck, as Rome and Florence have done to the celebrated Sacchini, but to found for ever, in honour of this composer, an annual concert, to be performed on the anniversary of his death, and composed wholly from his music; *to transmit*, he says, *the spirit and character of execution of his compositions to the ages that shall succeed that epoch which has witnessed the birth of his grandest works, and as a model of the style and*

progress of dramatic music which it is proper to inculcate on young performers who are destined for the musical department at the theatre.

This homage, which does equal honour to the great man who decrees it, and to him who is the object of it, is a happy imitation of the veneration paid by England to the memory of Handel; but England did not yield him this homage until nearly half a century after his death; no absolute foundation guarantees its perpetuity, and the monument to the glory of Handel was not erected by his rival. This circumstance, so highly honourable to the character of M. Piccini, has equally astonished his own partisans, and those of the Chevalier Gluck. The one beheld it with pain, because they had sworn, and, what is worse, actually asserted the contrary in print, that Gluck was a great man, because his rival did not hesitate to grant him this title; the others have been irritated at seeing the most formidable of his rivals adorn the head of their idol with an immortal crown, which, in their eyes, his hand appeared to defile; such is party-spirit. True it is, that these exaggerated sentiments only belonged to those persons who, in this musical contest, (whose disputes were attended with so much importance and folly), have played a part more or less active. But all these heads of faction, some of whom had built their literary glory on these divisions, and others their most solid interest, affected to be ignorant that these two great men did

each other equal justice at the very time when those who ventured to pass sentence on them refused them the qualities which most eminently distinguish their peculiar talent. Gluck admires the easy and undulating song of his rival, the brilliance of his style, the elegance and truth of his expression ; he had witnessed that his success in Italy surpassed that which he had himself obtained there, when, for the first time, he attempted, on the theatre of Naples, his new dramatic system, in the opera of Orpheus. The sagacity of M. Piccini's mind had enabled him equally to feel that the new point of view under which Gluck considered dramatic action adapted to the voice, the mixture of chorusses with the dialogue of the principal speakers, a greater rapidity in the progress of the piece, the developement of sentiments to which the different situations of an interesting drama must give rise, must extend the boundaries of the art. He had never doubted but that, by submitting the process of that art to the principles of good tragedy, the greatest effects would result from it, an interest more lively, characters more varied, an expression more true and profound ; that Gluck, in a word, recalled music to the sublime purpose to which the Greeks applied it on their theatre,—that theatre formed to be the model to all others.

But M. Piccini could hardly find in Italy a poet to answer the conceptions of his genius. The spectators of Naples and of Rome were too much ac-

customed to be contented simply with fine airs, and yet it was at the very instant of his being invited to France, that an Italian poet had promised him an opera of *Iphigenia in Aulide*, written in conformity with the new principles. Unhappily for Piccini, long before his arrival in France, M. Marmontel had pronounced in the *Encyclopædia*, that the introduction of tragedy into the opera was impracticable; that it would only make a confusion in the styles, which was destructive to the musical art; and that Quinault had left us the only models of poems suitable to that art. What was yet stronger than these assertions printed in the *Encyclopædia*, is, that M. Marmontel expected M. Piccini with seven or eight operas of this poet too much reviled by Boileau, and far too much extolled by the writers of this age. It was with the poem of Roland reduced to three acts that M. Piccini had to struggle against a rival who had got possession of the lyric scene by an unexampled success. With this poem, whose action is insignificant, and almost ridiculous, the Orpheus of Naples was compelled to enter the lists against a rival armed with the superb tragedy of *Iphigenie in Aulide*. The success that *Roland* met with belonged exclusively to the genius of M. Piccini, and that of *Atys* proved that nothing was wanting to this great composer to equal or surpass the *glory* of his rival, but poems the plot of which was more interesting, and their progress and action more dramatic. That of Dido, which M. Marmontel decried be-

cause it was not in conformity with his principles, justified universally the opinion which all good judges had already conceived of the talent of Piccini.

We have taken the liberty to make this short digression merely because it sets in its most favourable light the disinterested homage which M. Piccini has paid to his rival, whose party has so long opposed his success, and who was made the instrument of a persecution to which he was very near falling a victim. We venture to repeat, to the glory of the Chevalier Gluck, a compliment which comes with the better grace, as it is the confession of M. Piccini, *that the lyric theatre owes to this composer what the French stage owes to Corneille*; and we are of opinion, that, in thus speaking, M. Piccini has been the organ of posterity: it is the province of men of genius like himself to be its interpreter. But that which M. Piccini could not say, that which men the most enlightened think, and which that same posterity whose justice placed *Phedra* and *Athalie* in the rank of the first theatrical pieces will confirm, is, that if the revolution made by the Chevalier Gluck in our lyric scene,—if the character of his genius, the asperity of his productions, the sublimity of his ideas, the incoherence, the triviality of those ideas which frequently succeed them, present features of resemblance between him and the father of the French theatre; it is not less true, that the opera owes to Piccini what the French stage owes

to the inimitable Racine. that is to say, that purity, that continued elegance of style, that exquisite sensibility, which so eminently characterize the author of *Phedra*, which were wanting equally to Gluck and to the great Corneille, and which constitute the charm of M. Piccini's compositions, as they will eternally adorn the verses of Racine. Perhaps also it is worthy of remark, that as the great Corneille has never been more worthily panegyrised than by Racine, in the speech which he addressed to the French Academy for the reception of Thomas Corneille and M. Bergerat, so also was it from his emulator and rival, Piccini, that the Chevalier Gluck has received the eulogy most worthy of his memory.

February, 1788.

M. de Ruhlière has just published, *Historical Illustrations on the Causes of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and on the condition of the Protestants in France from the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. to our own days, extracted from the different Archives of the Government. One Vol. in-8vo. 384 pages.*

He proves most evidently, (thanks to the most authentic, but almost unknown documents of many of our historians), that at the moment when Louis XIV. took the reins of government, he was far from conceiving the design of annihilating the Protestant persuasion in his kingdom, as his calumnia-

tors and panegyrists have by turns asserted ; that even when devotion had the same influence on this monarch, as the love of women and of glory had formerly assumed, he never entertained the wish of depriving the Protestants of his kingdom of their civil rights and privileges ; that the revocation of the edict of Nantes, that act of arbitrary power which inflicted on France a wound so sensible, did not then embrace in his eyes the whole extent of that injustice and those grievances which resulted from it ; that, in a word, that manifest violation of the most sacred rights should be wholly attributed to a false policy. That neither the monarch who thought of expiating the dearest sins of his youth by uniting all his subjects under one belief, nor the artful woman who considered it politic to encourage him in this design from fear of being suspected to favour a sect in which she had been born, had ever in their hearts or in their minds the persecuting sentiments, to which the Protestants became the victims ; that the violences inflicted on them, towards the unhappy termination of that glorious reign, were so many inroads on the king's authority and religion, that they were executed only to support the tottering fortunes of Louvois, who hid from his master's eyes the persecutions which he sanctioned under the royal name, by presenting to the king a true or false list of conversions which he daily obtained at this price.

Many of these truths have been necessarily un-

known to most of the historians of Louis XIV; they were buried in the archives of the different departments, more particularly in that of the minister who is charged with the affairs of the reformed religion. They have been accessible to M. de Ruhlière. He has collected in these different deposits all the documents which could throw any light on that work of darkness; he has added to them anecdotes scattered through the *Memoirs of the House of Noailles*, in the *Letters of Madame de Maintenon*, in the *Remembrances of Madame de Caylus*, her niece; and it is by assembling, discussing, and comparing these circumstances already known, with those which were unknown, that this writer has composed a work which appears to us to have thrown a new light on this important part of the history of Louis XIV.

The result of all the facts collected by the author is, that Louis XIV was induced, without his knowledge, to persecute his Protestant subjects, because his mistress had been accused of belonging to the sect, and because the fall of her rival compelled the minister to be subservient to the views of Madame de Maintenon.

There was but one step from the soldier's barracks to their extortions, more especially at a time when discipline was in its infancy, and Louvois soon took this step.

During the interval which separated these military executions from the more direct persecutions to

which this minister devoted the Protestants, M. de Ruhlière places the epoch when Louis XIV thought, for the first time, of revoking the edict of Nantes. All the letters from bishops, commandants, and intendants of Provinces, assured this monarch that there were no more Protestants in his kingdom ; this result was the essential object of a memorial which the Molinists had presented to him in one of those moments when he was returning from pleasure to devotion. Louis, at that time deceived by all the agents of his authority, by the counsels even of those who were the most intimately attached to him, and more particularly by pride which was his ruling passion, no longer doubted but that his Protestant subjects had adopted the form of worship which would secure his favour, and, in the intoxication of his glory and devotion, promulgated the unhappy law of 1685. The preamble itself of the edict announces, that the king was persuaded that there were no longer any Protestants in France; this law destroys their worship and their privileges, but it contains no article which deprives them of their civil rights ; and it was not until after the last act of infidelity to God, which he committed for the sake of Madame de Montespan, that this monarch, to expiate the weakness of his age, and from a belief that he was entirely demolishing the expiring remains of heresy, at length decreed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which had been proposed many years before in that memorial of the Jesuits which remained so long

hidden in trust of the minister, who then had the department of the reformed religion.

After having given an account of that succession of incidents, of different measures of surprizes of every kind which induced a King, noted for his wisdom, to persecute subjects who had the misfortune to think differently from himself, M. de Ruhlière offers us a picture better known of facts which were the result of the revocation of the edict of Nantes; all the curious part of this detail is limited to some fragments from the correspondence of Louvois, and those who executed his orders in the Provinces. It is worthy however of remark, that the intimacy between Madame de Maintenon and the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray, at that time the Abbé de Fénélon, commenced from the time of this persecution. The Duchesses of Beauvilliers and of Chevreuse, both daughters of Colbert, who had never paid their court to Madame de Montespan, had been admitted on this account to the intimate society of Madame de Maintenon, and introduced into the circle the Abbé Fénélon, who had been the oracle of the two sisters and of all their family. We regret the impossibility of transcribing here the fragments of many letters, collected by M. de Ruhlière, of that man whom modern ages may oppose to all that antiquity can present to us as a model of perfect moral conduct; they breathe that sensibility, that love of mankind, those tolerant notions, which Fénélon developed afterwards so

feelingly in the immortal work which he wrote for the Duke of Burgundy, whose education he soon after directed. At that time simply an Abbé, and sent as a missionary by Madame de Maintenon, who was pleased with his gentleness and began to admire his wit, he exhorted his protectress *to inspire the king with distrust of harsh and violent counsels, and with horror for acts of arbitrary authority*. His mission was soon calumniated by the Jesuits; father de La Chaise erased his name from the Book of Benefices in which Madame de Maintenon had inscribed it for the Bishopric of Poitiers; and from that time, the King was unfavourably disposed towards him. This kind of disgrace did not prevent Fénelon, soon after his return to court, from being admitted into the most intimate confidence of Madame de Maintenon.

Thus, to the intellect and forbearance of Fénelon, and his intimacy with Madame de Maintenon, we must attribute the rapid change which was operated in her conduct and her language; and hence it was that she sent word to her relation Villette: *You are converted, do not meddle with the conversion of others*. Louis XIV and his council then changed their principles; without invalidating by any express declaration the repeal of the edict, authority was given by private instructions to the intendants and commandants of provinces to depart, in favour of the Calvinists, from the rigours of

the new law; the persecutions were slackened, the zeal of converters became less ardent, and Louis XIV, although he mysteriously kept silence on the subject, then told Madame de Maintenon, *that several complaints were made to him of the missionaries.*

M. de Rublière intends to publish a continuation to this first volume. In the mean while, we cannot but feel much indebted to him for researches no less useful than curious; these details become important materials for those who intend writing this epoch of Louis XIV. If many facts cited in these *Historical Illustrations* were already known, the author has the merit of having classed them with more order and precision than before. The style is at times deficient in elegance, but it is almost always simple and flowing. As the work is composed principally of extracts from documents which he has consulted, and with which he supports the facts intended for illustration, perhaps it would be unjust to form an opinion, from this single work, of his talent for writing history; we should see better with what care he studies it; he carefully collects all the circumstances that have prepared an event, and endeavours to grant to great and little events only that degree of influence which they deserve. There are many passages of his works where a little more eloquence and pathos would have been desirable: but, far from blaming him for this defect, I think, much praise is due to

the writer for not having attempted that which belonged neither to the character of his genius nor of his talent.

It was remarked, even in the time of Fontenelle, that the Carnival became every year less interesting. *Would not that seem to say*, said the philosopher, *that Lent is a little out of fashion?*

The style of the president de Montesquieu! said M. de Buffon contemptuously some time ago: *But has Montesquieu a style?* Did he not deserve this answer? *It is true, Montesquieu has only the style of genius, and you, Sir, have the genius of style.*

“ When I reflect (says M. Sénac), on the progress of genius, on the advance of the sciences, on their general distribution, on the multitude of works of every kind, it appears to me that a time will come when wit and talent will be useless. The domain of thought will be like some vast country, the map of which will be traced out on a grand scale, and every part of it will be known...
...At that epoch, no more books will be written. All thoughts will be reduced to proverbs or sentences; there will be sentences on every subject, and education will doubtless consist in inculcating, at an early age, three or four volumes of proverbs. It will be so easy to make verses, that it will no

longer be a merit; there will be nothing but cantos and hemistichs, selected from all known works."

A lady of rank at sixty years of age took for her lover a man in an obscure situation; she said to one of her female friends: *A duchess is never more than thirty for a citizen.*

A husband said to his wife: *I grant you every thing, except princes and footmen.* This was correct, the two extremes dishonour by the scandal that they entail.

*Letter from Madame Necker to the Author of
Natural Morality.*

I cannot express to you, Sir, how sensible I am of the amiable confidence which you have reposed in me. You have enlarged my thoughts, and awakened, or called to life in my heart, all the sentiments that you paint with so much energy, and yet our opinions on the principles of our virtues are very different; you attribute all of them to nature, you place them foremost in the heart of man and you give the same rank and the same source to religion; that pure and ingenious idea distinguishes you from all the philosophers of the age; but I, who have been accustomed to consider the Supreme Being as the author of my existence and my inclinations, am inclined to derive all from

that grand origin, and the love of order appears to me far less the sentiment of that, which fits my own condition, than the effect of my admiration and my love, for the eternal model, which for ever presents itself to my eyes. But this difference in the system has no effect upon the consequences ; I adopt them all, and admire at the same time those results of a penetrating mind, which for ever assume the form of reason, and which occur to us so readily, that we confound them with our most intimate sentiments. Simplicity, purity, sweet harmony, form at the same time the merit of your thoughts and of your style ; you have clearly proved that true elegance is never obscure, and that well graduated tints give a distinctive character to the most delicate features. How delightfully was I surprised at the portrait of Madame de Vermenoux ! That finished piece of grace and sentiment permits her shade to await, without impatience, a monument less durable, and less fit to nourish our regrets ; the grief that you so well express possesses a character which divests it of a part of its bitterness, for it is at once a melancholy enjoyment of the sweetest remembrances and of the greatest sacrifices that were ever made to friendship. The portrait of Diderot excites a different feeling : it is impossible to trace him with more grace and address, but do as you will, every method that you employ to recommend him to esteem, is derived from the

delicate insinuation of his madness ; this ingenious touch, which unfolds to us in your model the faithful image of his system of nature, fecundity and every wonder united in one master who conducts them, points out at once the madness of the system, the want of reason and the superior genius of him who recommended it. Never did a single account insinuate so much.

December 1788.

The extreme rigour of the season has not prevented a great concourse of auditors from being present at the last sitting of the French Academy, held on Thursday the 11th of this month, for the reception of M. Vicq d'Azyr. His Highness Prince Henry of Prussia honoured it with his presence. We may easily imagine that the newly elected member, on whom was imposed the task of eulogizing an Academician so celebrated as M. de Buffon, would be less embarrassed by the choice of his subject than by the manner of handling it, to justify the public expectation. The determination which he made was by no means calculated to produce the greatest effect, but it was at least such as to procure most easily a general assent. Instead of abandoning himself to the inspirations of a lively and impassioned eloquence,—instead of lavishing on the genius and talents of the French Aristotle the homage of exclusive admiration, he confined himself to drawing up an analysis of his works ;

and this he has done with as much precision as elegance, with as much learning as impartiality. The following is the general idea which he gives us of the character that distinguishes the labours of this illustrious writer.

“ He excels eminently in the art of generalizing his ideas, and linking together his observations. Often, after collecting facts that were before isolated and barren, he rises in his subject, and arrives at the most unexpected results. As we follow him, concurring evidences appear on every side ; never did author give more probability to conjectures, and the appearance of a more perfect impartiality. See with what art, in establishing an opinion, he places the weakest probabilities in the foremost place ; in proportion as he advances he increases so rapidly their number and their weight, that the subdued reader turns a deaf ear to every reflexion which threatens to affect his pleasure. M. de Buffon, according to circumstances, employs two modes of throwing light on subjects : in the one, a soft and equal light is spread over all the surface ; in the other, a vivid and dazzling light falls on one point. No writer ever more ingeniously threw a veil over those delicate truths which should only be hinted to his readers ; and in his style of writing, how admirably does the expression harmonize with the thought ! In the expression of facts, his language is merely elegant ; if he describe an experiment, he is precise and clear, we see the object of which

he speaks, and to the skilful eye it is the touch of a consummate artist ; but we easily perceive that he prefers the most elevated subjects ; and that in treating them, he displays all his powers and all the stores of his talent. . . . In him, clearness, that precious quality of writers, is not injured by exuberance. The leading ideas, distributed with taste, form the support of his discourse ; he carefully attunes every word so as to harmonize with the thought. To the beauty of colouring he adds the vigour of conception, grandeur to strength ; the elegance of his language is well supported, his style is ever elevated, often sublime, imposing and majestic ; he charms the ear, he seduces the imagination, he employs every faculty of the mind, and in producing these effects, he neither calls to his aid that sensibility which affects and touches, nor that vehemence which hurries away him whom it strikes, and leaves him lost in wonder.”

After delineating the plan of the natural history of M. de Buffon, the new academician rests for an instant to rivet his eyes on the collected grandeur of this fine monument. “ Among so many exact ideas and new views, must we not acknowledge that imagination never forsakes him, and whether it is employed in discussion, in dividing, in concluding, still it blends images with abstracted ideas, and emblems with truths, leaves nothing without connexion, colour and life, paints what others have coldly described, substitutes

finished pictures for dry details, brilliant theories for vain suppositions, creates a new science, and compels every mind to meditate on the objects of his study, and to partake his labours and his pleasures.”

In his endeavours to draw a parallel between M. de Buffon and his adversaries, he first compares him with the Abbé de Condillac, in his estimation the most formidable of all. “His mind,” says he, “at the time of the dispute, was in its full vigour, that of M. de Buffon was in some degree estranged from it. Let us only refer to what each of them has advanced on sensations; the statue of the Abbé de Condillac, calm, tranquil, is astonished at nothing, because all is foreseen, all is explained by its author. This is not the character of that of M. de Buffon: it is disturbed at every thing, because, left to itself, it seems to be alone in the universe; it is in motion, it fatigues itself, it slumbers, its cessation from slumber is another birth, and as the trouble of its spirit forms a part of its charm, it must excuse a part of its errors. . . . In the one we admire a sublime poesy, in the other a profound philosophy.”

A parallel yet more skilful is that which he draws between the Pliny of France and him of Sweden.—“The sage of Upsal devoted all his moments to observation; the examination of twenty thousand individuals hardly suffices his activity. He makes use, in classing them, of methods in-

vented by himself; to describe them he employs a language of his own creating; to name them, words which he had revived, or even those invented by himself; his terms were reckoned capricious; his idiom was considered rude, but he surprised by the precision of his phrases; he arranged all his beings under a new law. Full of enthusiasm, it seemed that he had a form of worship to establish, of which he was the prophet. With all this learning and character, Linnæus had the charge of instruction in the schools, and had there the success of a great professor. M. de Buffon has succeeded as a great philosopher. Had Linnæus been more generous, he would have found in the works of M. de Buffon passages worthy of being substituted for those of Seneca, with which he has decorated the frontispiece of his divisions. Had M. de Buffon been more equitable, he would have availed himself of the researches of this laborious sage. They lived enemies, because each considered the other capable of doing an injury to his own glory. At this day, when we discover the futility of these fears, let me be permitted, as an admirer and panegyrist of both, to connect and reconcile their names, certain as I am that they would not disown me themselves, if they could be restored to the age which they have so enlightened."

The manner in which M. de Buffon prosecuted his labours, appears to us described with much interest in the following extract.

“ At Montbar, in the midst of an ornamented garden, rises an ancient tower. There it is that M. de Buffon wrote the history of nature; thence it is that his renown spread itself over the universe. He used to come thither at the rising of the sun, and no intruder had the liberty to approach him. The calm of the morning, the early song of the birds, the varied aspect of the country, all that struck his senses, recalled him to his model. . . . Free, independent, he used to wander in the alleys; he quickened, he moderated, he suspended his pace, at one time with his head raised to heaven in the delight of inspiration, and satisfied with his thought, at another, in self-collection seeking, and not finding it, or touching at the point which was to give it birth. He wrote, he blotted, he wrote again to blot again; he collected, he harmonized with the same care, the same taste, the same art, all the parts of his discourse; he pronounced it at different times, correcting himself at every repetition, and, when satisfied with his efforts, he recited it again to himself, for his pleasure, and, as it were, as a recompense for his trouble. His fine prose, so frequently repeated, like beautiful verses, engraved itself on his memory; he communicated it to his friends, he engaged them to read it themselves aloud in his presence, then, like a severe judge, he listened, he laboured it incessantly, from a wish to arrive at that perfection to which the impatient writer can never attain.”

Those who knew M. de Buffon intimately will not fail to find that his panegyrist pays him gratuitously the honours of a sentiment of modesty, which he did not so much as affect to possess, when, in speaking of that cabinet of the King enriched by his care, by his labours, and by his glory, he says: “All in this temple is full of him; here he assisted, if I may use the expression, at his own apotheosis; at the entrance of his statue,* *which he alone was surprized to behold*, he attests the veneration of his country, which, unjust as it frequently may be to its great men, left nothing to be done by posterity for the glory of M. de Buffon.”

Great applause was bestowed on M. Vicq d’Azyr, for the homage which he paid to the respectable persons by whom M. de Buffon was surrounded during the latter years of his life; “to that excellent lady who was the witness of his last efforts, who received his last farewell, who collected his last thoughts; to the illustrious friend of this great man, that minister, who at one time in retirement enlightens the people with his works, at another, in the activity of his ministry, reassures them by his presence, and conducts them by his wisdom..... Mutual senti-

* Who has not read with surprize the pompous inscription which M. de Buffon had sanctioned to be engraved, in golden letters, on the pedestal of that fine statue:

Naturæ par ingenium!

“ ments of admiration, of esteem, of friendship
“ linked together these three sublime souls.
“ With what joy M. de Buffon would have seen
“ that friend, that great minister, restored by the
“ best of kings to the vows of all, at the moment
“ when the representatives of the most generous
“ of people are about to discuss the grand question
“ of the safety of the state !”

The task of answering the discourse of M. de Vicq d'Azyr devolved on M. de Saint Lambert in his quality of director of the Academy.

Although there is not in this last discourse much more action and eloquence than in the preceding, two or three passages were remarked, whose thought and expression appeared equally happy and striking.

Speaking of the progress which the high sciences have made in our days, of the common affinity which connects them mutually, and continues the connexion with the arts and talents of the imagination, he finishes the picture with this fine image. “ The empire of science is no longer a vast desert in which a few painful paths were found marked by the footsteps of giants ; it is a cultivated country, interspersed every where with easy roads, which lead the one into the other, and which the inhabitants may traverse without fatigue.”

In the eulogy which he makes of M. de Buffon's style, he thus expresses himself. “ It always presents to us grand objects explained with simpli-

city: all the details are grand, the whole together is sublime. Envy would wish to see ornament in the composition, but it only encounters beauty."

He calls the Royal Garden, and Cabinet of Natural History an immense library, which for ever instructs and is incapable of deceiving us. "Aristotle," he adds, (and this is the last touch in the academical answer,) "Aristotle, for the purpose of collecting under his eyes the productions of nature, found it necessary that Alexander should conquer Asia; what was wanting to M. de Buffon to furnish a far greater collection of the same productions? His glory."

The sitting was closed by the reading of two extracts from a *Poem on Imagination* by the Abbé Delille. The subject of the first is the choice of monuments which it would be proper to erect to those whose memory we cherish or respect; some sublime pictures were here displayed intermixed with ideas of exquisite tenderness; some verses were very much applauded, and more particularly those admirable lines on the tombs of those indolent kings who have only exchanged their sleep, thrown by destiny from the void of life to the void of death, &c. In the second citation, the poet, celebrating the charms of hope, gives a very curious description of the manner in which the famous Mesmer intoxicated the multitude of his patients with this sweet illusion; he compares the magnetic bucket to Pandora's box: all the ills issued

from it, but hope remained at the bottom. Among the miracles performed by this wonder-working man, one of the most remarkable is the following:

The aged man, who grieves to leave his wealth,
Threatened his nephew with returning health.

Nearly a thousand petitions from different municipalities and corporations of the kingdom have been presented, the object of which is to obtain of the king a more equal representation at the ensuing assembly of the States General, than at that of 1614. The petition of the inhabitants of Paris was drawn up by a doctor of medicine, M. Guillotin; a copy of it had been sent to all the notaries of Paris, with a letter inviting them to receive the signature of every citizen who was anxious to subscribe his name. The parliament, having disapproved the form of this expostulation, has summoned the syndics of the notaries and Dr. Guillotin to give an account of their conduct to the court; it was so simple, that they have had little trouble in justifying themselves. The court however has ordered that the said petitions should be reported to the registry, and prohibited henceforth the circulating of such letters and advertisements. *The parliament is very ill*, said one of our jesters.—*Why so?*—*We should presume so, as it has just called in the notary and the phycisian.*

A gentleman of the states of Dauphiné, speak-

ing of the pre-eminence of his rank, made the following remark ; *Think of all the blood that the nobility has shed in battle.*—A man of low birth answered him :—*And the blood shed by the people in the same battles, do you think it was water ?*

The Abbé de Mably used to think that the English system would not last ten years, and that the senate of Sweden would last for ever. The work in which he made this fine prophecy was not yet quite printed before the senate of Sweden was set aside. He was informed of it ; he made answer : *The King of Sweden may alter his country, but not my book.*

A conjuror of Venice, who had boasted the performance of the greatest of miracles, that of recalling the dead to life, had the audacity to exercise this wonderful power on a corpse whose bier he saw passing at the time when he was haranguing the populace ; he summoned it several times in the most urgent manner, to arise, and walk home. But as the corpse still turned a deaf ear, he concluded by saying to his auditory with a most imposing impatience : *Non ho veduto mai un morto così ostinato*—Never did I see so obstinate a corpse.

January, 1789.

The work of which I am going to give you an account, although printed, is not published, nor

destined to be so. It is a collection of letters by the Baroness de Staël, ambassadress of Sweden, *On the Works and Character of J. J. Rousseau*, a small volume in-12^o of 140 pages. She has only printed twenty copies of it for the benefit of her most intimate friends, and accompanied with infinite restrictions. We do not, however, conceive ourselves to have betrayed the secret in endeavouring to lay before you, to the utmost of our power, the most interesting details of a production which would, under any circumstances, have appeared to us of great value, from whatever pen it came, but which becomes the more admirable, when we know that it was wrested from the dissipations of a young person of twenty years of age, surrounded by all the illusions of youth, by all the pleasures which the most brilliant society of the city and the court can furnish, and by all the homage which the glory of her father, and her own celebrity can attract.

The first of these letters contains some general ideas on the style of Rousseau. We subjoin them : we shall bestow on them little commendation, and yet less criticism, that we may have the pleasure of extracting largely.

“ He neither wrote with rapidity nor facility, but this was because as much time and effort were necessary to him to select, among a superabundance of ideas, the best, as ordinary writers require to give them birth ; besides, his sentiments are so profound, his ideas so vast, that we are gainers by the

august and slow progress of his genius. The reduction of chaos to form and order, the creation of the world, is painted to the thought as the work of a long series of years, and the power of its author appears but the more imposing from the time devoted to his work.

* * * * *

“ The perfection of Rousseau’s style is frequently extolled ; I know not precisely whether that eulogy best becomes him. Perfection appears to consist rather in the absence of faults, than in the existence of great beauties, in circumspection rather than in freedom, in that which we always are, rather than in that which we shew ourselves sometimes ; in a word, perfection gives rather the idea of proportion than of grandeur ; but Rousseau stoops and soars by turns, he is at one time beneath, at another time above perfection itself ; he collects all his heat to a focus, and unites, for the purpose of burning, all those rays which if scattered, had only enlightened. Ah ! if man is never possessed but of a certain measure of strength, I prefer him who puts it all forth at once ; let him be exhausted if it must be so, let him suffer me to fall, if he has but once raised me to the clouds. Rousseau, however, uniting to warmth and genius what is in its stricter sense, conception, frequently fills up with happy and ingenious thoughts, the intervals of his eloquence, and thus for ever rivets the attention and interest of his

leaders....M. de Buffon colours his style with his imagination, Rousseau animates it with his character ; the one selects his expressions, they fall naturally from the other. The eloquence of M. de Buffon can only be the inheritance of a man of genius ; passion might elevate to that of Rousseau.....His style is not continually harmonious, but in passages inspired by his soul we find, not that imitative harmony adopted by the poets, not that succession of sonorous words which would charm even those who were ignorant of their meaning, but, if I may be permitted to say it, a sort of natural harmony, the accent of passion, which accords with it, as a perfect air, harmonizes with the words which it expresses. He frequently forces into his service expressions in bad taste, but we at least perceive, by the affectation with which he employs them, that he is well aware of the criticisms to which they are exposed, he prides himself on forcing his readers to approve them, and perhaps, from a sort of republican spirit, he will not recognize the existence of high and low terms, of ranks and conditions even in words themselves, &c. . .”

These reflexions are terminated by a rapid analysis of Rousseau's first works, of his discourses on the sciences, on the inequality of conditions, on the danger of public spectacles.

The most serious reproach made by Madame de Staël against Rousseau, is an assertion in a note affixed to this last work, that women are not capa-

ble of works that require much soul and passion. But would not that very argument which our fair author has suppressed, be the most irresistible?

The second letter is exclusively consecrated to *Heloïse*. We cannot help noticing, that, of all the letters, this appears to be written with the least warmth. She says herself: "*I will discuss the Heloïse, as I should do, if my heart were grown old.*"

After remarking that the intention of the author appears to have been to encourage to repentance by the example of the virtue of Julia, women guilty of her fault; after confessing the subject of *Clarissa*, and of *Grandison*, to be moral, she adds: "But the true utility of a romance is in its effects rather than in its plan, in the sentiments which it inspires rather than the events which it recounts....Pardon, Rousseau, if at the end of this work we feel ourselves more animated in favour of virtue, if we are more scrupulous in our duties, if simple manners, beneficence, and retirement have more attractions for us....."

"I discover sometimes (she says) some whimsical ideas mixed with sensibility; I cannot, for instance, endure the method which Julia infuses into her passions; in a word, every thing that in these letters proves her to be mistress of herself, and I revolt from the thought that she should deliberately form the resolution of being culpable. She who renounces the charms of virtue, should, at least, have those which arise from obedience to the impulses

of the heart. Rousseau deceived himself if he thought, according to the ordinary rules, that Julia would appear more modest by appearing less impassioned : no, the excess of that passion should have been pleaded as her excuse, and it is only by painting the violence of her love, that she diminished the immorality of the fault which love inspired her to commit."

This criticism had been more justly applied to the talent than to the intention of Rousseau ; for does the violence of a sentiment ever shew itself in a manner more lively and more interesting, than in the very efforts made to surmount it ? Then it is, that it ventures, if I may say so, to display itself entire without offending that circumspection, and that modesty, the charm of which is inseparable from the grand passions.

The third letter, on *Emilius*, appears to us to present a number of profound and acute ideas ; we regret the impossibility of citing more than a small portion of them.

" We are supposed to have well defined the ideas of Rousseau, when we have called his book a systematic work. Perhaps the boundaries of human intellect have been enlarged so much within this century, that we have acquired the habit of respecting new ideas ; but can we not suppose a time when men might be so far estranged from natural sentiments that they might appear like a discovery, and a man of genius may be necessary to tread

back his steps, and again find the road whose traces the prejudices of the world might have obliterated ?”

“ Virtue is not, like glory, the aim of emulation ; those who seek the one, refuse to have equals ; those who seek the other, slacken sometimes in their efforts when they find companions in indolence.”

“ All the world has adopted the physical system of education from Rousseau.—If the same thought had created the physical and moral world, if the one was, as it were, the relief to the other, why should we scruple to find in the entire system of Rousseau the proof of its truth ?”

“ We often hear speak of the danger of eloquence ; but I believe it to be very necessary when we have to oppose virtue to passion. Eloquence gives birth to those emotions in the soul, which of themselves decide the choice that we make ; eloquence alone has the power to add that forcible impulse to reason, and to give life to wrestle, on equal terms, with the passions.”

These reflexions of the noblest philosophy are followed by an apostrophe to her daughter, full of gentleness and sensibility, which is terminated by these affecting words :

“ Yes, my daughter, for thee will I listen to the lessons of Rousseau ; his eloquent goodness assures to you my indulgence ; perhaps I should have found it in my own soul, but the impression of his

sublime works is so profound, that we confound it with nature herself."

In speaking of the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Curate*, it was natural for Madame de Staël to compare the merit of this work with that of *The Importance of Religious Opinions*, and with this remarkable parallel she concludes her fourth letter.

"This work, *the Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Curate*, this work, she says, was but the precursor of that book, which formed an epoch in the history of thoughts, because it enlarged their boundaries; of that book which seems to anticipate a future life, by divining the secrets which are one day to be revealed to us; of that book which mankind united might present to the Supreme Being as the longest stride which they have made towards his presence; of that book, which the name of its author consecrates, by sheltering it from the disdain of mediocrity, since it is the greatest dictator of his age, the brightest and clearest genius who has demanded attention on a subject until this day rejected as vague and obscure; of that book, whose majestic and sublime sensibility paints the author loving mankind, as the guardian angel of the earth would cherish them. Pardon me, Rousseau, to thee my work is consecrated, but another has become the object of my worship.Thyself, thyself above all men, thy heart im-

passioned for humanity, would have adored him who, long occupied with the existence of man on earth, after pointing out to him all the blessings that a good government can assure to him, has sought to prevent his most cruel misfortunes, by giving rest to his agitated soul. Yes, Rousseau knew how to admire, and never writing but in compliance with the impulse of his soul, vain jealousies were estranged from his heart; he would necessarily have eulogized him whom I dare not name; him whom I approach without fear when I see in him no more than the object of my tenderness, but who most of all penetrates me with respect when I contemplate him at a distance; him, in a word, whom posterity, equally with his own age, will mark out by all the titles of genius, but whom my destiny and my love permit me to call my father."

If the reading of these four first letters left us penetrated with admiration at finding in the thoughts of a woman of twenty such an extent and maturity of understanding, with what surprize should we read in the fifth, her judgment of the *Social Contract*! Her ideas, on this subject, lead naturally to the objects which interest at this moment every mind. "Rousseau, why art not thou the witness of the imposing spectacle, which France is about to present, of a great event prepared before hand, and with which, for the first time, chance will have had no participation! In this, perhaps, in

this grand work men would appear to thee more worthy of esteem."

The sixth letter treats of Rousseau's taste for music and botany. "Rousseau (says the author) wished to introduce Melodrames into France; he gave *Pygmalion* as a specimen of one. Perhaps this sort of spectacle ought not to be rejected. Music expresses situations, and words develope them: music might undertake to paint sentiments beyond the reach of words, and words sentiments too imperceptibly shaded for music."

It is observable that he distinguished plants by their forms and never by their properties. The poetical and wild imagination of Rousseau could not endure to connect with the image of a flower, the ornament of nature, the remembrance of the evils and infirmities of man.

Madame de Staël has studied the character of this celebrated man in his own works, and the plan of her letters presents to us the same method which she thought proper to pursue in her studies; we may then consider her last letter, on the character of Rousseau, as the result of all the others: the portrait which she gives of him appears as valuable from its resemblance as from its spirit and ingenuity.

"Rousseau must have had a figure which was not remarked as he passed by, but which could never be forgotten when he had been seen to

speaking ; small eyes which possessed no distinctive character, but successively received that of the different emotions of his soul ; his eyebrows were very prominent, they appeared made to favour his wildness, and screen it from the sight of men : he almost always held down his head, but this was inspired neither by flattery nor fear ; meditations and melancholy had inclined his head as a flower which is bent down by its own weight or by storms. When silent, his physiognomy had no expression ; his affections and thoughts were never painted on his face, but when he joined in conversation ; when he was silent, they withdrew to the depth of his soul : his features were common ; but when he spoke, they were insensibly lighted up ; he resembled those gods whom Ovid describes to us sometimes as quitting their terrestrial disguise, and making themselves known by the bright lustre of their looks.

“ His mind was slow, his soul was ardent. By dint of meditating he became impassioned ; he was not visited by sudden and visible emotions, but all his sentiments gathered strength from reflexion. He has perhaps fallen in love with a woman, by reflecting on her during absence ; she left him cold ; she meets him again inflamed.....I conceive imagination to have been the first of his faculties, and that it even absorbed all the others ; he might be said rather to dream than to exist, and the events of his life passed rather in his head than around

him. This kind of existence should have made him a stranger to distrust, because it did not allow observation ; but it did not prevent him from seeing, and only caused him to see incorrectly."

Madame de Staël considers it as certain, that Rousseau put himself to death, and this opinion appears confirmed by all the concurring circumstances which she has related.

" One of his friends (she says) received from him a letter some time before his death, which seemed to announce that design. Since then, having informed himself carefully of his last moments, he has discovered that on the morning of the day when Rousseau died, he arose in perfect health, but said, nevertheless, that he was going to look on the sun for the last time, and, before he went out, took some coffee, which he made himself: he re-entered some hours after, and beginning to suffer dreadfully, he gave express orders that no assistance should be procured, and no person informed of his condition. Some few days before this sad morning, he had discovered the vile inclinations of his wife for a man in low condition ; he appeared shocked at this discovery, and remained eight successive days upon the margin of the water, in profound meditation. I think if we connect these details with his habitual sadness, with the extraordinary increase of his terrors and his suspicions, it is impossible to doubt that this great but unhappy man voluntarily put an end to his life."

The few hours we were allowed us to keep the copy which had been confided to us, will excuse us for not having extracted more ; but these citations will doubtless be sufficient to justify the admiration which this charming work has inspired.

Impromptu Harangue of the Viscount de Ségur, at a supper at the Baron Besenval's.

* Sire, your children—the people—the nation—You are its father—the constitution—the executive power in your hands—the legislative power—the equilibrium of finances—the glory of your reign—the love of your people—Sire, the credit—the foundations of the monarchy shaken—all concurs—all re-assures—and your equity—the eyes of astonished Europe—the spirit of sedition destroyed—the tears of your people—posterity—abundance—glory—patriotism—abuse of power—clergy—nobility—third estate—sublime effort—virtue—confidence—the enlightened age—the administration—the splendor of the throne—rare beneficence—ages to come—wisdom—prosperity—these are the vows of your kingdom—powerful union of an important nation—ever-memorable epoch—lustre of your crown and benedictions—the virtues of Louis XII.—the kindness of Henry IV.—Sire, 12 and 4 make XVI.

* The following elements of a speech cannot but be serviceable on all public occasions. This skeleton address proves that nonsense is talked on both sides of the channel in the same way.—T.

*Some Account of the Causes of the present
Revolution.*

April 1789.

Many circumstances combined have, no doubt, favoured the Revolution, which is now on the eve of breaking out.

The spirit of independence, so natural to youth, had become the prevailing fashion of the Court: and this spirit was yet farther excited by the marked influence of a number of young people, who had become, thanks to this advantage, the heads of their houses: a number of the most illustrious families of the kingdom thought themselves entitled to complain of the exclusive distinctions of favour.

From dispensing with restraint they proceeded to dispense with etiquette. Never, perhaps, had expenditure been so excessive, and never had it been less instrumental to maintain the essential branches of national commerce, nor that exterior pomp, which, although it be not dignity itself, is its most sensible and imposing representative. The Court was probably more amiable: but it had undoubtedly banished those illusions which are most necessary to keep alive that of monarchical idolatry, which Louis XIV. contrived to make one of the first supporters to his enormous power.

The contrast of M. Necker's economy, and the austerity of his principles, with the levity, inconsiderateness, and prodigality of one of his successors,

could not fail to produce a great sensation ; this became yet more lively from the necessity to which the first was reduced of supporting his ministerial consistency with all the weight of public opinion, from the imprudence with which the second allowed himself to brave that first power, the source of all others, in revealing, on a sudden, the excesses of the disorder, in exaggerating it perhaps for the purpose of procuring to himself new resources ; lastly, in saying to the most important persons of the nation in the face of all Europe ; “ for three years I have deceived you ; but I did it in conjunction with the king. At this day we are more than ever interested in deceiving you again ; give us then all your confidence.” This is the exact analysis of M. de Calonne’s strange address to the assembly of notables, for which reason the sagacious Pitt did not doubt, after reading it for the first time, that it was a satirical pamphlet against the minister who was its author. I cannot imagine any man to have carried his audacity and madness to a greater pitch ; and what appears to me yet more evident, is, that of all ministerial extravagances this was most calculated to bring their authority into disrepute, and vilify it to the eyes of foreign nations. The consequences which followed the disgrace of this plundering minister, the ill humour, and indiscretion of his creatures, the interests which then divided the most intimate society of the king and queen, aggravated that fatal impression, by publishing abroad

secrets of family and of state, which, more than ever should have been wrapped in eternal mystery, by artfully scattering reports absolutely false, but which, by their connexion with known facts, might usurp more or less belief, and do violence in more than one way to that public opinion, now become at once so formidable and susceptible.

The parliaments, as we well know, were, for a long time, the only barrier in France to absolute authority ; that barrier was not possessed of any real strength, of any solid basis, because the existence of that species of intermediate power had never been fixed or recognised by the king or the nation. It is not the less true the legislative genius never perhaps invented a means of resistance more embarrassing to a weak government, or to a fluctuating administration. By the very elements of their composition, the parliaments embrace all the classes of the state : descended in general from the richest and most considerable families of the community, the members of the sovereign courts hold at this time, by the magistrates who preside over them, to the first houses of the kingdom ; they are also united to them by alliances. On the other hand, the lower order of people are necessarily devoted to them by the interest which connects with their power all the under-agents of subaltern justices, and that innumerable multitude of advocates, attorneys, clerks and ushers spread over every part of the kingdom ; it is an army always ready, not to combat,

indeed, but to do something worse, to spread every where trouble, distrust and alarm, by its complaints, its murmurs, and its clamours. They are easily sent into the field ; a few fine patriotic phrases, which announce the respectful resistance of these gentlemen, and menace their faithful troops with a perseverance capable of exposing them to die of hunger for some months will effect this purpose. There is nothing apparently so ridiculous as this struggle so often renewed between the ministers of justice and of authority ; but in reality nothing is more serious or formidable. Whenever the sovereign courts have merely employed their usual arms, they have almost ever been invincible ; their inactive force has resisted all the efforts of royal power : and the decrees of parliament explained with address, that is, with as much circumspection and moderation as vigour and courage, have more commonly carried the points over the decrees of the council, by whatever power they may be supported. A decree of the court, dispatched to that crowd of tribunals which depend on it, is sufficient to suspend all the functions of the executive power ; it stops, if I may be allowed the term, at one time all the motions of the administration : justice, the police, and, if opposition grows obstinate, the very imposts are suspended. This is a very convenient and legal manner of sounding the alarm from one extremity of the kingdom to another, and it is easy to per-

ceive how great would be the effect of such an instrument in the hands of a factious leader.

The Abbé de Mably has satisfactorily proved, that the parliamentary power is an usurped authority ; a thousand other writers have said and repeated with much reason that nothing could be more absurd than to see judges set up for legislators, and imagine, that by virtue of forty or fifty thousand francs they had acquired the right of prescribing limits to the royal authority, and that of representing the nation without its permission ; but it is no less certain, that, if the power which the parliament assume, has never been formally ceded to them, it has certainly been abandoned to them, since they have been seen to exercise it for a long time, although, indeed, with more or less lustre according to circumstances ; and it is equally incontestable, that no other order, no other assembly, not even that of the states-general, has decided more national questions of greater importance than the parliament of Paris ; for it has annulled the testament of Louis XIV. in a manner more arbitrary than it would dare to annul that of a private individual ; it has twice disposed of the regency ; it has granted more imposts than all the states-general put together have ever sanctioned, &c. After this, who could be a counsellor of parliament, without believing himself, in certain circumstances at least, something more than king ?

This parliamentary power, by turns so feeble

and so formidable, at no time acknowledged, at all times capable of giving annoyance, has been tormented, banished, disgraced, humbled, and even destroyed, without experiencing the least injury done to the essential principle of its power ; it was at all times the palladium of national liberty, because no other safeguard was in existence. The antiquity of the abuse which had raised it to this dignity was its most respectable title to it, and all the world believed themselves interested in respecting a body so much interested itself in maintaining all the abuses in some degree sanctioned by its silence or permission.

It is only by endeavouring to replace by something real, what in the hands of every skilful minister was merely a phantom, more or less importunate, that the nation could be brought to desire another state of things. This the parliament perceived in the establishment of provincial administrations, however prudent, however monarchical might be their first constitution ; this it saw with yet greater alarm in the convocation of an assembly of notables ; it is no longer doubted that the project of this authority was to dispense with its interference ; and this was evidently the first epoch of the plan of resistance, or rather of open insurrection on the part of all the parliamentary aristocracy, with which that of the nobles and the clergy were soon united. All these subaltern powers thought themselves menaced at the same time by that of

the ministerial authority ; all of them saw no other resource than that of appealing to the nation, and the nation, which for so long a time was held as nothing, at length discovered that it should and could be something.

Never had any minister displayed so much talent as M. de Brienne in decomposing a grand political machine. He disjoined, and unhinged all its springs ; we may say that in the space of a few months, thanks to the happy ascendancy of his genius, hardly a single body in France remained in its place, or preserved its natural movement. The parliament suddenly adopted a system most contrary to its interests ; a system which he had a hundred and a hundred times denounced. The nobility whose existence is intimately connected with the rights of the throne, appeared desirous of separating from it. The military spirit itself seemed influenced by a certain patriotism, laudable perhaps in itself, but difficult to reconcile with that character of subordination without which neither discipline, nor army can exist. The clergy no longer preached obedience, the soldier shewed himself less inclined to maintain it ; it is very remarkable that this almost universal discontent had been preceded by declarations the most favourable to public liberty : the king had but lately made more sacrifices of his authority than any person had even ventured to hope from any of his predecessors. The Parliaments had loudly demanded the succour which they ought

most to have dreaded, carried away by the voice of one of those individuals who enjoyed the least consideration in their body, one Abbé Sieyes; all, as if urged by some supernatural power, had demanded the convocation of the States General, and had, as it were, given satisfaction at the feet of the nation, for having so long usurped the noblest of its rights. In the Assembly of the *Notables*, the nobility and clergy had already acknowledged the justice of an equal division of all imposts. . . . How can we imagine that so many disinterested resolutions, so many solemn acts of patriotism and virtue, should only serve to foment the trouble, increase the disorder, and raise the despair and embarrassment of the administration to the highest point? First it was believed, and perhaps it was natural to be of that persuasion, that such great sacrifices could not have been made with good faith. This vague sentiment of alarm and distrust could not fail to increase when the irresolute conduct of the minister was observed, attempting by turns the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin, without possessing even the art to play off the one or the other; undoing on the morrow what he had done the day before; thinking to repair incessantly an act of violence by an act of weakness, and almost always the act of weakness by an act of violence more revolting than those which had preceded it. Attempting, in the midst of the most alarming derangement of the finances, what would have been difficult to turn to advantage with the

most abundant resources ; alienating, in a word, all the Court and, soon after, all the nation by reforms and suppressions whose result quite dried up all the channels of riches and of credit.

In these desperate circumstances M. Necker was recalled, rather as the minister of the nation, than that of authority ; it no longer depended on his choice to fill one place, without imposing on himself the obligations of the other. It was only by uniting them all with all the wisdom of his genius, and all the conscience of his virtue that he could justify the most glorious reward that any individual has ever obtained from the public esteem.

To this point we have only pointed out the local and personal circumstances which appear to have chiefly contributed to the present revolution, because their influence more at hand, is for that reason more perceptible and marked ; but it must not be pretended that the principle of a revolution so surprising must be attached to other more general causes, the action of which being less rapid, and more difficult to apprehend, is essentially stronger and more irresistible. There are two especially with which it is impossible not to be struck—the immense progress of knowledge, and the enormous increase of the public debt. The confidence which should be inspired by the most just and virtuous of kings cannot long support, by itself, the enormous weight of a debt of many milliards. Credit, after

having served for some time to extend the power of sovereigns, ends always by restraining it, when it has passed certain bounds its influence awakens yet more necessarily the spirit of patriotism by the great number of individuals whose personal interest it connects with that of the commonwealth. The nation is believed to be poorer, it has never been so rich. It appears that the sovereign has never been richer, for his revenues are immense, and, in fact, he has never been less opulent. The poorer always depend on the richer; and hence the sovereign will from this time depend on the nation.

The impossibility of equalling or of surpassing, in the arts of genius and imagination, that croud of finished productions which the last age saw France give birth to, has inclined all superior capacities in the present age to direct their efforts and their studies to the high sciences. No branch of useful knowledge has failed to be cultivated with more or less success. The Buffons, Rousseaus, Montesquieus, have succeeded the Racines, Boileaus and Corneilles: and Voltaire himself, the greatest wit of all ages, became a philosopher; he particularly deserved this title by the unique talent which he possessed not only of putting great truths within the reach of all the world, but of interesting in them every class of his readers. A focus of light has resulted from all this which no human power could extinguish, a liberty of thought which the fetters attempted to be imposed on it, only made more daring and attractive. These dispositions

were further increased by the taste for travelling, by the establishment of clubs, by the habit which became more general among men, of living more among themselves, by all the absurdities of the *Anglomania*; for what revolution could possibly take place in France without being influenced more or less by fashion?

The American war, that war which ruined the two richest nations of Europe to assure the independence of the poorest people in the Universe, that war, so foolish for the Kings who undertook it, could not fail being of utility to their people; it has saved the constitution of England; it is on the eve of giving one to France; for who does not perceive that, had it not been for the enormous deficit in the finances, there had never been States-General, nor Assembly of Notables, nor Necker, nor Calonne? Whatever justice we may be disposed to do to the depredations of this last, had it not been for the expenses of a war which undertook to combat a power that disposed of the riches and credit of the two worlds, it is very clear that the ordinary resources would have been sufficient to repair all the evil which can only be imputed to the vices of his administration.

The connexions which France had with England and America have proved to her (said a man of wit) what an intimacy with some noblemen is to a rich citizen; they usually ruin him; but they always form him more or less, and give to his man-

ners more ease and liberty, and sometimes to his way of thinking more nobleness and elevation.

Madame d'Aligre had some friends to dinner, the repast was very scanty, and the guests diverted themselves with slandering their acquaintances. *Ifaith*, said M. de Lauraguais, *if we did not here eat up our neighbour with our bread, we should die of hunger.*

M. the Privy Seal asked Mirabeau one day, what sort of a man his brother was? *If*, said Mirabeau, *I am to answer frankly, in any other family he would pass for a man of wit and wickedness, but in ours, he is an ordinary man.*

One of the labourers elected to be deputy in the precinct under the administration of M. de Casgin had the appearance of a man who could make no great pretensions to wit. Well, said M. Casgin to this man, after having placed him at table by his side, what do you propose to ask of the States-General? *The suppression of pigeons, of rabbits, and of monks.*—Why truly that is a strange mode of classing them.—Nay, my Lord, it is very clear; the first devour us in the seed, the second in the blade, the third in the sheaf.

On the tenth of March, the Italian company gave the first representation of *the Sentimental Man*,

a comedy in five acts, in verse, by M. Pluteau, who has only made himself known by this work. It is an imitation of one of the most celebrated comedies of the English theatre, *the School for Scandal*, by Mr. Sheridan. One of our little theatres had already seized the subject under the title of *the Uncle and two Nephews*; this was a miserable attempt, which only ended in daubing an excellent picture.

This copy of an admirable model has not succeeded. The progress of the intrigue appears cold and weak; nor do we find any interest excepting in the scenes which are faithfully imitated from the original. The French author may be reproached with omitting several of them whose extremely comic cast would have infused into his work more bustle and variety. But we are far from pretending that we could successfully allow ourselves all the pictures, all the situations, all the pleasantries of Mr. Sheridan's piece; the great liberty of the English theatre may give success to these bold attempts at which our ideas of theatrical propriety would revolt. I do not affirm that morality at Paris is more pure than at London, that society does not offer among us as many, perhaps even more models, which bear a resemblance to all the vices which Mr. Sheridan has painted in the *School for Scandal*; but pictures representing morals such as they are, in all their truth, would not be admitted on our stage. We there see daily unmarried women distractedly in

love, coquettes, inconstant, betraying at the same time a number of lovers ; but the example of a married woman, gallant as Lady Teazle, jealous of her lover, ready to meet him at a rendezvous which she has accepted, would on the French stage be considered too scandalous for representation. In proportion to the increase of corruption in society, and more particularly that of women, which, in France, has a greater influence than elsewhere on public morals, we become more difficult on this point, more austere in all that relates to theatrical decency. Our comedies have, from this cause, been deprived of their most comic effects ; they have even been compelled to depart from the fine moral intention at which they should aim. We may doubt whether, in our days, Molière would have been permitted to present *Tartuffe* as he has done, returning, after having closed the door, with eyes inflamed, rushing into the arms of Elmira, although we well know that she by no means appears to favour the desires of that impostor unless to undeceive her husband who is concealed beneath the table ; and that the moral tendency of a conjuncture so critical should suspend the effect at a moment when the honour of the husband, and public decency, might thus be wounded by it. This reflexion leads us naturally to remark that the comedy of the *School for Scandal* has a certain similarity to that of *Tartuffe* ; many parts of the action are alike ; both authors intended to paint and to unmask a hypocrite. That of the

School for Scandal is a man of the world, and from that very circumstance his hypocrisy is less comic than that of the false doctor, because the contrasts are less prominent. Both of these hypocrites have equally gained the confidence of their benefactors, but the artifice by which Tartuffe had contrived to invest all the faculties and all the affections of his dupe, the credulity of a husband whom it is necessary to convince as it were, in spite of himself, present to us the effects of a touch far more masterly than the ingenious theatrical device which leads Sir Peter Teazle to discover his wife behind a screen in the house of his ward. This comparison cannot permit us to forget the happy conception of the character of Charles, of that wild young man, who, with all his dissipations and follies, shews the most sensible and generous heart, refuses to sell the portrait of his uncle, although offered for it an excessive price, and hastens, with the money which he receives at this time of need, to succour an old relation in misfortune; a charming character which offers a powerful contrast to that of the hypocritical brother, a creation entirely owing to Mr. Sheridan, a happy opposition, which perhaps is wanting to the great beauties of Molière's masterpiece.

The Sentimental Man appears in general to be well written; we detect in it some negligence, some stiffness, more generally we are inclined to praise that natural and unaffected style and conduct of the

plot; in short, its failure of success must only be attributed to the extreme difficulty which there will ever be in adapting to our stage the best foreign pieces, and particularly those of character, whose physiognomy is local, and from its locality borrow a large portion of its merit. It is almost impossible to preserve their most characteristic features without rendering them almost unintelligible to the nation before which they are presented; and to alter them, is almost always to destroy their effect.

May, 1789.

We hastened to announce to you the *Travels of Anacharsis* at the time when the work appeared; we were not so anxious to send you an account of the sensation which it had excited, and of the judgment which we ventured to form of it. At this time, when the opinion to be entertained of the work appears more generally decided, we will take the liberty of speaking of it with greater confidence. Few books had enjoyed, even before publication, so much favour; the reputation of the author, the personal esteem which he has merited on more than one account, the expectation in which we long remained from a labour which had occupied, as it were, a whole life, all justified a prejudice so favourable; and thus the first edition of the book has sold off in less than two months. It is indeed one of the finest monuments yet erected to the glory of the most interesting

people in the universe ; there exists not, I think, in any language, any thing so exact, any thing so complete, on the arts, sciences, religion, politics, manners, and customs of Greece ; and, in our language, there are at least few works so nicely correct in their style, and so invariably elegant. In what then is it deficient ? In nothing but talent and imagination. There is none in the plan ; there is hardly any more in the details of its execution.

The Abbé Barthelemy has himself revealed to us, in an advertisement, all the secret of his composition. He supposes a young Scythian, by the name of Anacharsis, to arrive in Greece some years before the birth of Alexander ; and that from Athens, his usual place of residence, he makes several journeys into the neighbouring provinces, observing everywhere the manners and usages of the people, assisting at their festivals, studying the nature of their government, sometimes devoting his leisure to researches on the progress of the human mind, sometimes conversing with the great men who then flourished, &c. To this supposition all the efforts of his genius are confined, and he has derived no other advantage from it in the course of his work than in the advertisement here cited ; thus the fiction which he has allowed himself is merely an idle frame in which he endeavoured to incase, to the best of his power, the more or less important results of his learned and laborious researches. There results from it neither motion nor interest ; his young

Anacharsis is but a borrowed name ; he neither gives nor receives animation ; but is merely a cold witness to what he sees, hears, and tells ; had it been an old abbé, a member of the academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions who had been the traveller, he would have said neither more nor less. Is it worth while to imagine the part of a young Scythian, when the author has no intention of turning him to any account ? This kind of fiction, far from varying the interest of the pictures presented by the immense fertility of the subject, only serves to shed over it a sort of monotony ; it is the journal of a traveller who writes mighty well, indeed, who gives a very clear account of all that he observes, but who never takes any personal interest in what surrounds him ; he is ever a stranger to the whole. Nothing happens to him which has the power either to accelerate or retard his progress ; the analysis of an Athenian supper, that of a system of philosophy or a theatrical piece, all is performed, all is brought about in the same manner ; there is not even any art, any happy design, in the choice which directs one object to succeed another ; thus, however satisfied you may be with the chapter which you have last read, you feel no great inclination to read that which follows : and if the author has been thirty years in composing his book, he who should only seek in it amusement or interest, might well be tempted to demand thirty years to read it.

The last work of M. de Pauw on the Greeks cannot boast an erudition so discriminating and exact as that of the *Travels of Anacharsis* ; the style is very far from being as pure and elaborate ; he merely promises philosophical researches ; the author should partake of the interest of a romance ; yet it is not less true, that the book of M. de Pauw is more interesting, and the reason is plain and palpable ; it is because he more frequently awakens attention by original views, by curious comparisons ; it is that a simple discussion, provided it be lively and animated, possesses more motion than long recitals, that are mere recitals, bereft of all interest, of all dramatic action.

The faults which we cannot but lay to the charge of the Abbé Barthelemy, are redeemed, as much as possible, by every kind of merit of which his work was susceptible, by the extreme happiness of the subject, by the exactitude of researches, by the elaborate care paid to every detail of execution. The style would be perfect were it possessed of that life, that flower, which a more glowing imagination would have imparted. We here find collected in a point, with more or less happiness, all that can most surely be depended on, all that is interesting in that great people, to whom we are indebted for the first models in all the branches of art and science, the first lessons of all the pleasures with which taste and imagination can embellish life. It is merely, if you like it, a compilation most perfect-

ly composed of the most precious materials which remain to us from the history and antiquities of Greece. It is easy to conceive the plan of a more interesting work, but such as it is, we must allow it to be superior to the *Travels of Pausanias* ; perhaps even to all modern works of the same kind.

There is a singularity with which we cannot fail to be struck in reading the *Travels of Young Anacharsis*, which is the striking resemblance that we discover between the manners of Paris and of Athens ; this is so remarkable in certain details, that we should be tempted to believe the author to have imagined them, if on the one hand, we were not sure that he can imagine nothing, and on the other hand if we did not see the most trifling circumstances that he relates justified by the most authentic testimonies. This resemblance is the more remarkable as there is so little analogy between the climate which the two people inhabit, their government, their laws, their customs and religion.

Anecdote of the Iron Mask.

August, 1789.

M. de La Borde, an antient *valet-de chambre* of the king, has found among the papers of the Maréchal de Richelieu, an original letter from the Duchess of Modena, daughter of the Regent, to the Maréchal, who was then her lover. This letter begins with these words, which are in cyphers.

“ Here at length is the famous history. I

have wrested from them the secret. It has cost me more than I can express.....”

Then follows the history of the Iron Mask, from a declaration made by his governor on his death-bed, as follows.

“ During the Queen’s pregnancy, two herdsmen presented themselves, and asked to speak with the king, when they told him that they had had a revelation by which they were informed, that the queen was pregnant with *two Dauphins*, whose birth would occasion a civil war, which would throw all the kingdom into confusion. The king *wrote* immediately to Cardinal Richelieu, who returned for answer that *he need not alarm himself*, and requested him to send him the two men, that he would secure their persons and send them to Saint-Lazare.

“ The queen was brought to bed at the conclusion of the king’s dinner, of a son, (Louis XIV) in presence of all the persons, who, from their situations, attend at the delivery of the queen, and the formal account of it was taken in writing, according to custom.

“ Four hours after, Madame Perronet, midwife to the queen, came and informed the king, who was taking some refreshment, that the queen felt renewed labour-pains. He sent for the Chancellor, and with him entered the queen’s apartment, who was delivered of a second son, *more beautiful and goodly than the first*. The birth was attested by a written document, which was signed by the

king, the Chancellor, Madame Perronet, the physician, and a nobleman of the court, who was afterwards appointed governor to the Iron Mask, and was shut up at the same time with him, as will soon be shewn.

“ The king himself drew up, *at three different times, with the Chancellor*, the formula of the oath which he administered to all those who had been present at this second birth, never to reveal this important secret, unless on the death of the Dauphin ; and he made them swear never to touch on the subject even among themselves. The infant was put under the care of Madame Perronet, who was ordered to say that it was a child who had been entrusted to her by a lady of the court.

“ When the child arrived at an age to be taken out of the hands of women, and consigned to those of men, he was entrusted to the same man who had been present at his birth. He settled himself with his pupil at Dijon, and, from this place, maintained a constant correspondence with the Queen-Mother, Cardinal Mazarin, and the King. He did not cease to be a courtier in his retirement ; he evinced for the young prince that respect which a courtier always pays to him who may become his master. This condescension, which the prince could not reconcile from a man whom he looked up to as his father, excited certain suspicions on the subject of his birth and condition. The answers were far from satisfactory. One day, the young

prince asked his guardian to shew him the portrait of the King (Louis XIV) ; the guardian disconcerted answered by making frivolous excuses; he had recourse to the same subterfuges whenever his pupil sought to discover a mystery to which he appeared every day to attach more importance. *The young man was not a stranger to love* ; his first vows were addressed to a chamber-maid of the house ; he conjured her to procure him a portrait of the king ; she refused her services at first by alleging the order which all the people in the house had received, to give him nothing but in their master's presence. He insisted, and she promised to procure him one. At sight of the portrait, he was struck with his own resemblance to the king, went to his governor, repeated his ordinary questions, but in a more pressing and resolute manner ; again demanded of him the portrait of the king. The governor again wished to elude the question : you deceive me (said he), here is the portrait of the king, and a letter which is addressed to you, apprizes me of a mystery, the meaning of which you would to no purpose withhold from me. I am brother to the king, I wish to set off this instant make myself recognized by the court, and enjoy the privileges of my rank. (The governor asserts in his death-bed confession, that he could never discover by what means the young prince had procured the letter in question ; he only said, that he knew not whether he had opened a little casket in

which he was accustomed to put all letters from the king, from the queen, and from Cardinal Mazarin, or if he had intercepted the letter which he presented to him). He shut up the prince, and sent off a messenger immediately to Saint-Jean-de-Luz, where the court then was treating of the peace of the Pyrenees, and marriage of the king.

“ The answer was an order from the King to carry off the Prince and the Governor, who were conducted to the Isle Sainte-Marguerite, and afterwards removed to the Bastille, whither the Governor of the Isle Sainte-Marguerite followed them.”

M. de La Borde, who has long been familiar with Louis XV, has compared this recital with conversations he has sometimes held with the King on the Iron Mask, and they exactly correspond.

On the curiosity which he frequently testified to Louis XV concerning this truly extraordinary history, the King uniformly answered : “ I pity him, but his detention has injured no one but himself, and has prevented the Kingdom from suffering great misfortunes ; you cannot know the secret.” And when on this subject, he called to mind the great curiosity which he has shewn in his infancy to learn the history of the Iron Mask, and that he was always answered that he must not become acquainted with it until his majority ; that on the day of his majority he had demanded it ; that the courtiers who besieged the door of his chamber

pressed around him with interrogations, and that he had answered them : " You cannot know it."

M. de La Borde has searched the registers of Saint-Lazare, but they only go back to the epoch of the birth of Louis XIV.

November, 1789:

The second part of the *Confessions of J. J. Rousseau* in two volumes 8-vo. has just been published. This edition appears to have been put together from a copy deposited at Geneva. This second part, as far as the writer's talent is concerned, is undoubtedly beneath the first; its leading features are yet more contemptible; a tissue of mean stupid details forms the greater portion of this singular work. There is, however, a sort of charm attached to this kind of reading which hurries us away; we are angry, we are often indignant at the author, we are more than once tempted to throw away the book, but again we take it up, and whatever ill disposition his injustice, his prejudices, his extravagances may inspire, we cannot but admire the talent which has the power of throwing so much interest on caprices so whimsical, and frequently so odious.* Independantly of that magic

* What are we to think, for example, of a man who, after avowing that he sent his three children to the *Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés* (the Foundling Hospital), adds, *Were I to tell you my reasons, I should say too much; since they seduced me, they would seduce many others.*

of style which belongs only to Rousseau, it is clear that every man capable of lively impressions who should permit himself the liberty of describing all that he has felt during the course of his life, without any consideration for himself or for others, would at all times offer to his readers a curious portrait; but how can any man possessed of a remnant of morality bring himself to leave behind him such a work? The Confessions of Jean-Jacques display a motive, which renders him yet more culpable; it appears evident that he came to the determination of painting himself with so much frankness merely for the purpose of thus consecrating the memory of his personal resentments, and in the hope of giving credibility to the evil which he should say of others, as to that which he should confess of himself. But Rousseau, we are told, wished this work not to appear till five and twenty years after his death, when it was to be presumed that all those persons whom it compromised by his confessions or prejudices, would no longer be in existence. . . . Ah! for this very reason the idea appears to me the more revolting. To entrench ourselves in the tomb, to tear, to assassinate with greater security the objects of our most intimate connexions, is it not to add the blackest perfidy to the most odious cowardice? If your soul is in need of hatred or vengeance, at least allow those whom you wish to persecute the means of self-defence. "See you not," says M. de Cérutti, "how dreadful it is for a

“ mortal, even were he a demi-god, to immolate
“ on his tomb the friends with whom he lived and
“ to force their plaintive shades to follow with
“ ignominy his own shade to the latest posterity?
“ Confessions of this nature are the inheritance of
“ madness, and the legacy of infamy.”

It should however be a great consolation for persons calumniated in this work, that the book itself, with all its seduction, bears in it evident marks of the author's derangement, and of the absurd injustice which gave rise to the greater proportion of his visions. One of the men whom he appears to have the most esteemed that he might afterwards hate him with the greater violence is M. Grimm; but when the complaints which he takes the liberty of uttering against him, with so much gall and bitterness, cease to be vague, when he endeavours to justify himself in some manner for the wrongs of which he accuses him, he is unable to find any thing but actions the most indifferent, mere petty differences, the miserable interests of society on which his imagination, darkened by black vapours, builds the most criminal plots, and most monstrous conspiracies; this madness went even to persuade him that M. de Grimm, in the retirement of his study, had formed a league with different powers, to make M. de Choiseul undertake the conquest of Corsica, merely to prevent Jean-Jacques from being the legislator of that island.

If there is any thing intelligible in the origin of those terrible quarrels between Rousseau and the Encyclopædia, it is, that all the heads of the philosophers, and more especially his own, had been strangely confused by the coquetry of Madame d'Epinay, and her sister-in-law, the Countess d'Houdetot. The first had afforded Rousseau the most affecting marks of tender friendship, for which she received no other return than that of the most atrocious ingratitude. The other had inspired him with a love whose transports are painted as he had felt them, in colours of fire. The history of this consuming and unhappy passion forms the most interesting part of the *New Confessions*, the following is a detail of it, expressed at the same time with such energy and decency that we shall be pardoned for citing it.

“ It was a league from the hermitage to Eaubonne, where Madame d'Houdetot then resided. I used to pass by the hills of Andilly, which are charming. I mused, on my way, on her whom I was going to see, on the affectionate reception that she would give me, on the kiss which awaited my arrival. That single kiss, that deadly kiss, even before it was received, heated my blood to such a degree that my head was troubled; I felt blinded by a dazzling light, my trembling knees could no longer support me, I was compelled to stop, and sit down; all my frame was in an inconceivable disorder; I was nearly fainting. On discovering

the danger, I endeavoured by talking, to divert myself, and think on something else. Hardly had I walked twenty steps before the same remembrances, with all their concomitant accidents, returned to assault me, scarcely allowing me the power to deliver myself from them ; and, act as I would, I never once remember to have taken this walk alone with impunity. I arrived at Euabonne weak, exhausted, lost, and hardly able to support myself. The moment I beheld her, all was set to rights again, I felt in her presence nothing but the importunity of vigor, inexhaustible, and ever useless ! &c.”

Extract from the manuscript of a celebrated woman, entitled “ Advice to my young Friend.”

You are yet far removed, my dear Paulina, from that period when we are compelled to own, that all things pass away, but the avowal of your daughter at that age which attracts attention, and the baptismal registry in which your age will be searched, will form the term to your pretensions. You must then judge what will be said of you, by what you hear remarked of other women. To fore-arm you against this critical moment, I will recount to you the manner in which I passed it myself.

I had attained to the age of forty years without perceiving the slightest degradation in my person ; whether the extreme ornament necessary to the parts which I played favoured the illusion of others, or whether it was kept up by the variety of charac-

ters that I represented, or whether the world were overpowered by the passions which I strove to paint with truth, or by the stage-effect, all my friends declared me to be charming, and my lover loved me to distraction ; in one word, I suspected nothing. One day from an over desire to please, I wished to add to my charms the aid of that elegant ornament which we have always in reserve, and which excites an AH ! of surprize when we appear. As I looked steadfastly in the glass to see whether my hair set well, it appeared to me that my *femme-de-chambre* was indolent, that she had forgotten the character of my countenance, and intended dismissing me from her hands on that day with less charms than usual. However, I confidently called for that charming cap which was to surmount the whole, but turn it as I would, it disappointed me, I threw it down, I called for twenty others, and, confounded at finding none which became me, I scrupulously examined, with my nose on the glass, my ownself, on which a clear pure light descended, I discovered several furrows of wrinkles on my forehead ! in the two corners of my eyes ! in the turn of my neck ! the whiteness of my teeth had not the same lustre ! my lips were less fresh, my eyes less lively, and unfortunately I was on that day in perfectly good health ! When compelled to own to myself that it was not the fault of my *femme-de-chambre*, and of my caps, but that I was no longer the same, I fell into tears. What weakness ! you will say. Alas ! I was in love, my

happiness depended on pleasing, my reason commanded me to make no more pretensions to it ! That moment was frightful, my grief lasted nearly six months ; it was by so much the more painful as I was compelled to conceal it, that I might not avow from what cause it arose ; but from the first instant of this cruel discovery, I devoted myself to the greatest simplicity ; by attracting less attention to my dress, I flattered myself, that I should more easily escape from observation by detail ; criticism and envy must at least be silenced before those who do themselves justice ; I no longer required any thing ; while I doubled all the cards of love, I no longer spoke its language, insensibly I repressed in myself all its desires. My conduct was remarked, I was requested to explain it, the explanation was affectionately received ; by these means I obtained the enjoyment of a heart for five years longer, where possession was disputed by so many women, and of which the inheritance of a large fortune deprived me for ever.

Reflect on this, my dear friend. When arrived at the age of thirty, men have the folly to declare us old, and to blame in us pretensions to which they aspire even to the most disgusting caducity ; this injustice is more worthy our pity than our anger, be not offended, and make no sacrifices to it ; you should consult your vanity, your reason, your delicacy, if you would know to what pretensions you have a claim. You cannot then dissemble, that

each day robs you of a grace, but your soul exercised by time and experience would replace them by virtues; they will assure you a far more acceptable empire, far more grateful and more durable than that of beauty.

*Letter of M. Petra, Counsellor, Administrator to the
Department of Domains of the City of Paris.*

December 1789.

It is not an eulogy of Vernet that I have the honour of addressing to you, but simply a few facts connected with the life of that celebrated man, collected in the intimacy of his society, the only homage with which I am able to repay the honour of his friendship. I much regret my not foreseeing that some day I should have to communicate with you on the subject of that great painter; he loved to speak of his infancy, of his studies, of his travels, you might question him on every instant of his life, this was his favourite theme, and I might have engaged him, without indiscretion, to put me in possession of anecdotes yet more interesting perhaps than those whose remembrance I have treasured. But the history of Vernet,* like that of every person of superior talents, is in his works: it

* Claude-Joseph Vernet, painter to the King, counsellor of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, member of several other academies, born at Avignon, August 14th, 1714, of Antoine Vernet and Thérèse Garnies, died at Paris, December, 3d, 1789.

belongs to an artist to write the life of this great painter ; I propose, however simply, to relate some circumstances which will, perhaps, inspire you with as much love for his character as admiration for his genius.

Vernet was of that small number of men who announce almost at their birth what they are hereafter to become. His father was a painter at Avignon ; his talents and fortune were moderate. His mother has often told him that the plaything which most delighted him, and which most certainly made him dry his tears, was one of his father's brushes. This fact, which somewhat resembles an old woman's story, will appear to deserve more attention, when it is known that this infant amused himself at three years old with his father's pencils ; they were carefully put out of his way, because he seized all that he could find, and did not fail, as may be easily conceived, to spoil the pictures which he strove to retouch. It is, however, certain, that Vernet, at five years of age, began to draw the human figure, and his mother, on his return from Italy, shewed him a number of heads which he had designed at that age, and which she had preserved. At seven or eight years of age his father gave him a little pallet and an easel. He granted him, as a recompense for his studies in drawing, the permission to paint sketches, with which he was extremely well satisfied. He destined him to be an historical painter, and the style

of young Vernet gave him reason to hope that he would be successful in that line. His progress was so rapid and so decided, that his father's friends determined him to send his son at an early age to Rome, for the purpose of cultivating his rising talent by studying the grand models. Vernet was between fifteen and sixteen years of age when he set out from Avignon. His father gave him a dozen Louis, and recommended him to a courier who undertook to conduct the youth to Marseilles. Vernet has often repeated to me that the first impression of the sentiment which determined his choice for the branch in which he became so celebrated, dates from this journey. Provence, which almost reaches the gates of Avignon, presents to travellers situations which sensibly partake of the character of country which forms the enchantment of Vaucluse. The conductor of young Vernet could hardly prevent him from stopping at every step to sketch that group of mountains, whose form and sterility announce the vicinity of the sea, while the plains which skirt them afford a vegetation accelerated by the heat of the brightest sun, and roads bordered by pomegranates, and other odoriferous shrubs. Vernet never forgot the impression made on him by the first view of the sea, when he discovered it for the first time from the Viste, a mountain situated at two leagues from Marseilles. That immense bason which projects farther than the eye can follow, the isles of If, of

Pomegues, of Ratoneau, placed in front at three leagues distance from the land, like fabrics built in the midst of that immense lake to break its uniformity ; the tower, called le Bouc, which is terminated by losing itself in the horizon ; Marseilles, and that crowd of pleasure houses which crown the right of this picture ; the little port and peninsula of Martigues, placed on the left of that great road to which a multitude of vessels give a sort of life and motion ; the grand whole of this superb spectacle inflamed the genius of our young artist, and that moment decided that he would make all those master-pieces of marine landscape with which he has enriched Europe. Vernet leaped from the vehicle, seized his pencil, sat down at the foot of a rock which sheltered him from the sun, and neither the remonstrances nor prayers of his conductor could succeed in tearing him away, and inducing him to go forward on his journey. He did not quit his pencil until the sun refused him light ; then it was, that, dying with hunger, he joined the carrier at the inn where he was expected. Next day Vernet procured canvass and colours, and shut himself up for seven days to paint the most detestable marine picture that he ever executed, as he says, in his life, but which he would gladly have found again, when, ten years after he returned from Rome to Marseilles, to compose that famous *Tempest* which he finished for M. Poulhariès, a merchant of that city, a picture which rendered

the engraver Baléchou, a countryman of Vernet, since then established in England, so celebrated.

Vernet embarked at the port of Marseilles to continue his voyage to Rome. The vessel on which he embarked met with a dreadful tempest off the isle of Sardinia. The violence of the wind already announced to the crew the danger which threatened it, but this danger was a piece of good fortune for our young painter. He demanded, and gained permission to be tied to the main-mast, and there, tossed about on every side, covered each instant with sheets of water, if he was prevented from drawing any of the effects of the furious sea, he saw them, they were engraved on his memory, which never forgot any impression; and perhaps it is to the view of this tempest that we owe the multiplied and varied pictures which he has made of these sublime accidents of nature.

Vernet arrives at Rome, makes designs which he sells very ill. Paintings of the sea can hardly be appreciated but by connoisseurs; this style, more than any other, requires colours to speak to eyes which are not habituated to it, and the effect of its application is not so sensible as that of historical painting. Vernet began with painting small marine views; for a long time he thought himself very fortunate in selling them for a sequin or two. His father no longer sent him remittances, and Vernet, hardly able to subsist by the productions of his brush, was on the point of returning home,

when he was counselled to present himself with two finished little marine pieces at the house of a Cardinal who protected the arts. Vernet, refused admittance by the porter, retired very sad without success, when a friend, who happened to meet him, informed him that admittance to a prince of the church could only be procured by the same means as admittance to a temporal prince. He returned to the house of his eminence, gave the silver ticket to his servants, and was introduced. The Cardinal looked at the pictures, gave him their value, and our young painter was much astonished when he heard an order given to count out to him four louis. The Cardinal encouraged Vernet by all the eulogies which he added to his munificence, and made his reputation. I very much regret, on this account, that I have forgot the name of a man, but for whose bounty Vernet would perhaps have been compelled to abandon an art to which he has done so much honour. Vernet, encouraged, employed, omitted nothing to bring his talent to perfection. The branch of his art to which he most addicted himself, was that of the varied tones of the heaven or the atmosphere, whose effect is so important on the objects which it surrounds. He has informed me, that he did not completely become acquainted with the different tints of the purest sky, until after a succession of studies which he made in the different *campagnas* with which Rome is surrounded. One day he had painted the

clearest sky, and its reflections on all the objects of his picture appeared to him of the greatest truth. He returned on the morrow to the same place, the sky was cloudless as the day before, the air as pure, and his picture no longer displayed that truth of tone and light which had made it so successful the day before; all the objects of it offered to him a different tint from that which he supposed himself to have caught. Then it was that, convinced of that variety of atmospheric colours which are so fleeting and so dependant on the winds, he devised some tablets, which he carried perpetually about him, and on which he painted, not merely the different tints of heavenly azure, but the different tones and accidents of light which the different heavenly colours reflected on the same objects. It is from this invaluable remembrance* that Vernet drew, if I may say so, the air of his pictures, and that surprising display of the effects of light whose truth particularly distinguishes his best pieces.

Studies of this kind, which are but too often neglected by painters, hastened the reputation of

* This, said an author of an article in the *Moniteur Universel*, was an alphabet of tones which he always carried with him, in a book interleaved with white paper. The different characters of his alphabet were attached to as many different tints. If he saw the sun rise or set in the midst of the most brilliant colours, a storm approach or blow over, he opened his tablets, and, with as much dispatch as we could write ten or twelve words, he indicated every gradation in the tones of the heaven that he admired.

Vernet. When only twenty years of age, his pictures were abroad in high repute: but Vernet loved pleasure, did not labour enough, and expended his money. He lodged at a hairdressers's, who, like almost every Roman, loved painting, and was proud at having in his house a celebrated artist. The hairdresser had suffered the payment of his lodgings to accumulate for several months, which Vernet did not seem in much haste to pay. His host used to come up stairs to him, and watched him, while painting, in silence. At length Vernet, who imputed this assiduity to the money which he owed him, spoke to him of his debt. He was much surprised to hear his host declare, that finding he could not answer the orders for pictures which so many great personages gave him, and wishing earnestly to be possessed of one, he had thought the surest mode of securing it was to permit the sum which he owed him to accumulate, persuaded that he would prefer this mode of acquittal to taking from his pocket so much money at one time. Flattered at this species of artifice, Vernet promised the hairdresser to satisfy him to his taste; but the latter testified so great a desire to be possessed of the picture which he had just finished under his eyes, that, pressed by his entreaties, Vernet consented to give it to him. He had forgotten that this picture was promised to the Cardinal his protector. His eminence arrives, is enchanted, declares to the young painter that he

considers this picture as his best piece, and orders his people to take it to his carriage, when the hairdresser falls down at his feet, entreating his compassion, and declares to him, with tears in his eyes, that he will not survive the loss of this picture. Vernet, confounded, but interrupted by the Cardinal, avowed to him the cause of a scene so remarkable; the Cardinal himself, touched by the hairdresser's love for the art, justified the indiscretion of Vernet by permitting the picture to remain in the hairdresser's possession. It is *a day-break*, one of the best pictures that Vernet left at Rome.

Our young painter was passionately fond of music. He was most intimately acquainted with Pergolesi; that friendship was so strong, that if the name of Pergolesi was ever mentioned before Vernet, the remembrances which it recalled brought tears into his eyes: they lived almost inseparable. The painter had a piano-forte at his house to amuse his friend, and the composer, in turn, procured an easel and pallets: the one played while the other painted, and Vernet has often confessed to me that these moments were the happiest for his genius and his heart; the songs of Pergolesi impressed on him the sentiment of nature in her loveliest forms; and often, said he, have I been indebted for the sweetest tints, and their harmony, to the impression which the charm of music and the affecting voice of my friend imparted to my soul. Thus it was

that Vernet witnessed the production of the *Stabat* and *La Serva Padrona* : that interlude met with the greatest success ; but the *Stabat*, composed for a little convent of nuns in which Pergolesi had a sister, who had the charge of the turning-box, had not the same good fortune. Pergolesi, who, in composing that master-piece, did not wish or design to do more than an act of civility, ridiculed the grief of his friend, afflicted at a failure which belied his opinion of its merits. Vernet introduced this sublime *Stabat* a second time to the dilettanti ; to Vernet it is indebted for not being buried in the cloister for which it was written. It was crowned with the most perfect success ; it was from this time considered to be the finest work of Pergolesi, and posterity will confirm that judgment, because, in the arts, that which is essential and beautiful never depends on the caprices of fashion.

The musical feeling of Vernet and his love for that art, interested him in the reception of Grétry, when he came to Paris. He augured well of his talent, he foretold his success, and often have I heard him say that some features in the face of Grétry, his delicate constitution, and more particularly some of his simple and expressive songs, mournfully recalled to his mind the immortal man to whom music owes its greatest powers, since it is to Pergolesi that it is indebted for that

attention to the expression of the words, and for that perfection in the accompaniments of which this great man presented the models to his countrymen.

Vernet has constantly denied the tradition that Pergolesi died of poison. Great talents are like princes whose reign or whose actions have been rendered illustrious; men are pleased to deny them a natural death, and we think to increase the interest which their lives inspired, in attributing their departure from life to extraordinary circumstances. Pergolesi died in the arms of his friend of an illness of which he languished for many months.

Vernet has been carried off from us by a fluxion in the chest. A good husband, good father, and excellent friend: if this great painter carries with him the regrets even of those who only knew him by his works, he has left a feeling yet more mournful to his friends: he might count among their number all those who habitually enjoyed his society, which he had the art of rendering interesting, on other accounts besides those which appertained to the art of which he was so great an ornament. There have been, he used to say, men superior to myself in almost every branch to which I have applied; but I may flatter myself that no individual has united them all to the same degree, and this may possibly entitle me to some advantage over them.

Copy of a Letter from the Marchioness de Champcenez to a Demagogue Deputy.

Naples, November 16, 1789.

See to what an extremity your fine principles have pushed an unhappy creature ! On the borders of a sea raging on one side and the other, at the foot of a volcano, which resembles your national assembly as closely as drops of water ; for, like it, all that it vomits forth, destroys, ravages, and puts to flight all those who wish to sleep in peace.

You promised to send me some news ; but you are so employed in making or in unmaking that famous constitution, and in destroying the finest kingdom in the world, that you have no leisure to think on the poor victims of your fury. I have travelled then four hundred leagues to escape being buried under the lava. I expected to have been remunerated for my banishment from my country by a fine sky, a fine soil, and fine cities, and I have, to this day, seen nothing which can be compared with Paris, if the lantern were but taken out of the account. As for the sky, it is a hundred times worse here than France. Italy resembles the earthly Paradise before the creation of man ; it only wants a people worthy to inhabit and to cultivate it. I protest to you that I have found nothing at the end of my travels which can make me for an instant forget, I will not say my dear French, but my dear France. Ah ! what silly idea has got into the head of Frenchmen that they should set

up for legislators ! And what has disarranged your poor noddle ! My God, how I detest you since I have been here ! For you and your worthy accomplices have driven me hither. Liberty frightens one as it comes into the world, and I am disgusted with her for ever.

But tell me, what good have you done ? You have destroyed every thing. I will say that every one blames you, that every one detests you, I will say something far stronger, every one ridicules you.

You have done more than the Almighty, for you have created the chaos from whence a people of cannibals have issued. This is the fruit of your labours. In every country through which I have passed, to speak of French affairs is an offence to the government, and here also all subjects have been forbidden to speak of France, of the Queen, of the national assembly, under pain of imprisonment to the natives, and of expulsion from the kingdom to foreigners ; so much so, that I, who really feel a necessity of abusing those accursed states-general, am compelled to make myself heard for 400 leagues to indulge my fancy. But, tell me, when shall I be enabled to return home in safety ? What an infernal country is all this Italy ! During my residence at Rome, they received the account that villages had been swallowed up by an earthquake ; this little accident had more effect on the

Romans, than the procession of heads cut off, produces on you gentlemen legislators.

In one word, what are you doing? Are you at the end of your extravagances? How many are the victims whose days you have shortened, and whose end you have poisoned! A day will come, when the whole nation will perceive how it has been deceived by Charlatans, will discover that you have only converted your dreadful power into the instrument of your hatreds and ambition. Receive these sad truths, and do not entertain a doubt that I cease to make daily vows against you.

The Day of the Dupes, a tragi-politi-comic piece represented on the National Theatre by the Grand Performers of the Country. In 8vo, 86 pages.

This is a mere caricature, an outline taken on the spot; but the idea is comic, and the execution gay and easy. The author brings back M. de la Peyrouse to France at the commencement of October, with a young Indian, favourably prepossessed for the enjoyment of that fine country. You are going especially, says the brave navigator, to admire the urbanity, the gentleness of that amiable nation, its idolatry for its king, that curious and ingenious spirit which makes the capital the temple of the arts, the enchantment of the public spectacles, a police yet more surprising, pleasures and security that attract the inquisitive from every quarter. You will

above all things, be touched with the flattering reception with which that generous people will recompense my labours and my dangers.....A man of the people who had caught some words of this conversation does not fail to take him for an aristocrat and runs in haste to have him put under arrest. The people flock together around the traveller, and cry to him, *down with the white cockade!* They tear it from him, seize his buckles and his watch, and strip in the same manner the young Indian, telling him *that he must make* a patriotic gift. The patrol comes up, under the command of M. Garde-Rue. Ah! Monsieur, says M. de La Peyrouse, how opportunely do you come to rescue me from the hands of these marauders!.....Gently, gently, Sir, the officer of the national guard makes answer, these marauders are men. The Rights of Man are in force, I can only represent your case until Martial Law has been published.... In the mean while the people cry out incessantly, *he is an aristocrat, away with him to the lantern!*.... Patience, gentlemen, says M. Garde-Rue, I do not come here to oppose the sovereign will of the nation, but you will not surely refuse this man a hearing.... He interrogates him! who are you, Sir? Sir, I am a voyager.... You are furnished then with a passport from your district?—What do you mean, Sir?.... You well know, that, since we have been free, we cannot travel without permission from our parish?.... As the answers of M. de La Peyrouse appeared by

no means satisfactory, M. Garde-Rue says to his troop: *Gentlemen, soldiers, attention, I entreat you, to the word of command; do me the honour to surround that man.* . . . A grenadier translates the command into plainer language; and to console M. de la Peyrouse, who is all astonishment at seeing himself dragged away like a criminal. What do you want, says M. Garde-Rue, you are come in an evil hour, exactly between the Rights of Man and Martial law. Explain these mysteries. . . . Attend then, and I will explain them. We have obtained the Rights of Man; from that instant, all that you call in your aristocratic language, thieves and mob, are the rulers, and do what they please; when they act rather too audaciously, Martial Law is published; this is a refinement of the aristocrats, because then half the world are put to death, which establishes the equilibrium, and makes a compensation, &c. &c. &c.

This merry trifle was written, I have been informed, in an evening at Petit-Bourg, at the house of the duchess de Bourbon, by Messrs. de Puysegur and Bergasse.

January, 1790.

Anecdote forgotten in the Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and collected by M. Cérutti in a conversation with Baron d'Holbach.

It would be hard to conceive the scene which ended in our rupture (the Baron d'Holbach speaks).

He was dining with me, in company with several other literary men, Diderot, Saint-Lambert, Marmontel, the Abbé Raynal, and a vicar, who, after dinner, read us a tragedy which he had written. It was prefaced by a discourse on theatrical compositions, of which this was the substance. He made this distinction between comedy and tragedy: in comedy, said he, the plot turns on marriage; in tragedy, it turns on murder. The whole intrigue in the one and the other turns on this grand event,—will they marry? will they not marry? Will they murder? will they not murder? There will be a marriage, there will be a murder—this forms act the first. There will be no marriage, there will not be a murder, and this gives birth to act the second. A new mode of marrying and of murdering is presented for the third act. A new difficulty impedes the marriage or the murder, which the fourth act discusses. At last the marriage and the murder are effected, for the benefit of the last act....We thought this system of poetics so original, that it was impossible to answer seriously the questions of the author; I will even confess, that, half laughing, half gravely, I ridiculed the poor vicar. Jean Jacques had not uttered a word, had not smiled for a moment, had not moved his arm-chair; on a sudden he leaps up like a madman, and, falling on the vicar, he seizes the manuscript, throws it on the ground, and says to the terrified author—your piece is worth nothing, your speech is an extrava-

gance, all those gentlemen are laughing at you; go away from hence, return and vicarize it in your own village.....The vicar then gets up with no less fury, vomits forth insult upon insult against his too sincere critic, and, from abuse, they would have come to blows and tragic murder, had we not interposed. Rousseau went away in a rage which I thought momentary, but which is not yet over, and which has since then gone on increasing. Diderot, Grimm, and myself, tried to no purpose to bring him back; he fled too fast for us. From thence arose all those misfortunes in which we took no share, except it were to lament them. He considered our affliction as affected, and his misfortunes as our contrivance. He took it into his head that we were arming against him the Parliament, Versailles, Geneva, Switzerland, England, all Europe. It became necessary to cease, not to admire or pity him, but to esteem him, or at least to tell him that we did so.

*Letters of the Princess of *Gonzaga, written to her friends during the course of her travels in Italy, in 1799 and the following years. Two vols. in-12°*

After so many travels in Italy, what can be said on countries already so well known? What we have seen? What we have felt? They are for-

* Wife of a Prince de Gonzaga, whom Voltaire took the liberty of calling Prince Zigzag. We have from his pen a discourse, full of spirit and learning, on the discoveries which have most contributed to the progress of the human mind.

ever the same objects ; but the manner of seeing them, and being affected by them, may be infinitely varied. The letters of Madame de Gonzaga appear to me, in this point of view, to possess an almost exclusive interest. Although we do not find in them that air of impromptu, that negligence which, in the epistolary style, forms frequently another grace, we discover in them frequently the impression of a lively mind yielding to the necessity of giving utterance to the ideas and sentiments which have powerfully moved it, and expressing them with a facility full of wit and imagination. To prove it, we will content ourselves with citing some passages in her description of Venice.

“ I inhabit the waves, and in a magnificent palace. I see nought in nature beside the heaven and the majestic element which surrounds me ; all else has disappeared. I perceive everywhere nought but the work of men ; here they reign alone. The gayest animals, the butterfly and the linnet, fly in the air ; they neither rest on flowers nor on leaves, and the wave assumes the place of the green meadow. Man himself, deprived of the colours of nature, appears to have forgotten her ; he is no longer sensible to her beauties, and wishing in the same man to forget himself, he conceals the features that she has given to him under a mask which takes the place of his own countenance for six months in the year. One would say that he is ashamed of being man.”

Madame de Gonzaga devotes a long eulogy to the ladies of Italy, and to the happiness which they enjoy. She does not treat with equal favour the spirit of our Parisian societies. Whence is it, she says, that the French nation, so amiable and brilliant before, has changed its character? How do I regret its politeness, its frankness, its gaiety, and even its frivolity, which it has abandoned for an adolescent philosophy, which attains not to happiness, and prevents them from laughing! We become awkward when we leave our natural disposition, and their wit at present is only a half-witted and shewy kind of reason.

May, 1790.

Some Letters to my Friend, written in a Journey to England.

You desire me, my friend, to give you an account of a jaunt which I have made to England, and for myself nothing will be more agreeable. Expect not, however, to read either great details, fine descriptions, or profound remarks. I have seen much, looked about me much, but with so much eagerness and haste, that there is hardly a wretched manual for travellers which under this title could not satisfy your curiosity better than myself. It is for this reason that I am going to entertain you rather with what I have thought, than with what I have seen.

The first impression that I received on escaping from the agony in which I had been during a

passage of ten or twelve hours, is that species of surprise which it is impossible to hinder at seeing to what a degree a country placed at so small a distance from our continent, differs in its aspects, in the nature of the soil, that of the atmosphere which surrounds it, in the forms of architecture, customs, language, and the very air of the men who inhabit it. We are at first inclined to believe that a long series of ages must have elapsed, during which no intercourse has existed between two people whose interests and tastes appear at this day so similar.

All that I have seen of England is the road from Dover to London and some country-houses in the environs of that capital ; but that which struck me the moment that I landed, that appearance of cleanliness, of propriety, of security such as I had no where seen, has equally arrested my notice in every spot where I have arrived. It is the true charm which distinguishes and embellishes this happy country, to which nature has refused many of the advantages which she has been pleased to lavish on other climates.

It appears to me, that if we attach to the word Liberty those superficial ideas with which the generality of men, and even philosophers at times, are so easily intoxicated, the stranger, who should only form his opinion from the first sight, would presume that there was more liberty in France, long before the Revolution, than there exists in England ; you do not discover among the English that

lightness, that ease of deportment, of manner, of habit, and of action, which appears to repel every appearance of constraint. In France the people retained, even under the tatters of misery, a certain air of confidence and courage, which appeared ready to face all things. However weighty was his chain, the Frenchman supported it with such gaiety, that his walk did not appear on that account more timid or embarrassed. Abandoned to himself, we saw not what could arrest or confine him; placed between his natural carelessness and vanity, he bore the appearance of greater freedom than all the sages and kings of the world.

If I may put confidence in this party view, from which we may sometimes judge more correctly than from observations made at leisure, the physiognomy of a people as well as of an individual, the English appear to me to carry in their exterior rather the character of an assurance acquired by reflexion than of that natural ease which suspects nothing, places itself above all things, and which we are much inclined to mistake for liberty, until we have formed a correct idea of the only species of liberty of which a well regulated society is susceptible.

A Frenchman, under the antient order of things, from his air and his manner, seemed to say to all the universe, I am at liberty to do all that I like.

An Englishman announces this sentiment of his existence in a manner far less vague and less metaphysical. There is an empire to which he has

contracted the habit of submission, but he loves and respects this empire, for it is that of the law ; he knows all that the law allows him ; he knows yet better all that it secures to him ; and on these sound foundations are supported the noble security of his thought and manner. He does not believe himself at liberty to dare all things, but, satisfied with his rights, he knows what he is, what he possesses, what power he has, what others owe to him, and what he, in return, owes to others.

This is a remark with which I was struck at first in a circumstance of very little importance, and for this reason it is, perhaps, that it struck me the more forcibly : at the first largess which the carriers of the packet boat asked of me, I did not observe that importunity, by turns indiscreet and polished, to which we are so accustomed in France ; it was a precise account, in which each object was detailed, for which payment was demanded, certainly without rudeness, but without any of those artifices by which men of this condition try to take you in, at the hazard of obtaining sometimes much more, sometimes much less than their due. Every one in this country, from the first lord to the very coachman, seems to know precisely *what is fair*.

I do not believe that I am deceiving you, if I assert, that although the labourers in England are commonly better cloathed, better fed, better lodged, than in France, they labour much less, and you will not be surprised if you consider the wages of

their day are rather more considerable, and their nourishment, being more substantial, gives them greater strength ; and, to close all, that labouring with more assiduity, they are less frequently compelled, like our French workmen, to repair by the efforts of extraordinary labour, whole days lost by caprice, by idleness, by indolence, or debauchery.

If French industry appears more ingenious, more expeditious, more varied, more active, all these advantages appear to yield to that which gives to the English labourers more application, more patience, more regularity.

The road from Dover to London is, as you may suppose, one of the most frequented. I performed this journey in the finest season of the year, and on one of the finest days, without meeting more than two travellers on foot ; these were two foreign pedlars ; at least so I was told, and they had the manner and dress of this description of men. But here it is usual to travel on the top of the carriage ; I have seen from eight to ten persons seated on the top of the same coach, and, among them, some females whose dress announced easy circumstances : this custom, however, has given rise to so many unlucky accidents, that government have it in contemplation to suppress it entirely, or at least to restrain its abuses.

Perhaps I had been prepossessed too much in favour of the beauty of English verdure ; I certainly was by no means surprised at it ; I even imagine, that I have seen a verdure more beautiful in some cantons of

Switzerland ; and, without leaving France, I remember to have seen in some parts of Normandy, and the Boulonais, fields quite as green and smiling. I could not, however, help admiring that multitude of quickset hedges well cut, and well cultivated ; and that great cleanliness which decorates the most simple habitations, and which gives, even in the villages, an air of abundance and riches to the smallest shops ; I have not been equally pleased with the custom here prevalent, of offering at every relay of horses a bowl of punch or brandy, which they have frequently the politeness to circulate from mouth to mouth ; I have not been much pleased, at the best tables, with those large table-cloths with which they think they may dispense with the necessity of laying a napkin before each plate, nor their linen which smells of coals, nor their strong, heavy and stupifying porter, nor their small beer, so poor, that it resembles barley water, nor their thick heavy Port wine. In other respects, I could easily conform with the English kitchen. I know nothing which affords more nutriment and less clogs upon the stomach, than a good beef-steak, potatoes, royal plumb-pudding, and good Cheshire cheese, &c. &c.

I have at length seen that London which I had so long desired to behold. If I tell you, that at the approach [to that superb capital, I felt, in a lively manner, that sentiment of joy, of happiness, and of security, which the view of a grand city after some days of absence always inspires, I know well,

that such an emotion has little of the romantic in it, nothing of the poetical, and undoubtedly yet less of the rural. I should even fear lest at such an avowal, many people may conceive a mean opinion either of my philosophy or of my sensibility; but I am by no means desirous to appear better than I really am. I discover myself to be, unfortunately, rather a cosmopolite than a citizen, and great cities appear to me to be the common country of all independent and civilized men; they are the centre where all the talents, all the arts, all the knowledge, all the industry, all the resources of a nation, are united; from these grand foci of understanding and of activity diverge all the favours which the genius of civilization sheds on the human race....But let us not leave London before we arrive there.

If that be the finest city where we behold the greatest number of vast buildings, of sumptuous houses, of rich palaces, Paris is undoubtedly a far finer city than London; but if we pay more attention to the extent of the ground which a city occupies, to the regularity of its streets, to the number of its squares, the more or less animated display of the industry, of the ease, of the activity of the people who inhabit it, London, on all these accounts, would, I conceive, be superior to Paris. With the exception of St. Paul's church, a fine and noble imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, Westminster, a remarkable monument in the gothic order, Somerset-house, the Bank, the Exchange, the Lord Mayor's-

house, I have not seen one building which merits distinction. Saint-James's resembles an old abbey, or rather a collection of old barracks. The pretended palaces which have been lately built by the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, are models of meanness and of bad taste. The playhouses, whose interior is passably well, present a front which resembles some miserable tennis-court. Ranelagh, Vauxhall, the Pantheon, the interior decorations of all which are rather handsome, cannot be named as works of architecture.

Well then, in granting you all this, without any prejudice, I can hardly express to you how singular, remarkable, and imposing was the effect made on me by the first view of London. A kind of uniformity in the buildings, which embellishes the one by the other, appears to fill up the deficiency in ornament and magnificence. The width of a large proportion of streets, the great convenience of the foot-ways, the variety, cleanliness, arrangement, and ingenious luxury of that innumerable quantity of shops of all descriptions, form an almost magic spectacle, of which none, but those who have seen it, can form an idea. So many objects at one time displayed with so much refinement and attraction, engage your attention so forcibly on every side, that they require time before they can become habituated to this dazzling spectacle without feeling themselves fatigued.

You know, that London alone transacts more

than two-thirds of the commerce of the three kingdoms, thus the riches and activity of this retail commerce will hardly surprise you ; but would you wish to see a more noble representation of the successes and labours of the first commercial country in the world ? Follow me through the Strand ; and, after making your way through the bustling crowd which fills all the avenues of the Custom-house, come and embark with me on the Thames, below London bridge, and rowing on this fine river amidst thousands and thousands of vessels which cover it on every side, of which some are coming up in full sail from every sea in the world, others can hardly find room to anchor among the five or six rows of vessels already closely drawn up in the finest order, some on this bank, others on the opposite ; you will doubtless allow, that you have never yet seen any thing which can present to you a higher idea of the all-daring, all-powerful, and all-happy industry of commerce.

My mind, I own it, is not less delighted with the grand spectacles presented by the happy wonders of civilization than by the more affecting pictures of simple nature. The present has transported me with respect and admiration. How is it possible to behold on one assemblage all the treasures, all the advantages which this fine river secures to England, without calling to mind the famous answer made by the citizens of London to a king whose name I have forgotten, who, dissatis-

fied with their conduct, threatened them to establish his court elsewhere, *Sire, when you withdraw from us the favour of your presence, will you leave the Thames behind you ?*

This answer, the import of which is as profound as its style is original and sarcastic, confirms me in an opinion which I have long harboured, that the happiness and power of a people do not less depend on the advantages of its position than on the wisdom of its government, as the happiness and consideration of an individual do not less depend on the character which he has received from nature, and the circumstances in which the fates have placed him, than on the philosophy of his principles and conduct. Thus we must allow, that however admirable the constitution of the English may be, they are not exclusively indebted to it for all the advantages which they enjoy ; that much is attributable to the necessity of extending their industry and marine, to the geographical situation of their Island, to the favour of their coasts, to that of the vast river whose waves take pride in carrying to the very walls of their capital the tribute of all the productions and all the treasures of the universe.

To this reflexion I will add another, that as the advantages resulting from the soil and from the position are more certain and to be relied on, a constitution on which these advantages should be neglected, or even, what might equally happen,

in which they should be seriously thwarted, would be the most absurd and most fatal of all constitutions. No—at this time you would be inclined to attribute such remarks to party-spirit, to which it is unworthy to listen; I will therefore forbear giving them more extent or importance.

After viewing London as well as one is able by walking the streets, frequenting the promenades, the markets, the taverns, the coffee-houses, I have not forgotten, as you may imagine, the public spectacles, the churches, the prisons, the hospitals, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords; but I defer to some other occasion the pleasure of imparting to you the impression which these different objects made on myself.

But I will not delay telling you, how much I am astonished to see in the midst of an immense population destined, if I may so say, to perpetual agitations, so much order and tranquillity. During my fortnight's residence in London, I have not ceased to run about from morning to night; and even in the most frequented parts of the city I have encountered less noise, fewer accidents, fewer quarrels, than at Paris in a single morning; and this police is supported by from eight to twelve hundred men. There are however, at a distance from this public force, another of thirty thousand national guards who receive pay, or serve without it; but it is a fact, that the mere staff of a constable has a more imposing effect at London than all the red

flags of our august municipalities at Paris. How long will it be before the law will obtain that respect, that authority which assure its force and empire !

I saw however, one day, two men boxing most vigorously; the one was a footman, the other an apprentice; they were surrounded by a ring of spectators, who looked on tranquilly, and took no part in endeavouring to separate them till the conquered had asked for quarter. I do not believe that any of our duels in the *Bois de Boulogne*, even between legislators, could have been distinguished by more coolness, and more loyalty than this noble battle with fists in the midst of the confusion and bustle of Pall-Mall.

Your democracy would doubtless be scandalized at finding so often in London the epithet *royal* inscribed on shops of every description. To console you, I take this opportunity of informing you, that, at my return to Paris, I have seen, in almost every quarter, this old epithet replaced by that of *national*; and that which appeared to me, I confess it, rather droll, even on the sign suspended to one of the menageries of the Boulevard, instead of *the Grand Royal Tigers*, I have read with my own eyes, *here you may see the grand National Tiger*. I need not inform you that this inscription did not long exist; it was thought apparently, that it might give a handle for some aristocratic commentary; but the inventor saw nothing further in it

than the advantage or the pleasure of paying his court to the grand nation.

The first time that I was at the Haymarket theatre (this during summer is the principal theatre of London) my patriotism could not see without an agreeable surprise that the generality of the ladies who filled the boxes imitated exactly in their head-dress, and in all the rest of their costume, our fashions of Paris. As there were several extremely * pretty it cost me some time to examine and reflect before I could discover that this imitation was far from happy ; but perhaps I should not have made the remark but for the pressure of two or three Parisian ladies, whom it was impossible not to distinguish in the most numerous assemblage, and who led me naturally to compare the copy with the original. They gave on that day a translation of *The Barber of Seville* with airs parodied from Paësiello : you perceive that I found myself quite at home. The piece, as one can

* The English ladies appeared to me, in general, to have regular features, a skin soft and white, but a physiognomy by no means animated. As in antient Greece, if we may give credit to M. Pauw, we remark, I think, in England, more handsome men than handsome women ; more particularly among the youth from eighteen to twenty years. I admired particularly, the beautiful hair common to almost all the women, and was astonished to find so much hair either quite black, or of a deep chesnut ; they told me that the fashion paid the expense, or, to express myself more simply, that a great deal of that hair was false ; this is the folly of the moment.

judge of a dramatic representation in a language which is not familiar to the ear, and whose accent is totally unknown, appeared to me well acted ; but the music, although much applauded, produced on me a singular effect : I found it very difficult to distinguish through this new warbling, the delicious melody of Paësiello's vocal music ; all these airs appeared to me to fall into the style of an English country dance, more or less happily diversified. If our language, so heavy and so slow, be unfit for music, that of our neighbours is still less appropriate : are not its articulations at once too rude, too short, too feebly accentuated ? Of twelve or fifteen pieces that I have seen performed in London, more than half were translated, or at least imitated from our theatre : on this and many other accounts should we not say, that the two nations, which have so long been rivals in glory and interest, have at this time consented to ape each other to their utmost ? Alas ! if, unfortunately, our new constitution resembled that of the English, as their new fashions resemble ours, how many things might we pardon for such an imitation ? Inelegance is not easily corrected, but the slightest mistake in legislation is attended with far more grievous consequences than the grossest error in fashion and in taste.

The more France appears to misconceive the advantages attached to the monarchical form of government, the more England appears at this day to feel how far the influence of this power interests

the maintenance of her happiness, of her power and repose. We can hardly imagine more testimonies of love, of affection, and of respect, than the king received during his last illness and his tedious convalescence. For some weeks after the recovery of his Majesty, they never ceased, at the opening of all the public spectacles, to call for the famous *God save the King*. This calls to my mind a little scene which I witnessed at Sadler's Wells; after hearing the customary demand (made certainly by voices far from musical) for *music! music!* I heard *God save the King*, called for with yet greater noise. Importuned, no doubt, with the cries so often repeated, a very shrill voice put an end to the tumult by exclaiming, in a sort of impatient humour which excited a general laugh,* *God save the King, God save us all!*

Although, during the summer, the best actors of Covent Garden and Drury Lane do not disdain to play on the Haymarket Theatre, tragedies are there seldom represented. I have not, therefore, had the happiness of seeing Mrs. Siddons, the Clairon and Dumesnil of England: but I have frequently seen, with great interest, Mistresses Kemble, Brooke, and Bannister: the first appeared to me full of nature and sensibility, I thought that she

* This is one of those false impressions common to strangers newly arrived in a foreign country, who usually see more than is intended, and fancy a design in a mere nothing.—T.

resembled Mademoiselle Doligny. Mr. Edwin must possess a rare talent; for although much of the nicety of his acting was certainly lost on a stranger like myself, I seemed always to understand or to divine his meaning: his physiognomy and voice eminently possess that *vis comica* which is really irresistible. In comparing him with the greatest which I have known in this branch, Prévillè and Raffanelli, I do not scruple to say, that, to the *finesse* of the French actor, to the original truth of the Italian, Mr. Edwin appears to unite a gaiety more natural and unstudied. Is it not a remarkable singularity that the gayest comedian is neither to be found in France or Italy, but under the cloudy sky of London?

When I followed the actors with a book in my hand, not a single scenic effect escaped me; I even caught with considerable facility the more prominent allusions of the dialogue; I must except however certain little farces, as *The Minor*, &c. whose caricature is so local or so exaggerated, that I could not, even after reading, comprehend them; but this affords no reason to believe that they were not very diverting, for all the auditory were bursting with laughter. As the tone even of their most regular comedies is very free, you may imagine decency to be yet less respected in these pieces. I enquired on whom the censure of the theatres depended; I was assured all the police of the public spectacles was vested in the Lord

Chamberlain, who alone was responsible to the King. Beware of telling this to Messrs. de La Harpe and Chamfort ; how indignant would they be at such an abuse ! What an additional reason would this be for strengthening themselves in the idea that England has ever been a stranger to the true principles of liberty !

When I came to London, they were still under the first enthusiasm of the French revolution. I had the satisfaction to see the *Surrender of the Bastille* represented on three different theatres, at Astley's, at Sadlers' Wells, and the Royal Circus ; these species of pantomine with dialogue have been composed from the most atrocious circumstances collected with as much sagacity as taste in the famous *REVOLUTIONS OF PARIS*,* by M. Lous-talot. So you may be sure that they did not fail to produce the skeleton in the iron cage, which was quickly withdrawn with the most frightful noise of one of the dungeons of the prison, which of course produced a wondrous effect ; but to soften down the impression of a spectacle so dreadful, it was terminated by a fine operatic decoration of Great-Britain on a triumphal car offering to the homages of the spectators two *grand transparent*

* This patriotic writer was lately carried off by a sudden death ; he was an advocate of the parliament of Bourdeaux at twenty-eight years of age. The Jacobins decreed three days mourning to his memory.

portraits of the King and Queen of Great-Britain, accompanied with songs and music.

At that epoch all the print shops were full of caricatures relative to the events then taking place in France ; in one, liberty was seen seated on the ruins of the Bastille, and the great monarch on his knees before her, receiving a crown from the goddess, who says to him, *This it is which time cannot destroy* : in others, the allegory was not so noble ; the unhappy prince was represented as compelled to swallow the constitution which Philip Capet and the elder Riquetti presented to him in a most disrespectful manner ; tormented with a flux of despotism typified by a most dirty image, he was made to say : *Think you, then, that all this is as good to eat as the wing of a fowl ?*

The sittings of the House of Commons, at which I was enabled to attend, were neither very numerous nor very interesting ; I was present however at one which decided on an affair of importance, the new tax on tobacco : there had been some lively discussions on this subject the day before, but none on the day when I was present. But I enjoyed the happiness of contemplating at my ease the virtuous young man,* who, in the glowing season of the passions, displayed all the

* The features of Mr. Pitt, although not very distinguished, have the impression of a profound attention, that of calmness and of dignity of soul ; his manner is slovenly, and even heavy.

maturity of a consummate wisdom and experience ; who at his first entrance on the political career having shewn himself worthy to support the immense inheritance of glory bequeathed to him by his father, in the midst of the most violent agitations, deserved the confidence, or at least the esteem, of all parties ; who, in circumstances as difficult as dangerous, attached the people more firmly than ever to the throne, and when a deadly event presented to them but the phantom of royalty, defended it yet with as much address as firmness, with as much success as courage.

Accustomed as I had been to the tumultuous noise of our National Assembly, you will not be surprised if I was struck, on entering the House of Commons, with the order, decency, and tranquillity that reigned in it. What was my astonishment when I heard the Speaker open the sitting by a long prayer, to which all the assembly appeared to listen with self-collection and respect ? I saw not, however, either archbishop, vicar, or monk. It is also very true, that the nation which occupied the tribunes of that chamber bore little similitude to the nation which so majestically fills that of our august Manège : I remarked no one who was not decently dressed, which of itself is enough to convince you of the aristocratical ascendancy over this people who affect to be free. I was assured, that if the auditory became at all noisy, the requisition of a single member was sufficient to rid them of the

disturbance. The regulations also of interior discipline are very severe; should any honourable member, by his actions or discourse, infringe them, he is forthwith escorted to the Tower, and, if the offence be yet more serious, he is condemned to ask pardon on his knees at the bar of the house. One gentleman was pointed out to me, who, in consequence of certain free words, was compelled to submit to this humiliation; he was addicted to dangerous raillery; he submitted; but on rising up, he wiped his knees with his sleeve, and said loud enough to be heard, *I never saw so dirty a house in my life.*

Memoirs or Essays on Music, by M. Gretry. One vol. in-8^o

A work on music, by a composer who has attained so much success as M. Gretry, appears to promise very curious information. We love to follow a celebrated artist in the paths which he has trodden; we expect him to reveal the secrets of his art. The book which we have the honour of announcing to you, is, however, not so much a treatise on the art of music, as the history of the author's life, of his works and their success. The interest which he has shed on the picture of the first years of his youth, appears to us attractive.

Born at Liege, of noble but poor parents, he entered life with a fond impression for music, with that sort of instinct to which it is so sweet and so

natural to yield. The propensity which he discovered in his tender age, determined his father, who was first violin of the cathedral of Liege, to introduce him as a singing boy into the church to which he was attached. M. Gretry recounts with interesting simplicity his first studies, his first difficulties, and all the successes which a sonorous and flexible voice procured him ; but this voice was lost, because he was not prevented from singing at the time when he arrived at the first period of puberty. The loss of his voice, which at that time he regretted so much, has enriched us with his talent as a composer. A mass in music, composed at the age of fourteen years, obtained for him a place in a college of Rome, founded by one of his countrymen. The happiness and glory of M. de Gretry's life commence with the epoch of his departure for this seminary of all the arts. His travels from Liege to Rome with a vender of relics, form by no means the least entertaining part of these memoirs. Cazali was his master at Rome, and in defiance of the eulogy which M. Gretry makes of his master, his name would never have been known to us, but for the celebrity of his pupil. We will not follow M. Gretry in the order of his studies ; these details are formed to be read with pleasure ; and that their dryness might not tire the reader, he skilfully interweaves with them the adventures which befel him at Rome. Some essays of vocal and instrumental music soon procured him the ho-

nour of being engaged for interludes at the Theatre d'Alberti ; the first was successful, the second failed ; M. Gretry forgets to mention it, but he well remembers a very cold reception that he met with from the author of *La Bonne Fille*, to whom he was presented. The time of his residence at the college of his countrymen was near its close, his family could not assist him ; an Englishman offered him a pension if he would follow him to London ; he was going to set off with him, when M. Mellon, attached to the French legation, shewed him the partition of Rose and Colas. The perusal of this piece first gave him the desire of going to Paris ; thus it is to the perusal of one of the first works of our Italian Theatre, that we owe the composer who has enriched it to such a degree, and a poem of M. Sedaine gave Gretry to France. He set off from Rome, leaving to his companions at the seminary several psalms and masses. He directed his course by Geneva, where he was induced to hope that he should get money by instructing scholars. The want of money, and the society of Voltaire, who promised frequently to see him, detained him some time in that city. M. de Voltaire did not love music ; he never pardoned the Comic Opera for bringing deserters from *Zaïre* and *Mahomet*, but he was not less anxious to send Gretry from Geneva to Paris.

On his arrival at that capital, he went first to the Italians ; but like a man of genius brought up

at Rome, he soon discovered that he should learn nothing at this theatre, and henceforth only frequented the French theatre. He felt that the declamation of a language is the first element, the first basis of the kind of music suited to that language; that by studying it, he should seize the just acceptation of its accents and their different gradations; and it is, perhaps, to this peculiar attention which he gave to it, that we are indebted for that truth and spirit which characterise all the good works of M. Gretry. In the mean while, the money that he had acquired at Geneva was nearly exhausted, and he could find no author who would confide a poem to his hands. Exhausted and without resources, he was going to leave Paris, when the Comte de Creutz, ambassador of Sweden, who had distinguished his talent, invites him to dine with M. Marmontel; this poet at length consents to give him his *Huron*. The music for it was composed with the greatest rapidity, it met with the most unqualified success, and from that instant decided on his reputation and his fortune. The remainder of M. Gretry's memoirs offers the history and critical examination of his other works. Without following him into these discussions, we shall simply observe, that he is not so severe to those of his compositions which have met with a moderate success, as he is discriminating in the praises conferred on those which have perfectly succeeded. But a father always dissembles the faults

of his children; and those which nature has less favourably treated, are sometimes the children of his preference.

Among the foreign anecdotes interspersed in this work, we shall be permitted to cite that which concerns the late Mr. Hales, author of the *Jealous Lover* and the *Judgment of Midas*; they are outlines of too much originality to be forgotten.

“ This Englishman, whom the loss of his fortune had engaged to come and conceal his indigence at Paris, lived here in great sobriety; all the passions appeared in his instance, deadened to give strength to love alone. A woman of Paris squandered away the remainder of his fortune; then it was that he turned his attention to the stage, and that he assiduously frequented the coffee house at the cellar of the Palais Royal. Hales spoke little, but always well; he never gave himself the trouble of saying what was known, and interrupted great talkers daily, by saying, *that is in print*. When he approved, he did so by a slight motion of the head; if pushed to extremities by stupid questions or remarks, he used to cross his legs, and closing them with all his might, he took a few grains of snuff which he always carried in his fingers, and looked another way.

“ Compelled to fight with a man who insults him, after having lent him money which he could not repay, Hales disarmed him, and said to him, with true English phlegm, “ Were I not your deb-

tor, I would kill you ; if we had witnesses, I would wound you ; we are alone, I pardon you."

" One day, at the house of a friend, he put on a certain article of wearing apparel, of which he had great need, and walked away. His friend, on returning to dress, misses the article in question. Mr. Hales only had entered the apartment, but no one dared suspect him ; but at night meeting him at the cellar, and putting his hand on his thigh, he says to him, Are not those my breeches ?—Yes, said the other, I had none.

" I have long seen him half naked ; he never inspired pity ; his noble countenance, his tranquillity seemed to say : I am a man, what can be wanting to me ?"

November, 1790.

The day which revived the tragedy of Brutus has again been a day of torture and anxiety for the municipality. They had tripled and quadrupled the ordinary guard ; the commanding officer had received an order to march horse and foot patrols into all the avenues of the quarter, and the mayor deemed it necessary to honour the spectacle with his presence, as well as M. Mirabeau, who, presenting himself in a little box of the fourth tier, soon received a deputation from the pit, decreed by acclamations, to entreat him to come down into the first tier, which he did, to the sound of plaudits the most agreeable to his civic ear, those of this

good pit, and of the whole band who were paid for them. Perhaps it was in honour of that illustrious deputy that such great care was taken, on that evening, to disarm all the audience at the door, and to forbid especially every sort of cane and stick. The first act, one of the most beautiful no doubt, but one of the shortest on the theatre, lasted more than an hour, because every plaudit which was bestowed on any passage not favourable to the revolution was succeeded by such horrid groans and howlings, that the actors could not succeed in making themselves heard for a long time after. After this first trial of strength, that which we will call the aristocracy saw itself forcibly reduced to silence during more than two acts; but at the conclusion of the last, when Brutus says to his son,

——— I, like thee, will die,

Of Rome the avenger, free, without a king.

The expression *without a king* having been hissed, and the hiss having been hooted with rage, a man in the middle of the orchestra, hurried away by a burst of indignation, arises, and exclaims aloud: *What! you intend, then, to have no more monarchy in France? What means this? God save the King! . . .* The accent with which these last words were pronounced, appeared to electrify the whole assembly, boxes, orchestra, balconies, even the pit; all the audience rise, hats fly in the air, and the theatre resounds for some minutes with the acclamations of *Long live the King*. Is it not a re-

markable fatality that this was the greatest effect produced by the representation of Brutus, prepared with so much bustle, and so well supported by all the power of the demagogues ?

At the second representation, the actors placed on one side the bust of Voltaire, on the other that of Brutus, to whom these lines were addressed :

Respected here as at thy native home,
To Paris brought, thou hast not quitted Rome.

At the conclusion, they represented the picture of David ; at the moment when they announce to Brutus the death of his son, that unfortunate father places himself in an ancient chair of state, like the Brutus of the painter, and in the same manner the funeral procession is made to pass by, which brings back his two children to his house.

At the third representation, M. Charles, formerly Marquis de Villette, requested to be heard ; he obtained permission ; the curtain was rising, the public ordered it to be lowered, and he spoke as follows.

“Gentlemen, I demand in the name of the country, that the corpse of Voltaire should be conveyed to Paris, this removal will be the last sigh of fanaticism. The great man who has engraved the character of Brutus, should be this day the first defender of the people. The charlatans of the church and of the law have not pardoned him for having unmasked them ; for this reason they have persecuted him to his last breath. The evening before his

death the court sent him a *lettre de cachet*, the Parliament decreed to arrest him, the priesthood condemned him to lie unburied. It belongs to Romans, to Frenchmen like yourselves to expiate so many outrages ; it is your part to demand that the ashes of Voltaire should be deposited in the basilic of Sainte-Geneviève, opposite to Descartes, whom they sought for sixteen years after his death.

“ If this petition meet with the least opposition, I offer to defray at my own expence the pilgrimage to the abbey of Cellières, and the monument of Voltaire.”

This discourse received the most lively applause, and, doubtless, the municipality is engaged in gratifying the desire of the public.

December, 1790.

*Serious Challenge, or Letter of M. T*** to one of his Friends.*

Sir ; to-morrow at noon, in the Bois de Boulogne, you will give me satisfaction for the look which you cast on me yesterday. To-morrow, Sir, that is to say, when time shall have given you the leisure to repent, and me that of being appeased, and shall leave neither of us the excuse of a first transport of passion, we will cut each other's throats, if you please, in cool blood. I believe you to be too brave to testify regret for the fault you have committed ; and, on my side, I think *too nobly* not to wash it out in your blood or in my own. You

think rightly, that in evincing to me disrespect you have given me a right over your life, or have acquired a right over mine. I should be far from pardoning you, even if you confessed to me that you acted inconsiderately ; I should only add contempt to resentment. But if you succeed in killing me, I esteem you for it the more by anticipation, and not only pardon you your offence, but my death ; for in reality I entertain for you neither hatred, nor disdain, and would not confer on many others the honour that I do you. Our fathers have instructed us, that there are a thousand occasions in life in which we cannot dispense with killing our best friend. I hope you will believe them on their word, and that, without hating each other, we shall not the less be each other's assassins. To plunge our sword in the bosom of an enemy to our country, is a low and vulgar action ; we have the greatest inducements to excite us to it : but to kill a fellow citizen, a friend, for the slightest offence ; *this, this, according to the feudal code of the Germans, our worthy ancestors*, is the height of grandeur and magnanimity. You know the place and hour. Be punctual.

T****.

FINIS.







